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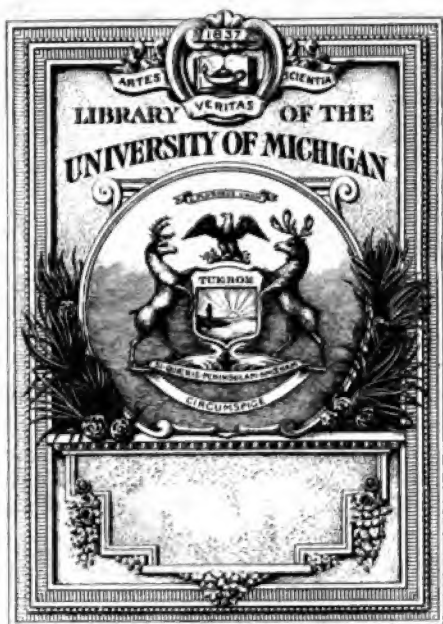
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Portrait of

John Locke

Esq.



Printed by W. B. Mason, 1788

THE
Life and Errors
OF
JOHN DUNTON,
CITIZEN OF LONDON;
WITH THE 5-3172
LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND
CONTEMPORARY DIVINES,
AND OTHER PERSONS OF LITERARY EMINENCE.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
DUNTON'S CONVERSATION IN IRELAND;
Selections
FROM HIS OTHER GENUINE WORKS;
AND A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS, SON, AND BENTLEY,
AT THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF THE VOICES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET, WESTMINSTER:

SOLD ALSO AT THEIR OLD OFFICE IN RED IRON PASSAGE,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

1818.



112-5 28, B/F

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MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

A BRIEF Analysis of the Life of this ingenious but eccentric Bookseller, whose latter years were strongly tinged with insanity, will prepare the Reader for the undisguised and desultory Narrative which he has given of himself and his numerous Friends and Contemporaries ; amongst whom will be found the most eminent Divines both of the Established Church and among the Nonconformists ; and nearly all the Printers, Engravers, Booksellers, Stationers, and Binders, of that period.

John Dunton was a most voluminous Writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon : but, though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications *. As containing notices of many persons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly

* This dipper into *a thousand Books formed ten thousand Projects*, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. His mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been ill-sorted, and worse dressed.

have their use; and his accounts, it must be acknowledged, are often interesting*.

Dunton's Father (John †) was born on the 10th of June, 1628, at Little Missenden, Bucks, the place where *his* Father and Grandfather (both whose names were John) had been Ministers.

At the age of 16, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he continued till he took his Master's Degree. On quitting the University, he travelled into foreign parts; and, on his return, obtained the Rectory of St. Mary's in Bedford. After staying there five years, he removed to Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, where he married Mrs. Lydia Carter; by whom he had one Son, John, the Hero of our History, born May 4, 1659; and in three months after, he also lost his Wife, who was buried at Graffham.

He resolved not to marry again for seven years; and kept his word by retiring into Ireland, where he

* Dunton is honoured with an incidental notice in the *Dunciad*, II. 144; on which Warburton remarks, that "he was an Auction-bookseller, and an abusive scribbler. He wrote 'Neck or Nothing,' a violent satire on some Ministers of State; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c." — As a Satirist, he appears to most advantage in his Poems intitled "The Beggar mounted;" "The Dissenting Doctors" (see p. 706); "Parnassus *hoa!* or, Frolicks in Verse," preserved in his "Athenianism;" "Dunton's Shadow; or, the Character of a Summer-Friend" (see p. 492). In most of his Writings, however, he is occasionally prolix and tedious, and sometimes obscure. His "Case is altered; or, Dunton's Re-marriage to his own Wife," has some singular notions, but very little merit in the composition.

† He had three Sisters. The eldest, Anne, married Mr. William Reding, of Dungrove, in Chesham Parish, and had six Children, William, John, Nathaniel, Robert, Thomas, and Anne. His second Sister, Mary, married the Rev. Mr. Woolhouse, Minister of Prince Resbrow, Bucks. He had by her seven Children, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, John, Anne, Richard, and Sarah. The youngest Sister married William Pratt, and died shortly after of the small-pox.

was for some time Chaplain to Sir Henry Ingoldsby. After his return, he was instituted to the Rectory of Aston Clinton, Bucks; and had not long been settled there, before he married a second Wife, Mary Lake, by whom he had four children, Sarah, Mary, Elizabeth, and Lake.

The younger JOHN DUNTON, who at a very early age had been placed in the school of Mr. William Reading, at Dungrove, near Chesham, was taken under his Father's own immediate tuition, with a view to an education for the Church. The acquirement of Latin he found easy; but the difficulty of Greek overcame all his resolution. He made some little progress in Logic, Metaphysics, and Morality; but, at the age of 14, was found too volatile for the Church, to the no small mortification of his Father, who was himself the *third John Dunton*, in a lineal descent, that had been a Minister.

When nearly 15, to suit the peculiarity of his genius, he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Parkhurst *, a respectable Bookseller.

On the 4th of November, 1676, he lost his Father; who was buried in the Chancel of Aston Clinton.

In 1684, when his apprenticeship was nearly expired, young Dunton made himself conspicuous, in a political dispute between the Tories and the Whigs. Being a prime mover on the part of the Whig Apprentices, and selected for their Treasurer, the Tories, to the number of 5000, presented an Address to the King against the Petitioning for Parliaments. The Dissenting Party made their remonstrances to the former in a Counter Address, which they presented to Sir Patience Ward, then Lord Mayor of London, who promised he would acquaint the King with their Address; and then

* Of whom see hereafter, p. 205.

ordered them to return home, and mind the business of their respective Masters.

By Dunton's own statement, his conduct during the seven years was not very regular; and at the expiration of the term, no less than 100 Apprentices were invited to celebrate *the funeral*. He soon entered on business as a Bookseller on his own account; but, to avoid too large a rent, took only half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber. "Printing," he says, "was the uppermost in my thoughts; and Hackney Authors began to ply me with specimens, as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the Watermen do Passengers with oars and scullers. I had some acquaintance with this generation in my Apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the Commonwealth of Learning; and, indeed, the learning itself of these gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their honesty; though they all pretend to have studied you six or seven years in the *Bodleian Library*, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History: when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their honesty, it is very remarkable, they will either persuade you to go upon another man's *Copy*, to steal his thought; or to *abridge* his Book, which should have got him bread for his life-time. When you have engaged them upon some Project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets, perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion, and you shall never here of them more."

"The first Copy," he adds, "I would venture to print, was 'The Sufferings of Christ,' written by the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Doolittle*. This Book fully answered my end; for, exchanging it through the whole Trade*, it furnished my shop with all sorts of Books saleable at that time; and it also brought me acquainted with those ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Waters, Mr. Shewel, Mr. Clark, Mr. Benson, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Sanders, who were then Students under the care of Mr. Doolittle. There was a Copy of Greek Verses prefixed to this Book, which occasioned a Poetical Duel between the two private Academies of Islington and Stepney; Mr. *Wesley*†, then Pupil under the Reverend Mr. *Edward Veal*, endeavouring to ridicule the Poem; with whom, and Mr. *Kingston*, his Fellow Student, I contracted a very intimate friendship. Mr. Wesley was much celebrated for his vein at Poetry; though those that allow of no second-rate in that art have endeavoured to lessen his reputation.

"The second adventure I made in Printing, was 'Daniel in the Den; or, the Lord President's Imprisonment, and miraculous Deliverance;' written

* An extensive exchange of Books appears to have been at this period a very material circumstance in the Bookselling Trade.

† Samuel Wesley was son of John Wesley, M. A. a Nonconformist Divine. His Mother was niece to Dr. Fuller, the Historian of "The Worthies of England." He was born in 1666, at Winterborn Whitechurch, where his father was vicar. He was educated first at the Free-School at Dorchester, and then in a private academy among the Dissenters, whom he soon left, and was admitted a servitor, at the age of 18, of Exeter College, Oxford, 1684. He proceeded B. A. 1688; and, taking orders, was rector of South Ormesby, co. Lincoln; and afterwards obtained the rectory of Epworth, in the Isle of Axholme, in the same County. He was chaplain also to the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards duke of Buckingham, who recommended him for an Irish Bishoprick. [Hence Dunton, in his "Life and Errors," often styles him "a Dignitary."]

by Mr. *Stephen Jay*, Rector of Chinner. It was dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury, and published upon the occasion of his being acquitted by an Ignoramus Jury. This piece was well furnished with wit, and, being published at the critical time, sold well. This extraordinary success in my first attempts gave me an ungovernable itch to be always intriguing that way.

"The next thing I printed was, 'A Sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. *John Shower*, at the Funeral of Madam Anne Barnardiston.' The growing reputation of the Author made the Sermon move very well. There have been *three editions** of it, two of my own printing, and a third by my worthy Friend Mr. John Lawrence.

"When I was thus fixed in the Trade, I resolved to make public a Collection of Funeral Discourses preached by my Reverend Father, Mr. John Dunton, intituled, 'The House of Weeping†.' The success was well enough; but my chief design was to perpetuate my Father's name, for whose memory I have always entertained a very great and just veneration."

Dunton's reputation grew with his circumstances; and, Aug. 3, 1682, he married Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annesley, who at that time was a celebrated Preacher among the Dissenters.

He now opened a shop at the Black Raven, at the corner of Princes-street, near the Royal Exchange; and published in 1685, "*Maggots*; or, Poems on several Subjects never before handled. By a Scholar‡." This Work is here particularly no-

* The exceeding large sale of single Sermons in those days must be considered as a phenomenon by a Bookseller of the present day, when 250 copies are in general too many.

† To these Discourses Dunton prefixed "The Holy Life and Triumphal Death of th t faithful and eminent Servant of Christ, Mr. John Dunton, late Minister of Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury, in the County of Bucks."

‡ "I once printed a Book, I remember, under the title of '*Maggots*;' but it was written by a *Dignitary* of the Church of England."—The Frontispiece to the Volume is an anonymous

ticed as a production, at the age of 19, of Mr. *Samuel Wesley*; who, by marrying a daughter * of Dr. Annesley, became the brother-in-law of Dunton, and was connected with him in several of his speculations in trade; though they afterwards parted with an irreconcilable hatred †.

The general business of Dunton was carried on very prosperously, till the universal damp upon Trade, which was occasioned by the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in the West; when, having 500*l.* owing him in New England, he determined, after much deliberation, to make a trip thither; and, after a long and tedious voyage of four months, and the loss of a *Venture* of 500*l.* in another ship, which was cast-away, he arrived safe at Boston in February 1685-6; and opened a warehouse for the sale of the Books which he had taken thither.

Carrying with him powerful recommendations, and his Books being of a class adapted to the Puritans,

Portrait of the Author; the Picture of a Man writing at a table, a Maggot on his Forehead, and underneath are these lines:

“ In's own defence the Author writes:
Because, when this foul Maggot bites,
He ne'er can rest in quiet:
Which makes him make so sad a face,
He'd beg your Worship, or your Grace,
Unseen, unseen, to lay it.

* Who is said to have been a Woman of extraordinary abilities. Her letters to her Children bear the marks of sublime piety and great sense; particularly one to her eldest Son, on the principles of natural religion, which was some time in the possession of Dr. Priestley, with many others equally sensible and curious. By this excellent Woman Mr. Samuel Wesley had one Daughter, Mehetabel Wright, Authoress of several ingenious Poems; and three Sons, Samuel, Head-Master of Tiverton School, and John and Charles, the two celebrated Founders of the modern sect of Methodists. “*Literary Anecdotes*,” vol. V. pp. 212—247.

† Dunton, however, says, “I could be very *maggoty* on the character of this Conforming Dissenter; but, except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell, till we meet in Heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for I believe Sam Wesley a pious Man.”

the success was equal to his wishes. His Rivals in trade were few; Mr. Usher, Mr. Philips, Mynheer Brunning, and Duncan Campbell, an industrious Scotchman, being then the only Booksellers in Boston; and Mr. Green the principal if not the only Printer. He had taken with him a steady Apprentice, Samuel Palmer, to whom he entrusted the whole charge of his business; which left him at leisure to make many pleasant excursions.

He visited Harvard College particularly, and the town of Salem; where he opened another warehouse for his Books. He also visited Wenham, an inland town; where he was most kindly received by Mr. Gery, the then Minister of that place. And in a ramble to Ipswich he had an opportunity of seeing much of the customs of the Indians.

In the Autumn of 1686 he returned to London; and, being received by his Wife and her Father with every mark of kindness and respect, expected nothing but a golden life for the future, though all his bright prospects soon withered; for, being deeply entangled in pecuniary engagements for a Sister-in-law, he was not suffered to step over the threshold for ten months.

Wearied with this confinement, he determined to take a trip to Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c.; and stayed four months at Amsterdam; whence he travelled to Cleves, Rhineberg, Dussledorp, Cologne, Mentz, &c.; and returning through Rotterdam to London, Nov. 15, 1688, found his Wife in health, and all her affairs in peace.

On the day the Prince of Orange came to London, he again opened shop, at the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, where he traded ten years, with a variety of success and disappointments.

"Of 600 Books which he had printed, he had only to repent," he says, "of *seven*: 'The Second Spira,' 'The Postboy robbed of his Mail,' 'A Voyage

round the World; or, a Pocket Library, divided into several Volumes; the first of which contains the rare Adventures of *Don Kainophilus*, from his Cradle to his 15th Year*, 1691,' 'The new Quevedo,'

* This rhapsody is noticeable for its extreme rarity, and for two elegant pieces of poetry, which, if John's own, entitle him to a higher degree of praise than he has been usually thought to merit. It is obscurely noticed in his "Life and Errors;" but the Anagram of the Author's name prefixed to a copy of verses declares him. It has a frontispiece, which is a large folding cut, with 24 circles, exhibiting the Author's adventures.—To this Work was prefixed Panegyric Verses, "by the Wits of both Universities," who, however, offer no evidence of their residence or their quality; and may be suspected to be Wits of the University of Grub-street. One of these wretched panegyrics tells us that "the Author's name, when anagrammatised, is *hid unto none*," by which *John Duntone* would, and would not, conceal himself. These volumes were published in our Scribbler's thirtieth year, on his return from America; and are, in fact, a first essay towards that more mature "Life and Errors" which he gave the World in 1705. He seems to have projected a series of what he calls "The Cock-rambles of all my Four and Twenty Volumes;" but his Readers, probably, deserted him at the third. *Kainophilus*, as he calls himself, "signifies a *Lover of News*, not any thing of *Kain*, as if I were a-kin to him." It is a low rhapsody; but it bears a peculiar feature, a certain whimsical style, which he affects to call his own, set off with frequent dashes, and occasionally a banter on false erudition. These cannot be shewn without extracts. I would not add an idle accusation to the already injured genius of STERNE; but I am inclined to think he might have caught up his project of writing Tristram's life, in "twenty-four Cock-rambling" volumes; have seized on the whim of Duntone's style; have condescended even to copy out his breaks and dashes. But Sterne could not have borrowed wit or genius from so low a scribbler.—The elegant pieces of poetry were certainly never composed by Duntone, whose mind had no elegance, and whose rhymes are doggerel. On a rapid inspection, I have detected him transcribing from Francis Osborn and Cowley, without acknowledgment; and several excellent passages, which may be discovered amidst this incoherent mass, could not have been written by one who never attained the slightest arts of composition. He affects, however, to consider himself as "a great Original" in what he calls "this hop-stride-and-jump round the World:" and says, "So great a glory do I esteem it to be the *Author* of these *Works*, that I cannot, without great injury to myself and justice, endure that every one should own them, who have nothing to do

'The Pastor's Legacy,' 'Heavenly Pastime,' 'The Hue and Cry after Conscience.'

All these he heartily wished he had never seen, and advised all who had them to burn them.

After confessing his *Errors* in Printing, he says, "As to Bookselling and Traffick, I dare stand the test, with the same allowance that every man under the same circumstance with me would wish to have, for the whole trading part of my life. Nay, I challenge all the Booksellers in London to prove I ever over-reached them or deceived them in any one instance. And when you come to that part of my Life that relates to the Auctions I made in Dublin, you will find that, in all the notes I made for Dublin, that I put the same price to every man. And would any Bookseller be at the pains to compare all my notes together (though I *exchanged with all the Trade*), for every penny he finds charged more to himself than to other men, he shall have ten pounds reward, and a thousand thanks into the bargain, for rectifying a mistake I never designed."

In 1692, "having been put in possession of a considerable estate upon the decease of a Cousin, the Master and Assistants of the Company of Stationers began to think him sufficient to wear a Livery, and honoured him with the Cloathing; and the year following, Mr. Harris (his old Friend and Partner), and about fifty more of the Livery, entered into a Friendly Society, and obliged themselves to pay

with them; like the fellow at Rome who pretended to Virgil's Verses. But I need take no other way to refute these *plagiaries* than *Virgil* himself did, requiring the tally to his *Vos non Vos*. Let any man write on at the rate this is already written, and I will grant he is the Author of this book, that before, and all the rest to the end of the Chapter. No: there is such a sort of a *Whim in the Style*, something so like myself, so incomprehensible (not because it is nonsense), that whoever throws but half an eye on that and me together, will swear 'twas spit out of the mouth of Kainophilus."—For this Note the Editor is indebted to the worthy and intelligent Author of the *Curiosities of Literature*."

twenty shillings a man yearly to the *Renter Warden*, as that honour was usually once a year attended with a costly entertainment to the whole Company.

"The first year I wore the Livery," he adds, "Sir William Ashhurst being then Lord Mayor, I was invited by our Master and Wardens to dine with his Lordship. We went in a body from the Poultry Church to Grocers Hall, where the entertainment was very generous, and a noble *Spoon he sent to our Wives*.

"The World now smiled on me *. I sailed with wind and tide; and had humble servants enough among the Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Binders; but especially my own Relations, on every side, were all upon the very height of love and tenderness, and I was caressed almost out of my five senses. And now, making a considerable figure in the Company of Stationers, the Earl of Warrington did me the honour to send me a letter in behalf of Mr. Humphreys, desiring all the interest I could make, to procure him the Clerk's place to the Company of Stationers †. Upon my reading the Earl's letter, I did all that lay in my power to get Mr. Humphreys chosen Clerk, though by the majority of voices it was carried against him. However, the many civilities I received from the Company of Stationers for the fifteen years I traded amongst them, do oblige me, out of mere gratitude, to draw the

* Dunton at various times employed more than thirty Printers; and dealt largely with the principal Stationers in the Metropolis.

† "For Mr. Dunton, Bookseller.

"MR. DUNTON,

London, October 28, 96.

"The long knowledge myself and our Family have had of the Bearer, Mr. Humphrey's fidelity and ability, makes me request all your assistance and interest you can make to procure for him the Clerk's place to your Company at the next election, which I am informed will be ere long. Therein you will oblige

Your friend to serve you,

WARRINGTON."

character of the most eminent of that profession in the Three Kingdoms."

In delineating the Characters of others, Mr. Dunton has not forgot to describe his own *Projects*; "having been sufficiently convinced that, unless a man can either think or perform something out of the old beaten road, he will find nothing but what his forefathers have found before him. A Bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success."

One of the most ingenious (and, perhaps, the most useful) of his various Projects was, "The Athenian Gazette *," afterwards called "The Athe-

* In a long and laboured Dedication to the Athenian Society, prefixed by Dunton* to his "Athenianism, or New Projects," he says, "My first Project was 'The Athenian Gazette.' As the Athenian Society had their first Meeting in my brain, so it has been kept ever since religiously secret.—I need not tell you (you have heard it so often in letters sent to the Black Raven) how universally the writings of the Athenian Society have obtained in the World; for the several Editions of the Athenian Oracle sufficiently evince it: but though Athenianism was entirely John Dunton's thought (I mean both the Athenian Mercury, the Athenian Oracle, and even the Athenian Society itself), yet this age affording more Poets than Patrons, (for nine Muses may travel long ere they can find one Mæcenas,) I had not presumed to inscribe the general Collection of all my Writings to your celebrated Names, had not your great humility, as well as learning, unanimously voted the Athenian Society the fittest Patron to protect, and defend a Work entitled 'Athenianism.' If it were not that most Writers have a sordid present gain in view, when they design a Dedication, I am confident we should see few Noblemen's names at the beginning of their Works, since it must be confessed it would be more for the advantage of their reputation to choose one another for Patrons, a Writer being better qualified to defend that which he has once espoused with his Pen, than any great Man with his empty Name, or a long catalogue of Titles.—As you thought good to honour me so far as to dedicate one whole Volume of the Athenian Mercuries to myself, and another to the Pindaric Lady (Madam Singer), whose Poems so greatly recommended the Athenian Project, and to whose Platonic friendship my Six Hundred Projects owe their birth, it would be a high ingratitude should I dedicate Dunton's Athe-

nian Mercury," commenced March 17, 1689-90, and continued till February 8, 1695-6 *. The plan of this Work originated in his own prolific brain; but in a short time he entered into a sort of partnership in the publication with his Brother-in-law Samuel Wesley, and Mr. Richard Sault †, and was occasionally assisted by Dr. Norris. The Work was also countenanced by several of the most eminent Writers of the age; and was honoured in particular with a commendatory Poem by Swift ‡.

Among the Patrons of Dunton was Sir Peter Pett, of whom see pp. 178, 194; and from whom he received the following Letter:

"For my worthy Friend Mr. John Dunton, Bookseller, at the Raven, in the Poultry, London.

"SIR,

July 24, 1694.

"I have taken notice of your publication of the second volume of the *"French Book of Martyrs;"* and when your man comes my way, I shall be glad if he will bring me

nianism to any other than to the Athenian Society. What though our Athenian Brother (Dr. Norris) is preferred; our Divine (Mr. Wesley) dignified (and I would say, deserved it, had he not left the Whigs that gave him bread, to herd with the High-Flyers); and our Mathematic Brother (Mr. Sault) has exchanged his beloved Algebra for a Demonstration in Heaven. However, Gentlemen, I hope your *new Preferments* have not so far made you forget our former intimacy and friendship, as to deny your Patronage to the Work."

* "With this day's Number [No. 30, Feb. 8, 1695-6], which concluded the *nineteenth* volume, John Dunton thought it right to discontinue his weekly publication, "as the Coffee-houses had the *Votes* every day, and *nine* Newspapers every week;" and proposed to publish his *Mercuries* in Quarterly Volumes, "designing again to continue it as a weekly paper, as soon as the *glut of z.z.s* is a little over."

† Their original Articles of Agreement, dated April 10, 1691, are preserved in the Bodleian Library. See p. 757.

‡ This was one of the earliest poetical productions of the Dean. Dr. Johnson says, "I have been told that Dryden having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden." See the Poem in the Dean's Works, edit. 1808, vol. XVI. p. 23.

one to read for a week. If I keep it a day longer (provided he then calls again upon me for it), or if there be the least damage done to it, I shall be content to pay for the book. I would be glad, likewise, if you would lend me, by him, for that time, to look over, the papers of Bishop Barlow you had from the Minister of Gainsborough, when he was in town.

"Your man wrote out the copy of Bishop Barlow's Will from the Prerogative Registers, and left it with me. It is very pious, and fit to be printed in the next edition of his Remains, and when I see your man, I shall send it you by him. But I am here to tell you that I, going lately to the said Registry, to see the Will of the famous Lord Falkland (whose Memoirs I am now about), Mr. Welham, the Register, told me that the Bookseller's man (*i. e.* yours) had copied out Bishop Sanderson's Will, as well as Bishop Barlow's, *gratis*, for my sake, and that the fee for each would have been a guinea otherwise, but that he would be contented with any one Book from you that I had published. I thereupon told him you should give him an "Anglesey's Memoirs;" and so I shall be glad if you will do, and let your man deliver it as your gift into Mr. Welham's own hand. He is always to be heard of at the Registry. And when you have so done, I shall send your man to copy out my Lord Falkland's Will there, which must needs be both pious, and wise, and ingenious. I wish you health and happiness, and am

Your very humble servant, P. PETT.

Send my man to Mr. Mount about Boyse."

In 1697 Dunton lost his Wife, whose death he bitterly lamented; though in the same year he consoled himself by another marriage * with Sarah, daughter of Mrs. Nicholas, of St. Alban's. With this lady he does not appear to have added much to his comforts or his fortune. He left her, soon after the marriage, on an expedition to Dublin with a large cargo of Books. These were carried to a good market, though he became involved in a ridiculous dispute, which he afterwards detailed at large in "*The*

* The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Rochford, M.A. Vicar of St. Peter's 54 years. He died in 1715.

Dublin Scuffle; a Challenge sent by John Dunton, Citizen of London, to Patrick Campbell, Bookseller in Dublin; together with the small Skirmishes of Bills and Advertisements. To which is added, some Account of his Conversation in Ireland, intermixed with particular Characters of the most eminent Persons he conversed with in that Kingdom; but more especially in the City of Dublin: 1699."

The volume is inscribed "To the Honourable Colonel Butler, a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland;" as a compliment due to the generous encouragement that gentleman had been pleased to give to his Auctions at Dublin in 1698, and the extraordinary and unmerited kindnesses he had received. The "Scuffle" is amusing, though not very generally interesting. But the "Account of his Conversation in Ireland" contains a pleasing description of several parts of that Island not generally known to an English Reader.

This was followed by "The Case of John Dunton with respect to Madam Jane Nicholas of St. Alban's, his Mother-in-law, 1700," 4to.

This "Case" produced the following Letter from his Wife, dated St. Alban's, Feb. 28, 1701.

"I write to let you know that, if you think much of providing for me, I am very willing you should have all your *yoke and burden*, as you call it being married, removed, and return me my fortune and we will be both single; and you shall have your land if you will return me my money, and sure that will please you; for I, and all good people, think you never married me for love, but for my money*; and so you have had the use of it all this while to banter and laugh at me and my mother by your maggoty Printers:—and still you justify your wicked reflections in your printed Case."—Again,—
"Larkin has nothing but made a laugh and derision of me and my mother," &c. &c. †

* See some Letters of this Lady, in a different strain, p. 464.

† The Original is in the Bodleian Library; see p. 756.

His next regular Work was, "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London; written by himself in Solitude *, 1705" (the Work now presented to the Reader in a Second Edition.) This genuine and simple narrative is a very curious performance, and abounds in literary history of an interesting nature. It was written, as he expresses it, "in solitude;" he being at that time under the necessity of secreting himself from his Creditors; by some of whom he was pursued with harshness, and soon after actually put under arrest.

This was followed, in 1706, by "Dunton's Whipping-post; or, a Satire upon every body. With a Panegyrick on the most deserving Gentlemen and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms; &c. &c. To which is added, The Living Elegy; or, Dunton's Letter to his few Creditors; with the Character of a Summer Friend. Also, the secret History of the Weekly Writers, in a distinct Challenge to each of them."

In this little Volume he fairly states his situation; and names a day, at the distance of about two years, in which he thought he could certainly be enabled to discharge all his debts; and states his property, in possession and reversion, to be then worth 10,000*l*.

One part of his dependance, however, was the expected bounty of his Mother-in-law, in which he was grievously disappointed.

A Quaker, who interested himself to reconcile the family disputes at that period, thus addressed him :

* At the end of this Volume was advertized, as preparing for the press, "A Ramble through Six Kingdoms, by John Dunton, late Citizen of London. Wherein he relates, 1. His Juvenile Travels. 2. The History of his Sea Voyages. 3. His Conversation in Foreign Parts. With Characters of Men and Women, and almost every Thing he saw or conversed with. The like Discoveries (in such a Method) never made by any Traveller before. Illustrated with Forty Cuts, representing the most pleasant Passages in the whole Adventure. With Recommendatory Poems, written by the chief Wits in both Universities."

"My Friend,

March 31, 1706.

"I thought good to inform thee that thy Wife is at present at my house. She came last week, and has left her Mother at Luton, who is but in a bad condition. I think she cannot live long, being so very much swelled in her body and legs; but my chief end of writing to thee is to advise thee to be reconciled to her, and take thy Wife to thee before she dies, otherwise thou must not expect any thing that is hers. And as for expecting any thing in her life-time, thou mayest be assured she will not give thee any thing. She has already given thee a good portion; and her fear is, if she should give thee more, thou wouldst waste it in Printing. I would have thee consider of it, and let me have a line or two from thee, who am, thy Friend,

STE. HUMBLE.

Thy Wife desires to be kindly remembered to thee, and could be glad thou wouldst take my advice."

In his Mother-in-law's Will, dated Oct. 14, 1708, and proved in the Prerogative Court Dec. 18, the same year, she leaves to Mr. Archdeacon Cole £5. for preaching a sermon at her funeral, from Psalm lix. 16, 17; and desires to be buried in the Abbey Church, by her husband and children; and that the annuities stated in her Will* be expressly engraven on her tomb-stone, that the memory thereof may be preserved for future ages; but there is no stone, inscription, or memorial to be found in the whole Church commemorating her or her benefactions. She probably died at Luton.

Dunton's next publication was "The Danger of living in a known Sin, and the Hazard of a Death-

* She devised, after the death of her daughter Sarah without child or children lawfully begotten, to William Child, William Hill, John Ware, Thomas Brickwell, and John Roberts, of Chesham, in the County of Bucks, all her Estate, real and personal, in trust, among other things, to pay, or cause to be paid, unto six poor Widows, or other the poorest people of the Parish of St. Alban's, 5*l.* apiece yearly, the first payment to be made within one year next after the decease of the said Sarah without child or children; and also 5*l.* apiece to two poor people of St. Peter's; and 5*l.* apiece to two poor people of St. Michael's near St. Alban's.

bed Repentance fairly argued, from the Remorse of W[illiam] D[uke] of D[evonshire] 1708."

"The Preaching Weathercock; written by John Dunton against William Richardson, once a Dissenting Teacher," has no date.

The year 1710 produced "*Athenianism*; or, the new Projects of Mr. John Dunton, Author of the Answer to Dr. Burnet, intituled, '*The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*'; being, six hundred distinct Treatises (in Prose and Verse) written with his own Hand; and is an entire Collection of all his Writings, both in Manuscript and such as were formerly printed. To which is added, *Dunton's Farewell to Printing**, in some serious Thoughts on those Words of Solomon, 'Of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.' With the Author's Effigies†, to distinguish the original and true Co-

* This, it is believed, he never completed.

† "I shall conclude, he observes, " with a short remark on Dunton's Effigies; and shall introduce all I have to say on that subject with a short account of the original of drawing Faces; for it is so little known, the discovery of it is a sort of novelty.

"The first Linning that ever was owes its rise to the parting of two Lovers, in this manner: When the daughter of Deluriades, the Sycionian, was to take leave of her sweet-heart, now going to wars, to comfort herself in his absence she took his Picture with a coal upon the wall, as the candle gave the shadow, which her father admiring, perfected it afterwards; and it was the first Picture by report that ever was made. But the drawing of Dunton's face owes its rise to the great wrong done me by Harris and other piratical Printers, and not to love (as was the case of the Sycionian Linner); for, being married, my Spouse and I wear each other's Pictures in our hearts (being drawn and hung there), and so have no occasion for an outward Picture to comfort us; for neither absence, time, nor scarce death itself, can fade the colours where a united heart is the frame, and the picture true affection. So that you see, Gentlemen, it was mere Right and Property, and not the fear that my Wife should lose the idea of her Husband's face, that tempted me to the exercise of so much patience as to sit three times to have (an't please ye) my face drawn, to be stared on as often as the Reader pleases; yet I might affirm (did no modesty forbid me, to

pies from such as are false and imperfect. Take care also of being cheated by Wooden Cuts: the right is that which is drawn and 'graved by those two celebrated Artists, *Knight* and *Vander Gucht* *. To this Work is prefixed an Heroic Poem † upon Dun-

give them their just praise), that *Knight* has limned, *Vander Gucht* graved, and *Freeman* worked off, my Picture so much to the life, you do not flatter them when you say,

They make my Picture seem to think and live,

"A Gentleman seeing a very good Picture of St. Bruno, the Founder of the Carthusian Order, and being asked his opinion of it, "Were it not," says he, "for his silent rule, it would speak." So I may say of Dunton's Picture (it is drawn so much to the life, 'bating a little flattery), that were not Pictures resolved on a perpetual silence (that is, had they not a rule to hold their tongues), this Picture would talk as loud and as often as the Original does by which it was drawn. So that, Gentlemen, you might well say of my two Limners,

Their pencil sure was made of flesh and blood.—

for, as speechless as my Picture is, it is drawn so much alive, it is hoped it will guard 'Dunton's *Athenianism*' from all piratical Printers, by distinguishing the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect.—So that you see, Gentlemen, it is merely the securing the benefit of my own copies, that has put me to the charge of a Copper-plate, and not the ambition to have a Face cut in Brass, with a Laurel about my Head, and Pegasus for my Arms, and eight Verses under my Picture, writ by the Athenian Society."

* In the original Portrait, were these lines under a Pegasus:

"ATHENIANISM was John Dunton's thought,
And in these features to Perfection brought;
For *Knight* and '*Gucht* that mystic Art did find,
To paint John's PROJECTS Person and his Mind,
They, with the Likeness, warmth and grace do give,
And make his Picture seem to think and live;
And 's Heraldry he from the Muses farms,
For PEGASUS should be a Poet's Arms."

† Of this "Heroic Poem" a few lines will be sufficient:

"Here 's Dunton's Phiz, that New † Athenian Swain,
Who hatch'd six hundred Projects in his brain;
The brood is large, but give him time to sit,
He will six hundred Projects more beget;

‡ Referring to his "Athenian Oracle, or Question-Project;" as also to Old Athens, mentioned in Acts xvii. 21.

ton's Projects, written by the Athenian Society; with an Alphabetical Table of the several Projects, Questions, Novelties, Poems, and Characters."

This Volume, on the whole, is a strange mixture of sense and folly; containing some good articles in prose and verse, a few of a licentious turn, and some deeply tinged with insanity*; a misfortune under which Dunton appears to have long laboured.

In the Dedication, which breathes all the pride of self-consequence, he informs his Readers "that he does not write to flatter, or for hire."

As like his Mind, as this is like his Phiz,
 For in this Face, Art and the Graver kiss;
 Yes, *Knight* and '*Gucht* are here at equal strife,
 To draw John Dunton's features to the life;
 First Knight did limn, what Vap-'*Gucht* after drew;
 They're matchless Artists, every line is *you*;
 For all do say, that see this painted frame,
 That 't is not Dunton's Picture, but the same.
 Surely this Phiz would to their praise redound,
 Could they but give the Shape they make, a Sound:
 What wants the Echo of a living Creature
 But Shape, and what but Voice this manly Feature?
 Yet both can't meet together, God alone
 Will have this secret art to be his own:
 Yet Knight and *Gucht* here copy so from Nature,
 We don't know Dunton's dead from living Feature.
 Such Art! such Life! a Phiz so nice and good,
 Their pencils sure are made of Flesh and Blood!
 So just a form they to his Picture give,
 So like '*J. D.*' that it appears to live.
 This very Shadow charms beholders more
 Than Dunton's real substance did before.
 Thus Knight and '*Gucht* in art have equal shares,
 Prometheus' work in Dunton's phiz appears,
 And from their paint it got the fires it bears. }
 Nay, Dunton's phiz is here so nicely wrought,
 That we can in his aspect read his thought;
 Or, in one word to sum our thoughts extent,
 The perfect piece all Dunton does present.
 So many Projects ev'ry line indites,
 You'd swear the very Picture lives and writes.
 Yet D. himself has drawn with better grace,
 His Book's his Picture, there's his living face.
 Fain'd Knight and '*Gucht* drew but the outward rind,
 But Dunton's Projects draw his very mind."

* On this subject see his Appeal to King George I. p. 740.

Of the *six hundred Projects* * which he talks of, only *twenty-four* are given; and of these a specimen of the better parts are now re-printed.

* You have," he says, "in this First Volume of '*Dunton's Athenianism*,' *twenty-four* of those six hundred Projects promised in the Title to this Work. It would too far anticipate my own design of presenting the world with novelties, to tell you what the 576 remaining Projects are; besides, to be particular in that discovery would take up more room than this address will allow of, I having exceeded the bounds of most Dedications already. However, Gentlemen, I will so far indulge your Athenian Itch as to promise you in my second Volume the Projects, intituled,

1. The Art of Living *Incognito*; being a hundred Letters on as many uncommon subjects. Written by John Dunton, during his retreat from the world and business. The Second Edition, corrected and much enlarged; with an Alphabetical Table to the whole undertaking.

2. Death-Bed Charity; or, Alms and no Alms; a Paradox, proving Madam Jane Nicholas giving fifty pound a-year to the poor of St. Alban's was no charity, but, as she vainly thought, a sort of compounding with God Almighty, for giving nothing to the poor in her life-time; with Reflections on the Panegyrick Sermon, preached at her funeral, by Mr. Cole, Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

3. Mother Sparges; or, a Congratulatory Elegy to the Poor of St. Alban's, upon the Death of Madam Jane Nicholas. This Project is a poetical description of a miser's funeral; or rather, an enumeration of all those distinct species of beings that rejoice that Madam Nicholas has now no more than her length and breadth in the Abbey Church of St. Alban's.

4. The Wedding Legacy. A Poem; shewing all the good Madam Jane Nicholas ever did with her Estate, was to give on her death-bed an annual pension of five pounds to Mrs. Elizabeth Ben (now living in Barkhamstead), which has helped her to two sweethearts (and probably a husband) in her fortieth year.

5. Jane Nicholas's Ghost, lamenting her unjust Will, and promising to haunt all that persuaded her to it. Fancied in a morning dream.

6. Dunton's Creed; or, the Religion of a Bookseller, in imitation of Dr. Brown's *Religio Medici* *. Dedicated to the Stationers' Company. Fourth Edition. To which is added, The Author of Fortune; or, a Panegyrick on Writing for Bread.

* This was first published in 1694, under the name of Benjamin Bridgwater, Gent. one of Dunton's *Hackneys* (see p. 177); and was adopted by Dunton as his Creed. See a small specimen of it in p. 751.

In the latter part of the Reign of Queen Anne, John Dunton published an undated Pamphlet, under

7. *The Double Life* ; or, a new Project to redeem the Time, by living over to-morrow before it comes.

8. *The Merciful Assizes* ; or, a Panegyrick on the late Lord Jeffreys's hanging so many in the West. In a Letter to Madam Hewling, who had a Son hanged and quartered at Taunton. The Second Edition.

9. *The Lost Rib restored* ; or, an Essay attempting to prove the Relation between Man and Wife is not dissolved by Death, but abides for ever ; and that those Virgins who die unmarried are yet related to Husbands, and will be united to them in the other World.

10. *The Conforming Dissenter*. A Paradox ; proving a man may change one orthodox way of worshiping God for another, and yet be no turncoat ; occasioned by Mr. D——s, Mr. P——rs, and Mr. H—— sets, &c. being educated amongst the Dissenters, and preaching in a Conventicle many years, and now conforming to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.

11. *The Royal Diary* ; or, King William's Closet Piety. The Fourth Edition, so greatly enlarged as to complete the Diary.

12. *Alter Ego* ; or, Dunton's Character of his worthy Friend Mr. George Larkin, Sen. By way of Elegy.

13. *The Methodizer* ; or, Secret History of Mr. Sault, Author of the Second Spira ; with the Narrative of that imaginary Wretch, and Dunton's Affidavit, clearing his innocence, as to any sham or fraud in publishing of that Narrative.

14. *The Funeral of Mankind*. A Paradox, proving we are all dead and buried.

15. *A House to be let* ; or, a Widow in mourning.

16. *The Irish Huckster*. A Satire on the Engrossers of Corn ; but more especially on Dives, one of the dear Joys.

17. *The Surprize* ; or, History of such as have died suddenly, from Eutichus down to Mrs. Fuller in Noble-street, who was well and dead in the same moment.

18. *A Proverbial Poem* ; or, the Wits of the Age reduced to Practice.

19. *The Weeping Poet* ; or, Elegies describing the Lives and Deaths of the eminent Dissenting Ministers that died in the last Century.

20. *Deceptio Visûs* ; or, Seeing and Believing are two things.

21. *The Saint Alamode* ; or, a View of the Piety and Morals of some high Pretenders to Religion, without respect to Parties. With an Alphabetical Table of the several prophane Wretches and modern Hypocrites characterized and exposed in this dis-obliging Project.

the whimsical title of "A Cat may look at a Queen; or, a Satire upon her present Majesty.

At this period he had become a flaming Patriot;

22. The She Club; or, Sixty Maids at Confession.

23. The Religion of Brutes; or, the whole Duty of Man, as taught us by Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

24. Non Entity; or, a grave Essay upon Nothing.

25. The Poet in Love; or, the Courting Project.

26. The Philosophic Wife. A Poem on the Arts and Sciences.

27. The History of Slander (or Acquittal of innocent Persons), from our Saviour's time down to the public clearing of Dr. W——s.

28. The Querists. A Satire on Interloping. Dedicated to the British Apollo.

29. The Athenian Catalogue; or, Private Instructions for erecting a Library; with Dunton's Notes, containing his observations on Books and Learning, for the two and twenty years he traded in the Stationers' Company.

30. Chemical Beggars; or, a Satire on the Philosopher's Stone.

31. Dunton preaching to himself; or, every Man his own Parson.

32. The Secret Oracle; or, a modest Answer to such Love Questions as were formerly sent to the Athenian Society by the masked Ladies and Town Sparks.

33. The Spiritual Hedgehog, a Project (or Thought) wholly new and surprizing.

34. Dives and Lazarus; an Heroic Poem, in Twelve Books.

35. The History of Ingratitude; or, Dunton's Experience of pretended Friendship throughout the whole course of his life.

"By that time my six hundred Projects are all published, I hope to present the Athenian World (or lovers of novelty) with a compendious view of Universal Learning. I confess it is a bold promise; but that my Athenianism (when completed) may make it good, the first Project in my Second Volume shall be "The Philosophic Spy; or, A new Search after Vanity in the Arts and Sciences, &c.;" which Spy I design to continue in all my Athenian Volumes, till my six hundred Projects are all published; and in the last Volume that completes these Projects I shall add, "A Farewell to Printing, in some serious Thoughts on those Words of Solomon, 'Of making many Books there is no end, and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.'" "And then if no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till the resurrection, good-night to you here, and good-morrow hereafter. And, Johſ, when thou art so reposed,

Lie still in thy grave for the quiet o' th' Nation;
Nor canst thou write more without flat conjuration."

and published his noted Pamphlet, called "Neck or Nothing *," which passed through several editions.

On the Accession of King George the First to the Throne, Dunton continued his patriotic effusions; but was disappointed in the patronage he expected, which produced in 1716, under the name of "a Reverend Friend," though evidently written by himself, "Mordecai's Memorial; or, There's nothing done for him: a just Representation of unrewarded Services †."

Soon after this, in conjunction with Daniel De Foe, he projected a new Weekly Paper, called "The Hanover Spy ‡."

The following wholesome advice was soon after given him by a kind and judicious Friend.

* In his "Public Spirit of the Whigs," Swift says, "Among the present Writers on that side I can recollect but three of any great distinction; which are, The Flying Post, Mr. Dunton, and the Author of the Crisis. The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation, since the sudden retreat of the only true genuine original author, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer as one of the best pens in England. Mr. Dunton hath been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions: however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turned his genius to politics. His famous tract, intituled *Neck or Nothing*, must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit, of any which hath appeared from that side since the change of the Ministry: it is indeed a most cutting satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess, I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who from the style and manner suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the Earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his Lordship's last hand."—It is worth remarking, that Dunton did not see that Swift's praise was purely ironical, and that he was brought forward only to vex Steele and the Earl of Nottingham. See his "Appeal to King George I." p. 740.

† Noticed in the present Volume, p. 730.

‡ The Articles of Agreement, dated Oct. 28, 1707, are in the Bodleian Library. (See p. 757.)

To Mr. John Dunton, to be left with Mr. William Lutwich, in West Harding Street, near Fetter Lane.

SIR,

November 5, 1718.

I am glad to find you are not guilty of offering any such papers as I accused you of to sale. You accuse Mr. W——s unjustly; for, I protest to you, he is entirely ignorant of this affair. What I wrote is wholly a secret to yourself, and only for your own advantage.

I have nothing in the world to say to you, Sir, neither in public nor private, provided Mrs. *Rowe*, nor Mrs. *Singer*, nor *Philomela*, is named any more by you; which I would ask as a piece of justice and honesty, or mere civility; for, though I am a man of the world, I am no bully nor rake; and, if you are not yourself the aggressor, I shall never treat you with the least ill-manners.

The rest I have to say to you is merely to advise you, for your own profit, and with the same sincerity I would a friend. Such titles as "Athenian Phoenix," and "Pindarick Lady," are so senseless and impertinent, that it would spoil the credit of any Author that should use them: and for Plato's Notions, and Platonic Love, those terms have been so justly exposed by the Spectator, and are so very ridiculous and unfashionable, that nothing of those chimeras and whimsies would sell in the genteel part of the world. Pray look on the title of your Platonic Wedding again, and consider whether any person of common sense, or that knows the polite part of the world, would buy it; and it is they are the greatest readers. Frolic and merry conceits are despised in this nice age.

The mentioning the "Athenian Oracles" will do your Works an injury; for you know they are condemned to long oblivion. What I speak is not in the least to affront you; but if you have Essays or Letters that are valuable, call them Essays and Letters in short and plain language; and if you have any thing writ by men of sense, and on subjects of consequence, it may sell without your name to it; but pray leave out that, and all your female trumpery; for I am in too public a rank not to know the taste of the age; and I can assure you the mentioning of female correspondents and she-wits would ruin the sale of the best Authors we have.

This is no affront to Mrs. Rowe ; for I know she has too just and modish a taste not to despise those characters.

What ill-natured reflections my value for Mrs. Rowe made me utter in my last, I have forgot ; but really what I speak now will be for your advantage to regard ; for the Marriage of Souls, and Treatises of Owls, and little correspondences and amusements in low-life with she-wits, will make a ridiculous figure, or not be at all regarded in this insolent busy world. This is only private advice : I have not the least design to wound your reputation. This is the last time you will hear of me. Never name Rowe in your Works, and there is peace between us for ever. Find other titles for your Wits, and I am satisfied ; and really subjects of more gravity would suit your pen.

I have too much humanity to insult any man in distress, and did not mention your private circumstances with such a design. I would a thousand times sooner relieve a man in those perplexities than contribute to his distress ; and wish with all my soul your expectations from the Public may not fail you.

You will hear no more from me, and I desire you would write no more to me without I give you new directions. There is no writing to a man that prints every thing.

Your Friend in earnest, J. W *."

In 1720 he had a *Lottery Project* in his head, in which he wished his Sister, Elizabeth Guise, to join him. Her answer is thus addressed :

"To Mr. Dunton, at Mrs. Tomkin's, the last House in Gray's Inn Lane, near the Fields, in London, with care.

"February 20, 1720.

"Dear Brother,—We received your Letter and Proposals ; and my dear and I thank you for your kindness therein designed, and am sorry we cannot oblige you and ourselves at the same time. It is true the proposals seem to offer very encouraging : but we are the most unsuccessful in Lotteries I think of any body ; for I have put into a great many, and never got any thing in any of them, which makes me think we are not to gain by Lotteries. But a more material reason is, we cannot raise a

* The hand-writing of this Letter resembles that of the celebrated Dr. John Woodward. See p. 756.

quarter of the money, which I believe you will judge a bar sufficient against our joining; nay, I wish our bad success, if we did, might not be a hindrance rather than benefit to you: so do most heartily wish a partner may offer to you that may be more successful for you, and themselves too, than we can be supposed to be. We are glad to hear of your welfare, and wish the continuance of it, and good success in your undertaking. You have some grounds for hope, because you have been a gainer already; but we have nothing to build upon; join or not, we ever come off loser. And there is one disadvantage, we think, in the proposal; and that is, we may stay the 32 years ere we had the money again, which, considering all casualties, is a great while. But, however, the proposal is fair enough, and we have nothing to say against it for them that are among the successful; we do not think ourselves of that number, so choose to put it off; but give you, Brother, many thanks for proposing our advantage, and wish good may come to you therefore in your adventure. My dear being engaged, causes me to write his thoughts, you desiring a speedy answer; and least delay prove a disadvantage, was willing to send the first post. Pray accept my dear's with my hearty love. When we have sometimes been in Town, upon inquiry have understood you have been out of it, which has denied the benefit of seeing you; but we come but seldom. So concludes, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately, E. GUYSE."

The death of his second Wife is thus entered in the Parish Register of St. Alban's:

"Sarah Dunton, daughter of Madam St. Nicholas, and wife of John Dunton, was buried in the parish church of St. Alban's, March 21, 1720-1."

In 1723 appeared "An Appeal to His Majesty, with a List of his Political Pamphlets;" which is given in the present Volume, p. 735.

In the same year, Oct. 17, he advertized a Volume under the copious title transcribed below *; which

* "Upon this Moment depends Eternity: or, Mr. John Dunton's serious Thoughts upon the present and future State, in a fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal. In which many new opinions are started and proved; in particular this, That the sincere prac-

I have never seen, and perhaps it was not published. Nor do I find any other mention of him, but that he died, in obscurity, in the year 1738, at the age of 74.

25, *Parliament Street*,
Nov. 1, 1817.

J. B. N.

tice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World, would of itself resolve the most ignorant Person in all the abstruse points of the Christian Religion—being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying; composed of the Author's own experience in Religion, Politics, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty-third Year, but more especially during his dangerous disease in Ireland in the year ninety-eight, when his life was despaired of. And completed in twenty Essays, upon such nice and curious points in Divinity, as were never handled before. To which is added, *The Sick Man's Passing Bell*, to remind all Men of that Death and Eternity to which they are hast'ning. Containing, 1. God be mereiful to me a Sinner; or Dunton at Confession, in which he discovers the secret Sins of his whole Life; with his resolution in what penitent manner, by the help of God, he will spend the short time he has yet to live.

2. "Dunton's Legacy to his Native Country; or a dying Farewell to the most remarkable Persons and Things, both in Church and State; with his last prayer, or those very petitions to Almighty God, with which he hopes to expire.

3. "A Living Man following his own Corpse to the Grave; or Dunton represented as Dead and Buried, in an Essay upon his own Funeral. To which is added, for the oddness and singularity of it, a copy of his last Will and Testament. His Living Elegy, wrote with his own hand; and the Epitaph designed for his Tomb-stone in the new Burying-Place. Together with

4. "The Real Period of Dunton's Life; or a Philosophical Essay upon the nature of that grand climacterick year, sixty-three, in which, as few persons outlive that fatal time, he expects to be actually buried with the best of Wives, Mrs. Elizabeth Annesley, alias Dunton, with their reasons for sleeping together in the same Grave till the General Resurrection, as contained in two Letters that passed between Mr. Dunton and his Wife, a few days before she died. The whole Directory, and *Passing Bell*, submitted to the impartial censure of the Right Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Bishop of Ely. By Mr. John Dunton, a Member of the Athenian Society, and Author of the Essay intituled "*The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*."

We all are seized with the Athenian itch,
News, and New Things do the whole World bewitch. Dr. WILD.

THE
LIFE and ERRORS of JOHN DUNTON,

LATE CITIZEN OF LONDON,

Written by Himself in Solitude ;

WITH
AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE,

WHEREIN IS SHEWN

How he would think, speak, and act, might he live over
his Days again :

INTERMIXED WITH THE NEW DISCOVERIES THE AUTHOR

HAS MADE IN HIS TRAVELS ABROAD,

AND IN HIS PRIVATE CONVERSATION AT HOME.

TOGETHER WITH

The Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons

NOW LIVING IN LONDON, &c.

Digested into Seven Stages, with their respective Ideas.

“ He that has all his own mistakes confess'd,
Stands next to him that never has transgress'd,
And will be censur'd for a Fool by none
But they who see no ERRORS of their own.”

DE FOE'S Satire upon Himself, p. 6.

FIRST PUBLISHED, BY S. MALTHUS, IN 1705.



THE AUTHOR'S
SPEAKING PICTURE,

DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1705.

FAIN would the Graver here my Picture* place,
But I myself have drawn my truer face :
Reader, behold my *Visage* in my Book ;
My true Idea most exactly took.
My very soul may naked here be seen,
Both what I was, and what I should have been.
The Graver's skill my pen and thoughts supply ;
They know the best, my Physiognomy,
And best can draw the lines which inward lie.
On murder'd brass-plate when some Author lies,
If not already so, 't is two to one he dies.
Thus slain and butcher'd lies the fam'd *De Foe* ;
'T is too unkind to serve poor *Dunton* so.
Thus brazen lines the recreant *Fuller* bear ;
'T is double glaz'd, for brass was Nature there.
My Book 's my Picture ; there 's my living face ;
And *speaking* tears the image of my case.
My soul undress'd stands there in open view ;
By Nature, sinful ; by Devotion, new.
There all the *Shifting Scenes* of life appear ;
There stand my blushing Errors. Ah, beware !
Dear-bought experience you may cheaply share.
The vast terraqueous Globe I 've rambled o'er,
But in *myself* retir'd discover'd more.
You, whose great Characters I here present,
Be witnesses that *Dunton* does repent,
And here does stand in sheets for punishment.
But, since so many Pictures I have shewn,
Mine (*by a privilege*) should be unknown.
'T is handsome men may tell those fops they curse,
Their *pretty phiz* is join'd unto their verse.
I love to know the inside of a man,
Let who will gaze o' th' *Shadow* of him then.

* At this time his Portrait had not been engraved.

For sometimes does a very dolt appear,
 In shew, a very learn'd Philosopher.
 But, since grav'd Pictures please the eyes of men,
 Perhaps I 'll fit them when I write again.
 But now my Speaking Picture must relate
 All those fine things describ'd in copper-plate.
 It also speaks to shew the child unborn
 What I would be would my past age return.
Athens (for ages past) I did revive;
 Could I 'lost years restore, just thus I'd live.
 Had I the choice of flesh and blood again,
 I ne'er would stand to plot behind the scene,
 But bravely act the man I should have been.
 But, though I weep and mourn for what 's amiss,
 With tears that represent my *Inward Phiz*;
 Yet could old Time unweave my sins and age
 (That I might live just as I here engage),
 My love to my dear Wife, and to my Friend,
 I neither do repent, nor need amend.
 But for those *Errors* I do here confess,
 I would so mend and alter all the Press,
 That both my Person, and my Picture too,
 Should now no longer live *incognito*.
 Thus does my Speaking Picture conquer Death.
 'T was but a dead face, Art could here bequeath,
 Look on the following Leaves, and see me breathe.
 Nor could the Limner draw my Picture here,
 For *Ego non sum Ego*, that is clear;
 And none can draw what is, and is not here.
 But when I live the *same*, by acting *new*,
 Then to be known, I 'll put my face in view.
 Dissected thus, I stand a living Martyr grown.
 Come, read my *Errors*, and reform your own.

JOHN DUNTON.

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos." Virgil.

TO MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

UPON HIS TRAVELS TO AMERICA, GERMANY,

AND OTHER PARTS, &c.

WELCOME, dear Friend, to me, and England too !

Welcome as ever I have been to you !

Ulysses-like *, at last return'd again,

Though more than he thou Manners know'st and Men,

Although but *Five Years* thou, he rambled *Ten*.

What 's the small Mediterranean he was tost on

To the main Sea ? What 's Ithaca to Boston ?

Cambridge has rhym'd on thy *Ideal* art,

I 'll strain my Muse and Conscience ere we part,

To let thy Travels have their due desert.

Candish and *Drake*, rub off ! Avaunt ! Be gone !

A greater Rambler now 's approaching on :

You for *one Way* at once, did well, 't is true,

But his invention 's far more strange and new,

At once he forwards goes, and backwards too.

Whilst his dull Body 's for *New England* bound,

His Soul (in Dreams) trots all the World around ;

But Cunning Men and Conjurers use this Trade,

Who, still as stocks, have Sea and Land survey'd ;

Nor think he writes more than he saw, though he

Use Authors to refresh his memory ;

And Travellers have, you know, Authority.

Now see how on the blacken'd shore attends

Thy loos'ning Bark, a shoal of weeping Friends ;

Weeping, or what 's far worse, the sad surprize

And Grief for thy departure, froze their eyes :

He that can cry or roar finds some relief,

But nothing kills like the dry silent grief.

But who can tell the mutual sighs and tears ;

Husbandly, manly groans, and gentle Wifely fears,

"Twixt thee and Iris, at that fatal tide

Which did the knot of Heaven itself divide ?

* It is said of Ulysses, " Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes." Horat. de Arte Poetica.

Oh, that I were an Husband for an hour,
 For who can else describe Love's mighty power ?
 How sweet his moments flow ! how free from strife !
 When bless'd like thee, Philaret, in a Wife.
 But yet if dearer still, Friends still must part,
 They go, but leave behind each other's heart.

Now Neptune's foaming surges rave and boil,
 While thou, great Friend, forsak'st our greater Isle.
 Here may it stand (just in the self-same place),
 Here may it stand till thou hast run thy race.
 With blessings you forsak'd, although it be,
 Ungrateful Isle ! unkind, untrue to thee.

A place there is, where vast sea-monsters keep,
 In the blue bosom of the dreadful deep ;
 Where angry waves and furious billows fight,
 Till they almost strike fire in a tempestuous night ;
 Where surly Nereus scowls, and Neptune frowns,
 In Sailors' English and plain Prose *The Downs*.
 Here did the Furies and the Fates combine,
 To ruin all our hopes, dear Friend, and thine ;
 For, hadst thou perish'd there, without strange grace,
 America had never seen thy face.

Now tempests terrible around thee roll,
 And would have daunted any's but thy soul.
 The vaulting surges toss thy bark on high,
 And with another Argo maul the sky.
 Eternal Rambler ! whither art thou driven ?
 Since Earth 's not wide enough, thou 'lt travel Heaven.
 If thou below so many lands explore,
 Sure thou 'lt above discover many more,
 Secrets to all but one unknown before.
 Survey'd at first, by Mahomet on the back
 Of his good trusty Palfrey—Alborack.
 And when, dear Friend ! so near to Bliss you be,
 Remember Iris ! and remember me !

—Some hope

Their earthly learning they in Heaven shall share :
 Friendship and Love will surely enter there.
 But ah ! thou empty teasing name, farewell,
 That charms the ship, and down it sinks to Hell ;
 And wilt thou then thy third last Ramble make
 To the dark confines of the Stygian Lake ?
 Be n't Earth and Heaven enough, that thou must go
 To view the Kingdoms of the World below ?
 Both of thy pockets and thyself take care,
 For shoals of Booksellers will scrape acquaintance there.
 Come up, for shame ! sure thou so long dost stay,
 Thou call'st at Purgatory by the way ;

Where, for some little lie in way of trade,
 There's an embargo on thy Vessel laid.
 He hears! He hears! The shortest cut he came,
 For see! the mast peeps up at Amsterdam.
 The Quays with crowds of Jews and Dutchmen swell,
 And all together ask, "What news from Hell?"
 Ah! British Land! our Rambler thou hast cross'd,
 And by his absence who know'st what thou 'st lost?
 Fix'd, on thy unfix'd shores he might have deign'd to stand;
 Nor needed Rambling from a Rambling Land.
 He's gone! He's gone! All thy entreaties fail,
 Nor can thy tears, nor can thy prayers prevail.

To Cologne next, and the Three Kings, he comes,
 To kiss their hands, or arms, or nails, or thumbs.
 These Eastern Monarchs ever will be brave,
 For see what vast Seraglios here they have;
 Where Urs'la reigns with her miraculous aids,
 Th' eleven (would you think it?) thousand maids.
 But Britain, sure, was rude and savage then,
 And maids (as stags from hunters) ran from men.
 Nor think, dear Friend, I ramble now from you,
 My subject rambles, and I but pursue.
 And here, where all the World invoke the aids
 Of the three rambling Kings, and rambling Maids,
 I doubt Phil-a-ret with the rest did stray,
 And beg a little help as well as they,
 Beg a small miracle * his Letter to convey.

For, in my dream I saw, methought,
 A nimble Virgin spring aloft,
 And with gay expanded wings,
 Drest in all her travelling things,
 Riding-hood of beaten gold,
 Muff of cloud to keep out cold;
 On cowl-staff of a falling Star,
 I saw him mount and shine from far;
 Like Robin Red-breast claps her wings,
 Then coughs and crows,—then thus she sings:

But what she said, I dare not tell,

Because the World's an Infidel.

Who can Pindaricks' lofty flights refuse,
 When thou dost lash the fiery-foaming Muse?
 I'll rein her in, and try if we can be
 As grave, as sober, and as wise as thee.

* This Poem was sent to me in a Letter, whilst I was on my Travels in the year 1686; and was answered in a Letter dated from Cologne, which coming to my Reverend Friend six days sooner than he expected, he could not forbear to think it a miracle.

Go on ! and into whate'er Country hurl'd,
My Muse shall lackey after round the World ;
We 'll chase the all-surrounding Sun about,
And mend the Maps, where *Bleau* and *Janson's* out.
Terra Incognita shall fly before us,
And all the savages behind adore us.
On hills of ice, as high as *Teneriffe*,
Wintering, we 'll moor our weather-beaten skiff.
Through *Nassau's* Streights we 'll row, unknown of old,
And *Nova Zembla* (in prose Authors) cold.
There find the Passages, and through 'em trade,
For sure for common things, nor thee, nor I, were made.
We 'll cross the back of *Jesso* (if we can)
And thrid, and sound, the Streights of *Anian*,
And Ramble round, and round, and round, and then
Ramble like *Drake*, 'till we come home again.

SAMUEL WARPER, M. A.
Late of Exeter College, in Oxfor

* This name does not occur in the Oxford Graduates.

TO HIS OLD FRIEND
MR. JOHN DUNTON,
ON HIS IDEA OF A NEW LIFE.

THE Press grows *honest* ; and, in spite of fate,
Now teems a *Birth* that is legitimate :
Thy Book 's thy own, so rare a Muse 'twas fit
Should not be garnish'd out with dead-men's wit.
Yet lives their *Genius* in thee : true it is,
Arts have a kind of Metempsychosis ;
But no perfection dwells within thy breast,
For thou hast faults, and so have e'en the best.
The World 's a *Wood*, in which all lose their way,
Though by a diff'rent path each goes astray.
Thy forty years did *print* thee full of crimes,
But, as Repentance cleanses all thy lines,
We can't be angry that you went astray,
But thank those *Errors* made you miss your way :
For you, by fixing on a false delight,
Instruct ; and, by mistaking, set us right :
The instances are here, or none, or few ;
And the fresh *Wreaths*, untouch'd, belong to you ;
For though the World, like warmer fruit-trees, bear
A double harvest of ill weeds each year ;
'Twas thought *extremely* difficult to find
A frailty and a generousness of mind
Like yours, consenting, in one subject join'd ;
You, to the praise of virtuous deeds resign'd, }
At your own *Fame's* expence, oblige mankind ;
And by this goodness, sure, compound for more
Than all the *Errors* of your life before.
Thy *Youth* those lessons teachest unto Men }
Which few have learn'd at fourscore years and ten,
And your *Idea* makes us *New* again.
Thus thou out-stripest life, and dost beguile
The Fatal Sisters of a longer *file* ; .

And, like the youthful planet of the light,
 Art ever climbing, and yet still at height.
 Thou 'st read both men and books, thou hast a key
 To each man's breast, which is thy *Library*.
 Are these the bloomings of thy greener age?
 Sure they some wond'rous summer fruits presage!
Nature doth seem to antedate thy years,
 And ere thy seed-time 's past, harvest appears.
 We blush to see thy *Ideal Life* display
 A dawning clearer than our brightest day.
 Say, Friend,—what Genius with this vigour fir'd
 Thy soul, and the celestial hint inspir'd?
 Say; for the *Unknown Muse* I would invoke,
 T' assist me whilst I sing the triumphs of your Book.

When life's departing stages we review,
 The *False* things fright us, though they pleas'd when *True*.
 Fantastic sins in dismal orders rise,
 And with a *real* horror strike our eyes:
 Thus, whilst we count the up-shot of our pains,
 We curse the memory of what remains,
 And gaze with terror on the slow-advancing scenes. }
 'Twas thus: but now the bugbear is no more, }
 We love to trace the imagin'd stages o'er,
 And court the *Spectre* which we shunn'd before: }
 Directed by your nobler rules to cast,
 And regulate the future by the past.

If e'er the Golden Age again return,
 And flash in shining beams from 's iron urn,
 That Age not as it was before shall be,
 But as th' *Idea* is refin'd by thee.
 That seems the common, thine 's the *Elixir* gold:
 So pure is thine, and so alloy'd the *Old*.
 Hail, new Reformer! by whose light we see
 Omnipotence (almost) in *Poetry*;
 Your *Flame* can give to graves Promethean fire,
 And Cowley's clay with living paint inspire.
 For, like some *Mystic* wand, with awful eyes,
 You wave your Pen, and lo! *New Men* arise.

RICHARD FREIND, *Master of Arts,*
late of Trinity College in Cambridge

TO THE IMPARTIAL READERS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE common business of my Life has given me many opportunities to know something of the fate of *Books*; and I am sensible the following performance lies under very many and peculiar disadvantages: however, if there is any justice due to my *Life and Errors*, I may well be allowed to prepare my Reader's mind a little. If he is but impartial, he is as kind as I would wish him.

My retreat from the world and business has given me not only the leisure, but the inclination, to become more thoughtful than before. Some time ago, in my retirement, my thoughts began to fix, with more attention than was usual, upon the nature and the tendency of human life, and what part I had acted in it.

The *review* of my busy life put me sufficiently out of humour with it: there were very many passages I could easily recollect, which wanted both repentance and amendment. I found the world and myself had very different thoughts of *John Dunton*; I am inwardly conscious the best part of my innocence lies where I am charged the deepest. After all, had I no better design in this performance than purely self-defence, I should neither have given the world, nor myself, the trouble of it. It is well for me, and the thoughts of it give me abundant satisfaction, that the private opinions of other persons must not make the rule of judgment when our last accounts are given in. My Judge is both my advocate, and a searcher of the heart.

I know very well, and am satisfied with, my low obscurity ; it frequently falls out upon the open stage of the world, and in human life, as it does upon other theatres. Some of the *personæ dramatis* retire behind the scenes, before the play be over, and the curtain drop. I am heartily thankful, with regard to my own advantage, that my life has been lengthened out to me, until I have been able to make a *moral* to it ; and that, though I have dreamed a great part of life, yet that now methinks I begin to be awake. How far others may think themselves concerned in my waking thoughts I cannot tell : the burthen of my *New Idea* is no less than the business of the Christian Life. If there is anything peculiar in it, perhaps it may meet with a Reader here and there, whose circumstances are akin to mine ; and upon that score, it will be capable of doing him the better service. The Life which I here *un-live*, has been an amusement to me forty years : had I been so happy as to turn the tables much sooner, my satisfaction had been greater. And if any have been so unfortunate as to copy after my *real Life*, I here take the opportunity to tell them, that I solemnly disown the original. However, in the room of it, I here substitute a new method of living for them ; and, if they will embark upon the same bottom with me, our way, and our end, will be both the same. However, if others will not take the same measures with me, and refuse me their company, I cannot help it : I am no friend to Religious impositions ; but, unless they turn *Living Christians*, they will certainly miscarry.

If the Book fall into the hands of some Readers who never heard of *John Dunton* before, I shall not in the least be out of humour upon that account ; but I would inform them, that, according to the best evidence he can get, he was living the tenth of October, 1704, which is the most I am allowed to say, and, therefore, the performance looks an *original* in its kind. However, not to put a trick upon the Reader, my *old Life* is over, which makes an account of it much less a solecism than it seems.

Were I in the humour to turn this Preface into a bill of fare, I could promise the Reader that, before he has

perused the following sheets, he will know something more both of *Men* and *Books*. Here are very many *Characters* of learned and great men, with whom I have been concerned ; and, indeed, my *Life*, and my affairs, have been so closely interwoven with those of other people, that there was no avoiding it. So that as for all those that do not approve of their own *Characters*, they will find a necessity to pardon them ; for I could not write an impartial *History* of my own *Life*, without giving a distinct account of every person I have either known or corresponded with ; and, for that reason, I found myself obliged, in a most particular manner, to run through (in brief characters) *the whole History of the Stationers' Company, so far as my Life and actions have been any ways mixed with them* : and though I have been satirical on some *Booksellers*, &c. yet I hope I need not assure the rest, that it would be the farthest thing in the world from my intention, should any passage in these papers be thought a reflection on that *honourable* employment, so liberal and ingenious, that it indeed seems an *Art*, rather than a *Trade*. The very attempting any such thing would be the worst defiling of my own nest ; for, though I have given a farewell to *Trade*, I shall ever think it an honour that I was once a Member of the Stationers' Company. But that there are some ill men among us (spite of the Proverb) is neither to be denied ; nor needs it any excuse, any more than the exposing those persons to the just censures of present and future ages.

I own it is a nice undertaking to write a *History of Living Men* ; but I have been as just and impartial to other men's reputations as I could, and I am sensible I have not been too indulgent to my own. If any shall think themselves touched a little sensibly, and reckon it worth their while to exclaim in public, I desire no more than their *names* at length, and I shall do them all the justice which the merit of their cause does require.

After all, there are two or three Enemies in the world ; *Sir Gnaw-post*, *Squire Vinegar*, and *Satan himself*. Should either of the two former begin to *mutter*, it would make pretty diversion for the Publick ; I am furnished with *Memoirs* enough to make a *Life* for either of them, to

which shall be annexed a Catalogue of their *Writings*. One or both of them know very well who writ so *furiously* for the Church, and underhand for the service of the Dissenters at the same time. But supposing these *two Men* (I was going to say *Monsters*) should have that respect to their reputation to avoid *wincing*; yet, whilst Bigotry and Lewdness are found amongst those that pretend to Religion, this *Idea of a New Life* must expect unmannerly treatment. However, I have here drawn my pen, and defy the Devil and all his Hackneys; for, should I fall in the defence of Virtue, and in a *war with Vice*, it would be great and honourable, and I should only pity and pray for a profane World; but did I begin a *New Life* (like those in Paradise), or were refined almost to an Angel, yet this History of my *Old Life* would no sooner be made public, but I should be assaulted by that furious and inconsiderate monster called *Censure*, whose lashes I will receive with the same contempt the Lacedemonians (those avowed enemies to Athens) did the cruelty of their Correctors, sporting themselves whilst their backs were torn with the unmerciful whip. Of that efficacy is resolution and innocence, that it presents pain but mere opinion, and values a *furious Gnaw-post*, or a *lewd Vinegar*, no more than a harmless Hellespont did the vain threats of a proud Xerxes. Seneca saith well, better *aliud agere, quàm nihil*, for idleness is the Devil's opportunity; the consideration of which made me (as some *Knaves* will call it) expose my *Life and Errors* in the following sheets.

However, let the Criticks say what they please, my subject is good and great, being no less than the *Idea of a New Life*; and had I made any particular Dedication, I should have stooped no lower than a Prince: the subject meriteth as much, had it been handled accordingly. Sir William Cornwallis saith of Montaigne's Essays, "that it was the likeliest book to advance wisdom, because the Author's own experience is the chiefest argument in it." And, indeed, should every man write a History of his own Life, comprehending as well his vices as virtues, how useful would this prove to the Publick! But such an impartial History of Living Men may rather be wished for than expected, since men have ever preferred their own private reputation before the real good of themselves

or others; so that I have the honour to break the ice, in giving the World an *Idea of a New Life*; and as I have ventured to publish the discoveries I made in my *Travels* abroad, and in my private *conversation* at home, so I have digested the whole into *Seven Stages*, and shewn under each of these how I would think, speak, and act, might I live over my days again, &c. As this *Idea of a New Life* is an *Original Project*, perhaps some will call it one of *Dunton's Maggots*; for, having printed thirty of Wesley's writing, it would be strange if I should not, by imitation, become one myself. But how little I deserve to be so accounted, is sufficiently shewn in the following sheets. I confess, six years ago, I printed my *Living Elegy* (or represented John Dunton as dead and buried, in an "Essay upon my own Funeral"), and perhaps some may think it a little *maggoty*, that I should come again from the Dead to write "The History of my own Life;" but, Gentlemen, cease to wonder at this, for I have almost finished "The Funeral of Mankind; or, an Essay proving we are all dead and buried, with an Elegy upon the whole Race: To which is added, a Paradox, shewing what we call Life is Death, and that we all live and discourse in the Grave," &c.

Now this subject is new and surprizing, but is far from being *maggoty*; for, if a man must be called a *maggot* for starting thoughts that are *wholly new*, then farewell invention. In this sense the *understanding Locke*, and *metaphysical Norris*, are greater *maggots* than *John Dunton* (as they publish thoughts that are *newer and better*); but sure none are so stupid as to call these gentlemen *maggots*, for obliging the world with their *ideal* discoveries; and though my weak composures must not be named with their learned works, yet still they are *new* (either as to the matter or method), and as such cannot merit the title of *Maggots*; for even Philosophy itself had never been improved, had it not been for new opinions, which afterwards were rectified by abler men, such as *Norris* and *Locke*; and so the first notions were lost, and nameless, under *new* superstructures. But such a fate with respect to this *New Idea*, is too agreeable for my judgment to repine at, or my vanity to hope for: yet if, after all I can say, my *Ideal*

Life must pass for a *maggot*, I must own it my own pure maggot; the natural issue of my brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there; and therefore, if *pure Novelty* will be any recommendation of this Book, I may expect that even the Criticks themselves will be kind to it; for, to use the words of the *scoffing Tub-man**, the History of my *Life and Errors* is "a faithful and painful Collection," wholly gathered from my own breast; neither is my Idea of a *New Life* stolen from any thing else but my own thoughts of becoming a *New Man*.

Now if any should be so impertinent as to ask whether this Account of my *Life* be a *True History*;—I answer, Though I was the first that set up *The Athenian Oracle*, yet I never pretended to be *infallible*; and I should be fitter for *Bedlam* (than to lay the plan of a *New Life*) if I would swear to my actions for Forty Years; nay, I would not vouch for the space but of Six Months, my memory (by reason of sickness) is grown so treacherous. However, this I may venture to say, I publish it for a *True History*, so far as my *Diary* serves me; and I dare challenge any one of those *Thousand Persons* that are here named, to disprove one line that I say of them; but, if nothing will satisfy the *incredulous Reader* but it is all *Fiction*, for such, if he please, he may take it; but let him remember,

That whatsoe'er of Fiction I bring in,
'Tis so like Truth, it seems at least akin.

But, perhaps, some may own this Book for a *True History*, that yet may question my discretion for publishing a *Secret History of my own Errors*. To this I answer, He that is ashamed to confess the ills he hath been conscious of, shews too plainly he is a great many leagues from repentance, and is more in love with his sin than his amendment; but, if there is "joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents," I cannot but think my lamenting my *old Errors*, and resolving on a *new Life*,

* "I am informed," says Swift, in the Tale of a Tub, "that worthy Citizen and Bookseller Mr. John Dunton has made a faithful and painful Collection, which he shortly designs to publish in *twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates*; a work useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand."

will set me beyond the *venom* of ill tongues. Sure I am, no good man will dislike any thing that endeavours to promote a reformation of manners; but will love my design more than my performance, and approve my future intended Innocence, more than he will condemn the *Errors* of my past Life. But, however it is taken, I am sure it is honestly meant; for I confess my *Errors* on purpose to shame myself out of love with them, and do add to them my *Idea of a New Life*, as a testimony against myself if ever I fall into the like again.

But, seeing I have been too remiss in the former part of my Life; for those *few moments* I have yet left, I will endeavour, by the grace of God, daily to act Faith and Repentance, and direct all the *future steps* of my Life towards Heaven; and if, after all my striving, I may but bring up the rear in *Bliss*, it will abundantly recompense all the *Tears* I have, or can shed for my Sins: and I heartily wish that all my Readers may repent of their *Old*, and enter with me on a *New Life*.

These sheets should have been made public above a Year ago; but my almost *constant sickness*, and some other impediments, have put a stop to it; so that it is more than reasonable to put the Reader out of his suspense at last, what this important *Birth* may prove.

Gentlemen, I have only to let you know that, besides the Satire here and there scattered in this *Life*, there are many things which want a *Key*, and are likely to do so (without new provocation); for they were not writ for every body, though I hope there is enough intelligible to entertain the World with a great deal of profit and diversion.

And now, Gentlemen, I am

Your humble servant,

Oct. 10, 1704.

JOHN DUNTON,

POSTSCRIPT.

CANDID READER; -- I must beg pardon for one *Error*; if the Reader finds a repetition of the same expression under different Characters, that he will please to excuse it; for in a Thousand Characters (and that of persons that excel in the same virtues, &c.) I found it a hard matter so to diversify the expression, as never to repeat the very same words I had used before; but, as hard as it was, I believe I may venture to say, that in a Thousand Characters the Reader will not find Ten Blunders of this kind, and that I hope may be some Apology: but, bating the *Error* of some few repetitions, my Thousand Characters are entirely new, except Nine that I formerly published; and having written those before with my own hand, I was loth to be at the pains of writing again the same Characters, having done it as well as I could before.

And now, Reader, fall to, and welcome; for as to the rest of my *Errors*, I leave them to thy eye to discover, and to thy candour to pardon; or if my *Whole Book* must pass for *One Great Error*, without either smile or excuse, I must say thou hast no stomach to a *New Life*. And so Farewell!

JOHN DUNTON.

INTRODUCTION.

CANDID READER,

IT goes hard with the *pride* of human nature, and the principle of self-love, to take a Review of our past Lives, and to make a Collection of Mistakes and *Errors*; though it would certainly be the ready way to amendment, and I am resolved to give the world a precedent of this nature. St. Austin informs us, that he who repents is almost innocent; and I may add, that Confession is the best companion of sincere Repentance.

The frowns of Divine Providence have darkened my affairs, and confined my circumstances; and yet, in great mercy, have given me *leisure* and *retirement* to reflect on my former Life, which is a recompense sufficient for my being cut off from the society of mankind, and almost from all commerce with a designing world, that has little in it but vanity and disappointment. When I trace back the years I have lived, I am quite lost in wonder and amazement at my own wanderings, and I can scarce outlive the very thought how I have spent a Life that is of infinite concern with reference to an After-state. All I am able to do at present is only to form *an Idea of a New Life* from the ruins of the past; and though I cannot, in a physical sense, live over again the time that is already gone, yet I can do it in wish and inclination; and am resolved, by the assistance of Divine Grace, to conform my *Life*, as near as possible, to this *New Idea*, in the reality of practice, till I shall meet the Grave and Eternity, and have no more to do with Time and Sin.

To clear my way a little before I make an entrance upon the Work, I will first tell the Reader what I mean by this *Idea of a New Life*; and, in the second place, I shall chalk out the method of the whole, that the most narrow capacity may take in both the design and the management.

As for the first, I mean only a *Life* that is perfect squared by the rules of Reason and Revelation. The plan to *live* by is entirely disencumbered of all those *Names*, and *Sects*, and *Parties*, that have raised so much dust and noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The world, it is true, has given me that partial and precise name of *Presbyterian*; which I renounce for ever, and take this opportunity to tell those strait-laced souls, who are for fixing bounds and enclosures in the flock of Christ, that I am neither Churchman, Independent, nor Quaker. The title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtained at Antioch under the Christian dispensation; I desire no character for the future but a Lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and happiness in the *Life* to come; and it is of small moment with me, whether the malignant world will allow me this measure of charity my right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal interest, have no dependence upon ill-nature and envy.

Having now dispatched the first point, I will inform the Reader with the method of these sheets: And first I shall draw the black lines of my own *Life*, so far as it has run already; where several *Remarkable Occurrences* will come to light, which otherwise, out of pure necessity, would have slept unknown till the last day of search and scrutiny. Secondly, I shall form an *Idea of a New Life* and make it run parallel with the former. Under the head I will shew what actions of my *Life* I repent of and reflect upon with sorrow; and such also that were innocent and defensible. And, to make this particular more complete, I will acquaint the Reader how I would think, and speak, and act, would Heaven but indulge me that happy opportunity of living over my days again.

JOHN DUNTON'S

Life and Errors.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR.

AT the threshold of this Account, I must own it as a very criminal *Error* of my *Life*, into which both Disappointment and Passion have frequently misled me; that I have too often arraigned the Divine Providence that Nature ever travailed with such an unhappy birth. It was almost a relief to me to cry out with Job, iii. 3. 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.' Would but this acknowledgment be a caution to others, how they split upon the same rock, and quarrel with Providence, I should reckon myself sufficiently recompensed.

However, to begin. I was born at Graffham in Huntingdonshire the 14th of May 1659. My father, Mr. *John Dunton*, was Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, and rector of Graffham. My mother, *Lydia Dunton*, was daughter to Mr. Daniel Carter, of Chesham; and, were it not foreign to the purpose, I could here acquaint the Reader with the *Visions she had of another World* in her trances, in one of which she lay three days, and was mercifully restored as they were disposing her in the coffin; and a year after she died *in earnest*, and was interred in Graffham Chancel March 3, 1660; upon which occasion the following couplets were composed:

"She did, I saw her mount the sky,
 And with new whiteness paint the Galaxy;
 Heaven her, methought, with all its eyes did view,
 And yet acknowledg'd all its eyes too few.
 Methought I saw in crowds bless'd Spirits meet,
 And with kind welcomes her arrival greet,
 Which, could they grieve, had gone with grief away,
 To see a Saint more white, more pure than they.
 Earth was unworthy such a prize as this,
 Only a while Heaven let us share the bliss."

To return. My first entrance upon the stage was attended with all the symptoms of death, as if I had been sensible of my future miseries, and willing to steal into the grave from the very womb of Nature; but some of the attendants* were so compassionate and cruel, as to sprinkle water on my forehead, and raise me to life, though, alas! it proved but an unkind office, to chain me down to this world, when I was making my retreat, and taking wing for another; upon which emergency the following lines were written:

"So the infant day does rise,
 Gilding hills, and painting skies,
 Till some envious pregnant cloud
 Does its blooming glories shroud.

So a short-lived Winter's sun
 Sets almost as soon 's begun;
 Weeping Heaven laments its fall,
 Mourning Earth, its funeral.

So a Rose-bud does prepare
 To salute the calmer air,
 Till some piercing Northern gust
 Rends and spreads it in the dust.

Such, poor Infant, was thy birth,
 Such thy parents' joy and mirth;
 Roses, suns, and days can be
 But a *Meiosis* of thee."

The first appearance which I made was very mean and contemptible; and, as if Nature had designed me to take up only some insignificant and obscure corner of the universe, I was so diminutive a creature, that a quart pot could contain the whole of me with ease enough; whereupon was written:

* Mrs. Palmer, of Graffham.

“ There lies a pretty little Knave,
In 's cradle, dressing-room, and grave.”

In this condition, and long before I had any articulate use of my tongue, I gave the world sufficient evidence of a child of Adam; and the certain tokens of corrupt nature and intemperate passion were more and more apparent, as I made advances both in strength and age: all the signs of disobedience and revenge, of impatience and immoderate desire, were seen in me, when I wanted the power to execute what my inclinations led me to. These were only the more innocent and infant essays of depraved nature, to those *blacker* crimes that are yet to come. It is a matter of certainty with me, that, by a narrow observation of the temper and constitution of children, we may discover most of those vices and virtues in the very embryo, which afterwards make them remarkable in the world. This notion has often thrown me into melancholy, when I have reflected how ripe and pregnant the seeds of all vice and sin were in me when so young:

“ These the sure preludes, these the ruder plan,
Of early childhood ripen'd into man!”

When my mother was deceased, and my father thereupon left in sorrow, he made a voyage into Ireland*, that his griefs might be abated; where, at the request of Sir Henry Ingoldsby, he settled for several years. This made some alteration in my affairs. I was sent immediately away to Mr. *William Reading's*, at Dungrove, a place almost in the neighbourhood of Chesham, and there put to school so soon as I was capable: this was the first of all those inconsiderate Rambles that I have made. The world may expect that I should here make up the accounts of my improvement and proficiency at school; but, alas! those years which I spent there were as well cancelled out of the number I have lived.

All the advance I made under Sarah Wire, John Duckett, Richard Bowly, and a whole catalogue of Teachers, was only to know the rudiments of my mother tongue. I could improve fast enough in any thing but

* Attended by his old and faithful servant, Mr. Thomas Tallwood.

the art of learning, to which I had a strange kind of aversion, both as it kept me confined, and, as I thought, was too difficult and unpleasant.

At this time, when I could only tell backward a few years, which I then reckoned a sort of misery, my mind was furnished with a number of very odd fancies, which have since been my great unhappiness. I remember one day, as I returned through the fields from Chesham-school, my thoughts were so entirely taken up with projecting to myself the plan of life, and what I would *be*, and *do*, when I came to be a man—that my feet misled me, and I wandered, without knowing it, till I had out-measured the *Terra Firma*, and so plunged headlong in the River; but, as Providence would have it, my cousin, Mr. John Reading, was lying on the bank, and saved me from a death, which, in all probability, was both present and unavoidable.

Another providential deliverance I received at Chesham was this. While I was playing with a *lead*en bullet in my mouth, it slipped down my throat; but, the size of it being too large for the passage, it stopped in my breast; and I remained in that condition till I had lost all hope of life, when on the sudden the bullet bolted up, and so prevented both my own and the fears of others:

Thus oft we take our leave of life and pain,
And both, yet linger, and we live again;
Thus oft we stretch, the fatal gulph to pass,
And Death flies off, and turns the vital glass:
Thus oft we 're willing when we cannot die,
And wish in vain for immortality.
Death hags the mind, then vanishes away,
And oft adjourns the last decisive day.

And here, that I may not prove ungrateful to the God of Providence, and preventing mercy, I shall add a *Third Danger*, that my childish curiosity exposed me to. One day I was wandering alone in the fields of Dungrove, and, taking up a *bearded* ear of corn to play with, I made the experiment how far I could venture it down my throat, and pluck it back again; but, both to my surprize and pain, it stuck there, and whilst I struggled with it, I only sent it farther out of my own reach. In this extremity, some of my Relations that were walking

in the fields* found me lying speechless, and gasping for breath, and with some difficulty they set me at rights again, though the memory of it will remain with me—

“When nothing else can stop our little breath,
The staff of Life turns into darts of Death.”

This was the third time that Death had threatened me, and by so many signal deliverances was I rescued; but, alas! there was nothing of them that gave me the least impression, save the bare remembrance, which helped me to tell them over to my School-fellows † with abundance of pride; for I could then boast of my *heroism*, having out-faced such a number of deaths and dangers; and I am sure the matter lost nothing by the relation of it. At this age, a lie with me was a matter of very little scruple, though I never practised the sin unless it would either prevent a discovery, or procure some advantage that at least would gratify and please me; but, alas! this providence in sin can never atone for it.

The advances I made at *School* went on very slowly, for I had a thousand little things to say, that would excuse my absence, or at least abate the rigour of the punishment: *sickness* and *business*, I remember, were threadbare topicks, I had made use of them so frequently; though I am fully convinced to my sorrow, that these methods to conceal my negligence were the greatest *cheat* I ever put upon myself.

In my own defence (and I think I neither have, nor shall baulk the least *Error* that occurs) I can say, that as for the little thieveries, too common with children, I was never much addicted to them: once, indeed, I was persuaded by a company of play-fellows to join with them in *robbing an Orchard*, and, being placed as a centinel, we were all of us discovered; and perhaps it was well for me, seeing, had we got safe off with the booty, I might have had the courage to make a second adventure of that nature. However, I cannot call it any merit in

* Mr. Walmesley of Chesham, Aunt Reading, her daughter Anne, Mrs. Mary Gossam, Sarah Randal, Robert Reading, Mrs. Prat of Bellingdon, &c.

† Elias Cock, Matthew Biscow, John Aires, Thomas Reading, &c.

me that I was no more addicted to steal, because it proceeded purely from my own cowardice, when my inclinations were strong enough.

At these years *Religion* was as little understood as practised by me, though I was possessed with strange notions of Heaven and Hell; and as I had some love for Heaven, in regard I was told it was a place of happiness and pleasure, and furnished with variety of agreeable entertainments; so I had some servile fear of Hell, because it was represented as a place full of the blackest and the most frightful terrors; as a fiery dungeon, where impenitent sinners should be punished with endless and extreme pain. These considerations were matter of astonishment to me, when I either reflected upon them as it were by accident, or was talked to about them; though these impressions wore off, like letters inscribed upon the surface of water; for so soon as I got among my school-fellows, I was diverted, and grew as unaffected as before.

This is an unfit place to tell the Reader those young thoughts I entertained of *Death*. In general I formed an idea of him like a walking skeleton, with a dart in his right, and an hour-glass in his left hand. This image took its rise from some effigies I had seen, or some discourse I had heard of Death; and the imagination, though it was lively enough, was yet of little service to me, because I reckoned upon a vast number of years, and a world of pleasure, betwixt me and Death. However, at the worst, I thought I could certainly persuade him to spare me; and though I had been informed that Death was inexorable as well as impartial, yet self-love was so strong in me, that I could not but think that I might make terms of peace with him, or, at least, that prayers and tears would prevail with him, and work upon his pity.

With reference to the Day of Judgment, my sentiments were so childish and various, both as to the place and manner of proceeding at that solemn appearance, that they would swell the Work quite beyond compass. But, if ever I had a glimpse of Heaven, it was in these *early days*, as I was once reading the fifteenth Psalm; and for that reason I read that Psalm with a peculiar pleasure to this day.

To return. Nine years of my *Life* were already up, when my Father returned for England, and was advanced to the Rectorship of Aston-Clinton *, where he married a *second* time †; and so soon as he had settled his affairs, and formed a family, I was sent for home; but I bid a farewell to Dungrove with almost as much reluctance as the soul leaveth he body; and indeed the comparison is something apposite, for at those years I knew as little of any other part of the Globe, as the soul does of the Upper Worlds. At the arrival of this melancholy news, I swooned away, as if my Life and Dungrove had been incorporate; and the pleasure I found in that *deliquium* has ever since reconciled my thoughts to Death, and familiarized the appearance of the King of Terrors. But this foolish passion wore off, and was less and less troublesome the longer I had been so agreeably entertained at my Father's house, though that liberty at first was followed with a perfect bondage to my apprehensions; for my Father began now to look after me a little strictly, and in regard he designed me for the Ministry, I was kept at home under his own care and tuition; for I had convinced him sufficiently of my roving inclinations; and beside, having made such awkward improvements at school, he thought I was not in a condition to be trusted with my time abroad; and for my own part, I concluded that to be bred a Minister was something out of the road, and beyond the reach of the common sort of mankind: this worked upon my ambition, and went down with me well enough, till I was given to understand *what* there was betwixt me and being a Minister. An attempt was made upon me; but indeed the Latin tongue gave me satisfaction enough, though I had attained to some perfection in it, and could speak it pretty well extempore: but the difficulties of the Greek quite broke all my resolutions; and, which was a greater disadvantage to me, I was wounded with a silent passion for a Virgin ‡ in my Father's house, that unbinged me all

* By Sir Francis Gerrard.

† With Mrs. Mary Lake, daughter to the Rev. Mr. Mariat, and sister to that eminent citizen, Mr. Thomas Rolfe.

‡ Mrs. Mary Sanders.

at once, though I never made a discovery of the flame, and for that reason it gave me the greater torment. This happened in my thirteenth year, when, by some impulse or other, I am sure I loved, though the nature of the passion was a secret to me; yet the symptoms of it were so innocent and sincere, that I may call it, with propriety enough, the very tendency of Nature to closer union. I can attribute my freedom, and the cure of this amorous indisposition, to nothing else but profound silence, which was certainly occasioned by the contrary strugglings of fear and shame; for I always haunted her retirements; and when I was with her, my tongue faltered, and refused to be the instrument to convey the least of those tender things I had to tell her.

"Thus pensive Ghosts by their loved reliques stay,
And sigh and sob the midnight hours away:
Thus infant passions combat in the womb,
And, silent, lay each other in the tomb."

My Father tried all the methods with me that could be thought of, in order to reconcile my mind to the love of Learning; but all of them proved useless and ineffectual. My thoughts were all unbent and dissolved in the affairs of Love; and you may well conceive that an amour, which was entirely transacted within my own breast, and the severities of study and strict discipline, would make betwixt them but a very indifferent sort of harmony. However, had I been as much a master of the Greek as I was of the Latin tongue, I must without dispute have packed up for Oxford. When my Father was convinced that an unsettled mercurial humour had given me such a disgust to the Languages, which I then thought very barren and unprofitable; the next experiment that he made was to know how the rational part of Learning would relish with me; upon this, I began to dabble in Philosophy, and made some little progress in Logick, Metaphysics, and Morality; the last of which was only in notion, not in practice, for neither Aristotle, Herbord, Wendelin, nor all the Ethicks in the world, could work a reformation in my manners. Their fine-spun threads, and the reason of their notions, pleased me, I remember; but that was all. My Father's hopes began now to dwindle very sensibly; yet he was very unwilling

to resign, in regard he would gladly have transmitted the priesthood to his own posterity, seeing he himself was the third *John Dunton*, in a lineal descent, that had been a Minister. However, there was no striving against the stream of Nature—

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

Fourteen years of my *Life* were run, and my Father had not the least encouragement to proceed with me, so that he began to take up a resolution to dispose me some other way: an account of which must be the business of the next Period.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE; OR, THE MANNER HOW I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I LIVE OVER AGAIN THESE FOURTEEN YEARS.

IN vain, alas, in vain! the period's run!
 I wish, but can't recall, th' unwilling Sun.
 His radiant rounds are finish'd in the sky,
 And a few more lead to Eternity.
 Time's one successive *now*, it cannot stay,
 But streams in silence on, and smooths away.
 We live but *once*, and vainly wish for more;
 That *once* improv'd, we make the blissful shore.
 But, ah! those years, and those more happy times
 Of youth mis-spent, and stain'd with deepest crimes!
 Yet, while remain these latest-running sands,
 I'll sue for pardon with up-lifted hands.
 At Mercy's feet for grace I'll prostrate lie,
 And there unanswer'd, there I'll pine and die.

There is commonly a long time spent before Children can take in the different natures of good and evil. Yet it is a matter beyond dispute with me, that there is no child can commit any actual transgression till its understanding be impressed with some obscure notices, at

least, of the *evil* of sin. And though those images that an infant forms of duty and obedience may have but very faint influence on the will that is unrenewed, yet they are sufficient to leave the person inexcusable. Upon this notion I shall raise the first *rudiments* of a *New Life*, and begin to reform from that very instant in which the first actual sin was committed ; for there is no one can doubt but where there is a capacity to sin, there is at the same time a capacity to reform ; in regard that, by the rule of contraries, whatsoever is capable of the one, is also capable of the other.

The very first effort of this *Ideal Life* should be to guard and secure those avenues that lead into the errors and the sins of Infancy ; which, for the sake of method, I will range under the heads of Passion and Disobedience ; and the reason why I place Disobedience the second is plain, seeing it is the natural offspring of intemperate Passion.

To begin : Passion, in the general acceptation, may be branched into Pride and impatient Desire, which are frequently, if not always, the first fruits of corrupt nature in Children. These are the seeds of all those licentious and wild excesses which have been the ruin of thousands, and have made so many desolations among mankind ; for, when men have all along soothed themselves with the vanities of ambition, and the fooleries of inclination, they will find these affections will be constantly pursuing them at the heel, and spurring them on to all the kinds of unlawful liberties. Now these men must either abridge their inclinations and sinful appetites ; which, when they are ripened and habitually confirmed, will give them a world of uneasiness and trouble in their own breasts ; or, on the other hand, they must gratify themselves at the expence of their virtue, if they have any, and the favour of Heaven. Now the first of these extremities, I am sure, is very unacceptable to human nature ; for it is the emblem of the pains of Hell to have those inclinations about one that cannot be gratified without a wound to conscience, and a breach upon Christianity ; and as for the last extreme, it is as evident that a man, unless he were abandoned to that chimera of speculative Atheism, cannot indulge himself

liberty of sinning in the face of Heaven, and in defiance to all the menaces of divine displeasure and future punishment; for, if a man does not discredit the Words of Truth, the immortality of his own mind, and that he is able of subjecting himself to God's moral government, he must, out of mere necessity, believe there are seas of rewards and punishments in the life to come. How easily might both these extremities be prevented, if men would but cut off the first tumours of pride, and the extravagance of Desire! It is a matter of great difficulty, we know, to divert a stream at the fountain-head, which, if it run on undisturbed, may overflow, and drown a Country. And the case is exactly the same with corrupt Nature: when it gets the bias, it is very difficult to stop and correct its course; and we are certainly informed that, if reformation does not make the amendment, the consequence will be no less than misery and endless ruin. Upon these reflections, might I live over again, my first business should be to prune off every infant motions of proud Nature; and in regard to this *New Idea* shall be squared according to the tests of Reason and Revelation, I will first see what assistance Reason can furnish toward the mortification of pride; and here the very first thought that my Reason might suggest, would be the mean original that I sprung from. The dust is but a mouldering principle to grow and upon; it is the most incapable and corruptive part of the Creation; and it would be extreme folly to let the meanest and most insignificant moiety among the whole system of things, begin to advance itself; so that, upon this first reflection, my body would be thrown off all claim and pretence to swell and grow proud of itself. But, again, should I consider my dependence these years upon Providence, and my obligations to angels and persons, I am persuaded the thought would humble me. Pride, if any such thing were allowable, could only be the prerogative of persons that are independent; but this is what none of the race of Adam can boast of; and I am sure we have the least grounds for it even in Children; at that time the whole Creation seems to have an indulgent kindness for us, and upon that ground may properly be called our Parent. But, alas!

we conclude, when we are so young, that seeing persons have so much indulgence and respect for us, they certainly discover something in us that must be extraordinary, and thereupon we grow insensibly vain, and are soothed into pride before we understand ourselves; but, might I live those early days again, I would correct this *Error*, and not only frown upon those that should offer to commend and praise me, but improve those very praises to my own humility. Were but persons well aware how fast the seeds of Pride ripen to maturity by this officious sort of vanity, I believe it would grow out of fashion, and that Parents would discourage it, seeing the consequence may prove so fatal.

But, if neither the meanness of my original, nor my dependence upon persons and Providence, could cure the *growing tympany*, I would look within myself, and see how narrow and unimproved my understanding lies, and what fatigue and industry would be necessary, before my knowledge could be enlarged to any considerable size. In the next place, I would take a survey of the natural obliquity and stubbornness of my will; how passionately it is inclined to what is evil, and how cold and disaffected to all that is good. Thus far my own reason might help to humble me, in taking as full a view of my natural and moral imperfections as I should be capable of at those years. But, alas! I am satisfied that all this would be ineffectual, if the Word of God* were not at hand, to carry the matter farther. I would therefore turn over the Bible, and there I should find the first rise of all my unhappiness; that I was born a child of apostate Adam, and that all the disorders of my nature, the darkness that hovers over my understanding, and the perverseness of my will, were all of them the hereditary ruins of the human nature, and the lamentable effects of the first Fall. The Bible would inform me, that "I was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity;" and that, without repentance and reformation, I was an heir of misery in the next world. This prospect would be so

* That the Scriptures are of Divine Authority is an inquiry of that consequence, that as yet I suppose myself too young for it; so I shall take it here upon trust, and persons that understand themselves will not censure me.

black and dismal, that I should have all the reason in the world to be humble for the future. I cannot say, indeed, that my thoughts would at that age act up to this pitch of accuracy ; however, something like it might be done, that would be extremely serviceable to root out of my nature, as near as possible, the very principle of pride, which, I am fully persuaded, would be the happiest advance that could be made in Youth, towards a religious and a Christian life.

This preparation already made (though I must expect that the pride of Nature, and the impatience of desire, will make frequent reprisals and returns upon me, so long as the human nature is imperfect), the next *step* I would take should be, to submit myself to the reasonable government of my Parents ; and indeed, at these young years, I cannot so well judge for myself as they, in what instances their authority is reasonable. This obedience to my Parents is a matter of indispensable duty, so long as their commands are consistent with the law of God, and the dictates of human nature ; and it is that which I would endeavour to perform with all imaginable cheerfulness, that it might appear I did not obey purely out of necessity and constraint, but from a principle of inclination. They are by nature my superiors, and were the instruments in the hand of God, to bring me, a reasonable creature, upon the stage of this world to act a part for eternity : and it cannot be supposed that a man-child should be born, and for so great ends as the honour and enjoyment of God, but that his wisdom and providence were concerned to order the minutest circumstances of it : that I should have my life-time now, and not some centuries either sooner or later ; that I should be born, as it were, a Christian, and not a Pagan ; in England, and not in Asia ; of these, and not of other parents. And shall all this expence of wisdom and contrivance be laid out upon this very matter ; and shall not I submit myself to those who, both by Nature and Providence, are made my Parents ? But, if such a train of thought as this, will scarcely be granted me at these years, yet there are some other ways to get myself convinced of the duty I owe in this respect. God has been so careful to secure to Parents the obedience of

Children, that he has made it a part of his positive Law, which was before only a common dictate of the reasonable Nature ; and Children may be allowed to have the decalogue by heart pretty early ; and there it stands the first precept of the second table, " Honour thy Father and thy Mother ;" and has the promise of a long life annexed, and of which Children are commonly very fond. To this conviction of duty from the fifth commandment, I may add all the indulgent care and solicitude of Parents for the good of their Children ; and what obligation so forcible as this, to win over the affections, and even to tie children to obedience ? When I was naked and defenceless, they clothed, and fed, and fostered me ; when I was very often running upon my own ruin, they prevented me ; when I knew nothing of it, they were contriving for my happiness ; when I was ignorant, they gave me instruction ; and what monstrous ingratitude would it be, now that my reason is something awakened, to disobey and to disappoint their expectations ! To make their lives and their deaths uncomfortable, and to bring such a load of guilt and inevitable punishment upon myself, which, without the severe sorrows of repentance, cannot possibly be avoided !

Having thus laid down the reason of the duty, and my own resolution with reference to it, I shall next shew how I would manage myself at School, might I but have that happy opportunity once again. In the general, it may be sufficient to say, that I would use all the diligence I could possibly be master of, in order to get some tolerable acquaintance with the Languages. As for Play, I would give myself no greater liberty in it than was absolutely necessary to preserve my health, to quicken fancy, and to keep me from melancholy. But then, in particular, as to the Languages, that which is native to me should be my first care ; though the many beauties of it will require a peculiar genius, and some time and study, and I might add, a long custom to speak and write well, to make one become a master of them. Latin should be my next study ; and, indeed, there is reason to give it the second place ; for the grammar to it, being well understood, will make the Greek Syntax more familiar ; and the knowledge of this tongue will be a good

foundation to some of the European tongues. In my study of this tongue, I would not content myself with the barren knowledge of the words, and the common rules of construction; but I would endeavour to get a taste of it, to have a relish for the delicacies with which it abounds; to know the difference betwixt true grammar and good Latin. I would take all possible care of my Themes and Orations; and I would never be persuaded to flourish with the stolen beauties of other Authors, but endeavour to write a free style, and to avoid all appearance of pedantry, with which most of our Public Schools are so miserably infected, that Gentlemen are obliged to spend as much time in conversation and travel, if not more, than they had done at the School, before ever they can discourse like reasonable creatures, and conjure down that apparition of pedantry, which their education had raised.

Nor would I be satisfied with writing a Prose style tolerably well, but I would labour hard to get a taste of the Latin Poetry; for, though Poetry may be cried down by men of dullness, that never had any harmony in their minds, and that in a life-time could never conceive one enlarged thought; yet these Dullards should never deprive me of an entertainment so generous and grateful, where it makes no inroads upon Virtue, and the great rules of Christianity; for my innocence should always remain unsullied, and be my chiefest care.

As for the tongues that are yet behind; the Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, Spanish, and High-Dutch; these should be all I would ever aim at, and in which I would endeavour to be as well skilled as my time and circumstances would admit.

After all, I would not take up here, as if the barren insipid knowledge of words and sounds were sufficient for me; but make some attempt upon the Sciences, as, indeed, it was no small part of my happiness to have done in my former *real Life*. The great end I would aim at in Logick should be, to fix my thoughts, and make them something more solid and consistent, that I might neither speak nor write (if possible) upon any subject, till I had worked my thoughts into a conformity with it, which I reckon to be the very nature of Logical Truth;

and, indeed, it is the want of this fixedness of thought that makes men superficial: they do not dwell upon an idea till they make it correspond exactly to the nature of the object, as one face answers the other in a glass.

Mathematicks, it is true, are recommended for this purpose, to fix the attention; but then the study of them is so tedious, and life so short, and again, the truth they discover is altogether absolute, and unrelated to the happiness of man, that I should content myself with a general knowledge of them.

Metaphysicks, if one should pursue the knowledge of them in the old way, would make but an unprofitable study; I would therefore become a votary to the speculative way, and endeavour to digest Malbranche, so far as he follows truth, and where he makes an *Error*, I would always take the liberty to think for myself.

Natural Philosophy, a little of it might be necessary to give a man some knowledge of the present system of things, and of the world he inhabits; and, upon this head, I would read over both the antient and the modern account of matters.

Moral Philosophy, I reckon, is of absolute necessity for a man that intends to understand himself, and what the genius of the reasonable nature is, with all the general designs that mankind are driving forward. Though what I would here make the express subject of my study, should be the great law of Nature, which as it is most agreeable to reason, so the knowledge of it gives a man a wonderful enlargement in his thoughts, frees him from a trifling levity of mind, sets him above the mean designs of common life, and always inspires him with a generous emulation to act up to the native precepts of this law.

Divinity is the greatest study of human life; and without some knowledge at least of its essential doctrines, a man would be altogether in the dark as to his happiness and his last end. And might I live over my days again, I would endeavour to acquaint myself as early as I could with these two great inquiries: First, "What was my state by Nature?" Secondly, "Upon what great design was it that the Eternal Son of God became incarnate?"

In reference to the former, it seems to be the outcry of Nature, or at least it should be so, that "this is a condemned creature, a criminal under sentence of eternal death." One would think it should be the practice, than it is the duty, of Parents, in the most familiar words, to tell their Children of their sinful state, seeing they know it as well as if they saw the inscription in real characters upon their foreheads—"You are condemned." What ingenuous Child, upon this information, but would weep out these or the like expressions—"Is it a thing impossible to be saved? Is there no Redeemer to buy off the sentence? Is there no Intercessor to plead my cause? Must I die, and receive no remedy?" And, indeed, can the matter be so, that either I or any other should be less concerned than I am, when it comes to? With what satisfaction could I play, or sleep, or go to school, seeing I was all the while a damned malefactor, God unreconciled, and my life in extreme danger every breath I draw, of going to an eternal state of endless and intolerable pain? Could I reconcile my thoughts to my condition, when it admits of nothing as yet, but either of a blind folly, or of wild despair?

When I was thus desponding of the favour of God, and of my future happiness, how welcome news would it be, to hear one say: "It is true, all this and more is thy state and nature; but the Son of God was here upon earth seventeen hundred years ago, and has made satisfaction for thee, and procured a pardon!" With what content of mind should I immediately make this return? He will speak for me to this great, this merciful Redeemer? Why then is my state so full of danger? Is there nothing to be done in this case*?" Suppose now, an answer should be made, "There is nothing to be done but what is highly reasonable†; only believe, and repent,

do not suppose the matter can be brought thus forward, and so conversion, without the previous operation of the Spirit, for that is an absolute necessity, and yet a great and a blessed mystery. What folly is it for a sinner to dispute the case. Is faith an instrument? Is it a condition? Is my repentance a condition of my pardon? For matter what names you give them, they are absolutely necessary; thy life is at stake; thou must die without them.

and you shall be pardoned and saved ; and for this faith and repentance apply yourself to the Throne of Grace, and beg earnestly, in the name of the blessed Jesus, that the Holy Spirit may work them in you ; and, for your farther information, read over the Testament of your dying Lord, and that will give you a large account of this wonderful transaction."

With what overflowings of joy should I be thus informed ! How frequently would I importune for the graces of the Spirit, that Christ might be revealed in me the Hope of Glory, that my repentance might be sincere, that my sins might be for ever cancelled !

Might I live over my days again, how happy should I be in this early conversion, that I might but have the opportunity once again thus to dedicate a life-time to the glory and the service of God.

CHAPTER III.

STAGE II.—DUNTON'S LIFE AND ERRORS, THROUGH HIS SEVEN YEARS APPRENTICESHIP.

MY fifteenth year was now well advanced, when my Father, after a variety of thoughts and cares concerning me, came at last to this resolution ; that, seeing my inclinations did not lead me to Learning, he would put me out an Apprentice. The next difficulty that occurred was, to single out some Trade, that might both be honourable, and suit the peculiarity of my own genius ; and in short that of a *Bookseller* was pitched upon. By this means he thought to make it my interest to be at least a friend to Learning and the Muses, if I would not join myself to them by some nearer affinity. Upon these thoughts, my Father made enquiries, to whom he might safely commit the charge of his Son ; and in this affair, I am sure, the least regard he had was to seculars ; for he was sensible enough that the management and dis-

cipline of my young years would have a swaying influence on my after-life.

In this extremity, and in regard there were so many miscarriages in this matter, my Father made application to his very intimate friend Mr. Sands, who recommended Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, as a religious and a just man. Upon this information, my Father (after giving me his blessing) sent me to London. Thus, through imprudence, and the mercury of my own brain, I bid a joyful farewell to Letters; though, indeed, all the acquaintance I had with them could scarce require the civility.

I was now only to traffick with the *outside*, the shell and the casks of Learning; though, had I taken other measures, my Shop might have been a Library, and my mind the richer, and the better furnished of the two:

“ Thus fools from Athens into Egypt go,
Or fields of Science change for those of Snow.”

Upon my arrival at London, I was very kindly received by my new Master; which was sufficient encouragement, both to my Father and myself. I was not fastened for good and all at this time; but my Master and myself were left to make the experiment how we could approve each other. But, alas! though Mr. Parkhurst shewed me all the kind civilities and tender regards that were possible for him, yet I could not reconcile my mind to confinement; so that, in the compass of a few days, I was resolved to make a journey of it home again, having satisfied my curiosity. I acquainted my Master with the fit that was then upon me; and he gave me very reasonable advice about it, and desired me to write to my Father upon it, before I should venture to leave the town, and run the risk of his displeasure. But I thought this would spend too much time, and perhaps disappoint me of my journey; so headstrong and impatient was I at those years, if any Project my thoughts ran upon did not take effect the next minute. However, not to give the Reader the same impatience which was then my unhappiness, I took horse for Aston Clinton; but I passed the road with a world of solicitude how my Father would receive me. I made my first appearance to my friends, and so was introduced at *second hand*, to take off the

dint of displeasure ; but, after all, the first sight my Father had of me gave him very great surprize. The world might judge it impertinent, if I should here tell them all that passed betwixt us. His resentment was soon over ; and he took the opportunity at that time to communicate his pious counsel to his Children in general. The substance of it was, "That we should live in peace, and love one another. That we should take care in the first place to prepare for death, and make sure of an interest in Jesus. He recommended a Christian humility to us all, and bid us never expect any great share of happiness and satisfaction in this life : it would be sufficient for us, he said, though we were never so mean in this world, if we could but meet together in Heaven, and be for ever happy together in a life to come."

This advice has often sunk with weight upon my conscience, when I have reflected how ungrateful I have been to the gracious care of so good a Father, and that I have never lived up to his Christian admonitions.

When this discourse of my Father's was finished, he gave me several letters that were written by my own Mother, and desired me to peruse them frequently, and keep them as a memorial of so dear a Mother.

I shall give the Reader an abstract of them, for his service, as well as my own.

In a Letter to her Brother Benjamin, she tells him, "The concern she had for his future happiness, was as sincere and earnest as that which she had for her own. 'This life is short and uncertain : man dies, and where is he? Oh, that amazing question! *Where is he?* I am the meanest of all those that would fain get to Heaven ; but, dear Brother, I would have you grow in Religion like a tall cedar, and stand as a pillar in the Church of God. I wish I could bring Eternity close to your thoughts. *Eternity!* Oh! there is amazement in the sound ; it is soon pronounced, yet it will last for ever. It is but a little word, yet it is of infinite concern. I would recommend nothing to your study but a crucified Jesus, for there is nothing else that is worth a thought. I would wish no more for you, but that you may so run, as to obtain an immortal crown."

In her letter to her Brother Jeremiah, she tells him,

with a world of tenderness, "What affection she had for him as a Brother; but her affection would be much dearer and more refined, if he were but a Brother in Christ! She desires him to devote himself to God, and to fly those sins that the heat of youth might expose him to; and then requests it of him, that he would make the returns of praise and thankfulness, for the mercies of Providence." Towards the conclusion, she begs of him "to make Religion and Practical Christianity his greatest concern; that he, with the rest of their pious Relations, might sit down with Jesus Christ in the heavenly places."

In a Letter to her sister Child, she writes thus: "You are a Mother, it is a blessing, and yet but an earthly one; for Children are certain cares, and very uncertain comforts. That you may experience the love of Jesus, which is far above the affection of a Mother to her Child; that you may always enjoy the smiles of God's countenance; that your conversation may be an ornament to the Gospel of Jesus Christ; that you may gradually be sanctified and refined by the Spirit of Grace; and that you may at last be caught up in the clouds, with all the Saints, to meet the Lord in the air;—is the constant and fervent prayer of your affectionate Sister."

In a Letter to her aunt Child, she writes to this effect: "It is the greatest satisfaction I can receive, to hear that Religion meets with encouragement amongst you. I have, indeed, more necessity to learn of you, who have attained to the maturity, I hope, both of grace and age; yet I cannot forbear to tell you that God expects a tribute of glory and of praise from us, in regard he has, through infinite grace, translated us from the kingdom of darkness into that of light. Oh, the dying love of Jesus Christ! What returns of gratitude, of duty, and obedience, does it exact at our hands! Let us give all diligence to make our conversion and our election sure. My continual prayer is, that we may grow in grace, and prove good proficients in the school of Christ."

The last of these Letters was written to her sister Desbrow, and runs thus: "That we should help one another forward in our way to Heaven, is a very passionate exhortation in Scripture; and I heartily wish it may be engraved on your heart and mine. We are both

of us entered upon the stage of this world : but may we have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of joy ! May we, with Mary, make that good choice, and increase daily in the knowledge of our dear Jesus ! May the love of God remain always warm and flaming in our hearts, that it may purge and refine us into his own image ! May we learn Christ, love and live Christ, that at last we may attain to the Resurrection of the dead, is the restless desire of your loving Sister !”

My Father now endeavoured to make me sensible of my folly, in leaving London and my good Master after so childish a manner ; telling me, I must go back again for my pains. Upon this he wrote a very friendly letter to Mr. Parkhurst, which, for the Reader's satisfaction, I will transcribe.

“ MR. PARKHURST,

[1675.]

“ I have returned you my Son, whom I desire you would receive as myself, and as my own bowels. I own that he may justly have given you offence, for which you might very reasonably refuse him ; but I hope he comes again to your greater satisfaction, and to do you better service. I resign him entirely to you ; for I know there is none will take a more friendly and Christian care of him than yourself, both with respect to this and another world. I will never encourage him to take the same liberty for the future, and you know I was ignorant of his coming home ; however, I hope you will pardon him, which I shall acknowledge as done to myself ; and which will for ever oblige your real friend and servant,

“ J. DUNTON.”

With this Letter I returned for London, where I found a very kind welcome from Mr. Parkhurst ; but another *, in my absence, had stepped into my room upon trial, so that I could not be received again till that matter was brought to some issue ; and, in the mean time, I was forced to take up with my cousin, Mr. John Child, a Grocer in Stocks-Market. I had not lodged a week there, when I was visited with the small-pox, which were so severe upon me, that it was almost a miracle I survived them. My eyes were closed seven days ; and,

* John Laurence, son to the Rev. Mr. Edward Laurence.

whilst the blindness remained with me, I heard the voice of William Briggenshaw, whom my Father had sent to visit me. This gave me such a transport of joy, that it was thought I should have expired in the excess of it.

So soon as this indisposition was worn off, and my health restored (though I shall carry the pits, and the signatures of that distemper, to my grave), I went upon a second trial to Mr. Parkhurst, and it was my good fortune to please him; for, from that very time, I began to love Books to the same excess that I had hated them before. When a month was expired, I was bound his Apprentice for seven years; and I cannot but say, that, if ever an Apprenticeship was easy and agreeable, it was that which I served; and, had I not been over-borne with head-strong passions, both to my own ruin and the loss of time, I might have made considerable improvements in so good a family. My diligence was well enough at first, of which the following Letter from my Father gives sufficient testimony:

“DEAR CHILD,

May 10, 1675.

“Thy Master’s Letter to me last week gives me great encouragement to think that (if it please God I live) I shall receive a great deal of satisfaction from thee. He writes so fully of thy cheerfulness, tractableness, and industry; and that thou art willing to learn and obey; as also of thy honesty, and especially of thy desire and endeavour to know and serve the Lord. This good character of thee is, indeed, the most comfortable cordial that I have taken all the time of my late and long sickness. I pray God continue thy good resolutions of living up to thy Master’s commendations of thee. Now, dear child, if thy deserts answer these praises, I shall not fear but I shall meet thee in Heaven hereafter, though through my weakness and indisposition I may see thy face no more on earth. There thou wilt meet thy Mother, who died praying so earnestly for thy eternal happiness. But I must subscribe in haste (being much indisposed with a cold, which the last Lord’s-day’s preaching gave me), your loving Father, still praying for the welfare of your soul and body;

JOHN DUNTON.”

These praises will stand recorded against me, like the lasting monuments of shame. Soon after I forfeited all

their great and their good opinions of me; for almost from the very receipt of my Father's Letter, I may date the *Errors* and *Mistakes* of my Apprenticeship; my thoughts, my time, and all, began now to be taken up with the soft intrigues of Love. I fell into my first amour like a Knight Errant, being purely shammed into it; and the manner of it was thus: L— B—ly, my fellow-apprentice, had forged the following Letter, in the name of Susannah S—ing, a young virgin, and then a boarder with Mr. Parkhurst:

“DEAR SIR,

“We have lived some time together in the same Family, and your distant conversation has given me a little impatience to be better acquainted with you. I hope your good-nature will not put any constructions upon this innocent address to my disadvantage; and should you discover it, it would certainly expose yourself at the expence of your
SUSANNAH S—ING.”

I was strangely surprized at this *Billet-doux*, and more in regard the lady had all the little and the charming prettinesses both of wit and beauty that might easily have gained her as many conquests as she pleased; in short, so licentious and extravagant was my folly, that I gave her a *billet* the same day, in which I made an appointment to meet her in Grocers' Garden the next evening, where we both attended; but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it. However, this romantic courtship gave both of us a real passion; but my Master, making a timely discovery of it, sent the lady into the country; and absence cooled our passions for us, and by little and little we both of us regained our liberty.

Not long after, my Father was visited with a severe fit of sickness, when I asked leave of Mr. Parkhurst to go and visit him, which he gave me with his usual freedom, for he never denied me any request that was reasonable. I found my Father very weak, though he had no symptoms upon him of an immediate death. However, lest he should never have the opportunity to speak with me and admonish me any more, he gave me his dying counsel before my return for London. The words were taken as they dropped from his tongue by myself, which I will insert in this place for the service of the Reader.

“Concerning your Soul.”—1. As you have been a Son of many prayers and tears, being a long time earnestly begged of God, and against all human hope being brought forth into the world by God’s special hand of Providence; and being wonderfully restored to life again, after some hours’ seeming death, which immediately ensued after your birth; and being likewise as signally delivered from the nearest hazard and likelihood of death when you had the small pox; I do therefore exhort and charge you, in the presence of the all-seeing God, and as you will answer it before Jesus Christ, the Judge of the Quick and Dead, that you make it your primary and principal care and endeavour, to know, fear, love, obey, and serve God, your Creator and Deliverer, as he hath revealed himself, through his Son, by the Spirit in his Holy Word. 2. I do likewise counsel you to read God’s Holy Word, both in the Latin and English Bible, as often as you have opportunity; and I also counsel you to read over ‘Wollebius’s Compendium of Theology’ in Latin and English, till you well understand both, at such seasons as you may most conveniently do it. 3. I do likewise counsel you, constantly every morning and evening, to pray unto God for his direction, protection, and benediction, in all that you do, and that with an audible voice when you may conveniently do it, or at least mentally, expressing all possible reverence, affection, joy, and thankfulness to God through Christ therein. 4. I counsel you likewise manfully to resist all extremes, sinful sadness, and despondency of spirit; and to exercise faith, cheerfulness, and delight, in the remembrance of all God’s mercies and deliverances. 5. I do likewise counsel you to shun all evil company, with all temptations and occasions of evil. 6. I do likewise counsel you to be dutiful to your Mother, loving to your Brother and Sisters, obedient to your Master, diligently and faithfully to serve the Lord in all relations and conditions, as he requireth.

“Concerning your Body.”—I counsel you to use moderate exercise and lawful recreations, for the necessary health of your body, being always moderate in your eating, drinking, and sleeping. Never spend too much time, or cost, in any exercise or recreation.

*“Concerning your Estate.—*1. I do counsel you never to desert your Trade, or calling, which you have by God's special Providence been called unto. 2. I do counsel you to serve your *full time* with cheerfulness and delight, endeavouring to acquaint yourself with all the mysteries and improvements of your Trade; and, if you find not convincing reasons to the contrary, to serve as Journeyman for one year; because I judge by that means you may gain more acquaintance and interest, and a farther insight into your Trade. 3. I do counsel you not to marry before you be twenty-five years of age, unless some remarkable Providence shall induce you thereunto. 4. I do likewise counsel you to use all possible prudence in your choice of a Wife; that she be truly religious, or at least eminently virtuous; that is, born of honest Parents, and who is of age and estate suitable to yourself. 5. I do likewise counsel you not to sell any part of your estate in Land, if either your Wife's portion, or your borrowing of money upon interest, may conveniently serve to set up your Trade. 6. I do likewise counsel you to have a convenient Shop, in a convenient place, at your own charge, which will very much facilitate and make way for your suitable and comfortable marriage; yet, if you shall by some remarkable Providence meet with a Wife of a considerable estate, you may, by her portion, set up your Trade without mortgaging of your Land. 7. Lastly, I likewise counsel you in all things, and in all times, so to think, and speak, and act, as you may be willing to appear before God at Death and Judgement.—*Dec. 25, 1675.*”

Thus has all my Life been filled up with mercy and special Providence; and new opportunities constantly thrown in my way, that the remembrance, at least, of my duty, and my obligations to Heaven, could never be lost; but, alas! all proved too little to reform my Life, and to fix the pre-eminence of my affections upon Jesus Christ. I was always taken up with the fresh pursuits of vanity, and the fooleries of youth; and I know not what account I can give in at the bar of God's Tribunal for the mis-spence of those years. My score will certainly be enhanced, because there has been such an expence of goodness and gracious care all lost upon me. Would

but others avoid those rocks where I have split, and learn early to husband their time and their opportunities, that neither the just expectations of Heaven, nor the hopes of Parents, may suffer a disappointment! this would be a very sensible satisfaction to myself, and the best improvement they can make of my youthful *Errors*. But, above all things, I would caution Children how they slight the counsels and admonitions of dying Parents. I am sure my own transgression in this case will torment my thoughts, and sit heavy upon my spirits, till I die.

To return. When I had received this dying counsel, I took a long farewell of my Father, and came back to town. At this time, indeed, I had some sense of Religion upon my mind, which, and I blush to own it, led me, through the artifice of Satan, and my own vicious inclinations, into almost the greatest *Error* of my Life. The business was this. I never thought myself at ease but when I sat under the powerful Ministry of Mr. Doolittle. His Sermons, methought, were preached with that energy and concern which at once gave me a wonderful pleasure, and yet wounded my conscience. Mr. Parkhurst endeavoured to dissuade me from going there, telling me "I broke the order and the harmony of his family;" but all his careful remonstrances could not bring me off. One Lord's-day, and I remember it with sorrow, I was to hear the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, and it was then and there that the beautiful Rachel Seaton gave me that fatal wound. I have more charity to her piety than to think she designed it. However, this I am sure of, that I was made a conquest.

"Thus round the Altar Satan lays his gin,
And turns Religion into snares and sin.
Devotion cools when grosser objects please,
And, conscience stifled, we transgress at ease."

If I should here publish to the world all the extravagance of this amour; how much time was stolen from my Master's business at Mr. Dawson's dancing-school, in visits, letters, and fond intrigues, it would almost be to commit the same *Error* over again. I shall therefore leave this amour on the wheel, and return to my Father. I had now dreamt three nights successively of his

death, before I had the least intimation of it; but the visions of the night proved true, and circumstances of his exit were the same to a very nicety with these I had seen in sleep. This supernatural intimation has inclined me to think there is more in dreams than is commonly supposed; and I am of opinion that two important truths may either be deduced from them, or at least may be disentangled of abundance of doubts and difficulties. First, That the human mind is immaterial, and in her own nature independent of the body, because she can act so briskly, when all that is gross about us lies dormant and inactive. Secondly, That when the body sleeps, and upon occasion, there is a free commerce and intercourse betwixt the Invisible World and the mind of man. But these reflections are a little foreign to the business.

To return. My Father died of the stone, Nov. 24th, 1676, *an. ætat.* 48; and was interred in Aston Chancel.

HIS ELEGY.

“ Those shapes of Fortune, which, to view in paint,
 Would make another faint,
 He did endure in true reality,
 And feel what they could hardly bear to see:
 His soul so willing from his body went,
 As if both parted by consent;
 No murmur, no complaining, no delay;
 Only a sigh—Ah, John!—Ah, Anne!—and so away.”

With reference to his character, some may think me too near related to be impartial: however, it is well known he was wonderfully fitted out by Nature, and furnished with acquirements for all the great ends of an useful life; and what impression the Gospel of a crucified Jesus had made upon his own mind, was the best known to those who had the greatest intimacy with him. His moderation to Dissenters, and his charity to the Poor, will, I doubt not, make the two brightest jewels in his crown of glory. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hayes, Minister of Chesham.

I shall now return with my Reader, and finish the black history of my *Apprenticeship*. You have had the account of my Amours; and from these my mercury hurried me upon another extreme, which took up the greatest part both of my time and thoughts. There was

now a faction on foot betwixt the Tory and the Whig Apprentices, which made a great noise. The Tory part presented an Address to the King against the petitioning for Parliaments*. The Dissenting Party made their Remonstrance to the former Address, in another they presented to Sir Patience Ward, who was then Lord Mayor.

Joshua Evans and myself were the first that moved in this affair; but the thing ripened at such a rate, that in a small time there were 300 Apprentices engaged in it, that had their frequent meeting at Russel's house in Ironmonger-lane. Mr. B—leyh was chosen Speaker of this grave Society, and myself made Treasurer.

The Tory Apprentices had gathered five thousand names to their Address; but ours, I speak modestly, had at least thirty thousand. There were twenty of us elected to present the Address. Mr. Firman introduced us; and we were well received by my Lord Mayor, who promised he would acquaint the King with our Address, and then bid us return home, and mind the business of our respective Masters. However, before we dispersed, we regaled ourselves very plentifully at Russel's house.

My Apprenticeship was now just upon expiring, when I invited a hundred Apprentices to celebrate a *Funeral* for it, though it was no more than a youthful piece of vanity; for all such entertainments are expensive, and they are soon forgotten. Thus have I lived over seven years more of my short *Life-time*, and you see they have been fooled away in *Error* and *Mistake*; and nothing to purpose is yet done towards the glory of God, the great end of my being, or my own happiness in his favour in another Life. It will be necessary, before I give you any farther account of my Life, to shew you how I would reform the *Errors* of these seven years, and how I would think, and speak, and act, might I but have the opportunity to live them once again.

* Upon this Tory Address, a certain Renegado composed a Poem called "War-Horns."

CHAPTER IV.

AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE, OR, THE MANNER HOW
I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I
LIVE OVER AGAIN THESE SEVEN YEARS OF AP-
PRENTICESHIP.

STILL as I write, the time streams swiftly by,
And gives near prospects of Eternity.
Kind Heaven regard those fervent prayers and tears,
Accept th' amendment of my latest years.

The former part of this *Idea* has made provision against all the excess of pride and impatient desire ; and upon that bottom, obedience to my Parents was secured. A short account was given there of my studies, as they refer either to the Languages, or to the Arts and Sciences, which make up the human and the more reasonable part of Learning. Lastly, an attempt was made towards an early conversion to God and Piety, from the great and the general apostacy.

I am now entered upon a new *Stage of Life*, and shall proceed to an *Ideal Reformation* of it, in this method. First, I will shew what my conduct should be under the notion of an Apprentice. Secondly, How I would avoid all the foolish extravagance of Love and Courtship. Thirdly, I will lay down some short stricture of my Christianity, both as to principle and practice. These three heads will make a complete *Idea* for this *Stage*.

To begin. My first great care under the relation of Apprenticeship, should be *diligence* ; for no sooner does an Apprentice drop his diligence, but he is on the high road to every irregularity ; he is exposed to every vice, lies open to temptation, and, I may venture to say it, always associates with the worst of companions. Were I to prescribe to all the Apprentices in town, I would do it in this one word, *Diligence*. It is the want of industry that ruins thousands in a year ; for it presently sets a

man a thinking how to entertain his fancy, and to divert himself with pleasure. Youth is too active to lie idle; and when the business of common life is unregarded, the projects of mischief and wickedness are constantly carried on. It would be needless to enlarge on this head; the whole world will say this part of my *New Idea* is very reasonable.

The second rule for my conduct under this relation, should be *the strictest justice*; and perhaps the management of my *real Life* may allow me to wind up this head to the highest pitch; and, were I to live over my years anew, I would make Justice the great essential of my life, as it refers to commerce among men. Ever since Property was established in the world, Theft has been the usual and the sullen method to make inroads upon it; and both the divine and human constitution have taken all imaginable caution to prevent it, though they are both of them insufficient to restrain, where men will not abridge their inclinations after more than their own.

But to bring this down to the purpose. Apprentices, as they have the greatest temptations to steal, and to wrong their Masters, so they may do most mischief that way; for it is but labour in vain for a Master to form projects, to break his sleep, to stretch his brains upon tenter-hooks, and all this to secure a subsistence for his lifetime, while some thieving Apprentice consumes him insensibly, and eats out the very vitals of every contrivance. And as this practice brings ruin upon the Master, so the Apprentice is no gainer in the issue; for, besides the ill habit and the sin, which yet are considerations black enough to terrify, it is great odds but he is overtaken in his measures. There are methods enough to find out the most secret sinner of this kind, which I have practised with very good success; and, but that the hints are I hope grown common, I would transcribe them, that Apprentices might see how obnoxious they lie to be discovered.

But, as I would be just in every instance, so I would never over-reach a Customer, to enrich my Master. This is an unaccountable piece of folly, and commonly unrequired, unless the Master take greater liberties in sin than he would allow his Apprentices in any other case.

Besides, it were very imprudent, if the Master intends to keep up the reputation of his Trade; and indeed it was my happiness to be linked with a Master who had more prudence, and a better conscience, than this comes to.

With reference to my behaviour in the Family where I am thrown, it should be always gentle and obliging; I would reckon my Master and Mistress as another Father and Mother, and be as tender and loving towards the Children as if they were my Brothers and my Sisters. There is no way but this to win respect, and to make the chains of a seven years' bondage sit easily without galling; and I am sure there is not an Apprentice but might make a pleasant seven years of it, were he always thus diligent and just, and behaved at this rate in the Family where he lives. I have only one thing more to add with respect to my own advantage; and that is, I would endeavour to penetrate as far as possible into the Mysteries of my Trade; for, unless a man look well into the nature of his business, and see every reference that it bears, he will scarcely make any thing of it, when he begins to depend upon his own bottom.

A man should be well furnished with an honest policy, if he intends to set out in the world now-a-days. And this is no less necessary in a Bookseller than in any other Tradesman; for in that way there are plots and counter-plots, and a whole army of Hackney Authors that keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens. These Gormandizers will eat you the very life out of a *Copy* so soon as ever it appears; for, as the times go, *Original* and *Abridgment* are almost reckoned as necessary as Man and Wife; so that I am really afraid that a *Bookseller* and a *good conscience* will shortly grow some strange thing in the earth. I shall not carry the reflection any farther, but only make this single remark, that he who designs to be the best Christian, must dip himself the least in business.

Thus I have given you a short *Idea* what my conduct should be under the notion of an *Apprentice*.

The method obliges me in the next place to shew how I would endeavour to avoid all the fond extravagance of Love and Courtship.

Man, it is true, is naturally an amorous creature;

which is an argument of his poverty, and that he cannot furnish himself out of his own being with the happiness which he wants. The fund of human nature runs low, and cannot supply its own capacities, which is the very reason why we have any tendency beyond ourselves. But, alas ! here lies our unhappiness, that we point the love of our natures the wrong way, and spend that among the creatures, which was designed to carry us up to Heaven and happiness : now this can never do, for you may join emptiness to emptiness as long as you please ; it is certain that nothing more than emptiness will be the result of all ; and this is the very case so long as our Love remains sensual, which was designed to be seraphic. But this way of reasoning is not half so powerful upon men as the allurements of sense.

My business is not preaching to others ; it is only the reformation of myself : however, I may have liberty to tell the world what provision I would make to secure myself from this common danger. And the first method I would take should be, to turn off my affections from so low trifles, by an early direction of them to the *last Good*. When once a heart is affectionately devoted to its God, and effectually touched with seraphic love, it will, like the needle, be always pointing that way ; direct it to what point of the compass you please, propose to it the enjoyment of any creature, it will but tremble and be restless, till it turns again towards God and its final happiness, and there it will fix and centre.

But, alas ! when grosser flames take hold of any heart that is disinclined and undevoted to its God, there is sacrilege for the present against the Deity, and there will be certain disappointment in the issue. How miserable must such a Gallant be, who has no interest in any higher happiness than what a Mistress can afford him ! Besides, he is in danger to engage the rest of his affections, and to spend them upon an object that can never make any answerable returns.

For my own part, I have reason to know the folly and the sin of such a choice ; and, might my years be unravelled, my God should have the first warm sally of my love ; and by this method, there would be the less danger of spending that strength and heat of affection upon

the false appearance of happiness in any creature, which is only due to the *last*, and the *chiefest Good*. I should never reckon that either the frowns or smiles of the most flaming beauty could either make me happy or miserable; for, only a lawful degree of love being engaged, a disappointment would not give me that uneasiness which it might, had the whole stream of my affections run that way.

Should a Mistress prove unkind, how little would that affect me; whilst my God, the Author of all harmony, has the greatest share of my affection; and is forming me, by the gracious influence of his Spirit, into a living temple for himself, and whilst I know his design is nothing less than to fit me for an eternal intercourse of love, and joy, and satisfaction, in the other world! This great transaction of wonder would so engage my thoughts, that those lower disappointments would vanish out of sight.

I see so much in this first method to keep my affections unengaged with any creature, that, were it but really worked and impressed upon my mind, it would be sufficient to secure me. However, there is a second consideration, that, were it but sedately weighed, would have a mighty influence to preserve me; and it is the ruin and the unhappiness that other Apprentices have run themselves into, by a too early engagement in the affairs of Love. There was an ingenious Apprentice, a Friend of mine, and I remember it with sorrow, who, by a secret marriage, unknown to his Master, and without the consent of Parents, has made himself an eminent instance of this kind. The project was concealed till his Wife being with child made the discovery of the whole; the young Gentleman, being conscious of his folly and disgrace, through a constant weight of grief upon his mind, pined away piece-meal to his grave.

There are numbers of other instances of the same nature, though I shall rather decline to mention them, in regard the matter is so well known. How many Parents in England every year have their hopes defeated, and see their Sons, upon whom they had built very large expectations, make themselves the objects of the lowest infamy and contempt! However, might I but return

into the same circumstances again, I would improve these common *Errors* to my own security and advantage ; for I consider that Apprentices do not only ruin their reputation and their secular affairs by those of Love ; but they usually grow amorous at the expence of their Religion and their Virtue, and so give the disappointment to all the care of Parents in their sober and Christian education. By this method they lose their interest and their happiness both in this and another world. This is a subject of so ill consequence, that one could not possibly expose it too much in a whole Folio of Reflections.

The third and the last method I would take with myself, in order to prevent my ruin in the Knight-errantry of Love and Courtship, should be, to employ all the spare hours I could get, without prejudice to my Master's business, in turning over the best of Books ; and the first inquiry I would make should be concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion. Upon this very important subject, I would read over with all imaginable care "*Grotius de Veritate Christianæ Religionis*," and "*Mr. Baxter's Reasons*;" for I reckon that these contain the strength of all that either has or can possibly be advanced upon this head.

When I had once bottomed myself upon some certainty in this inquiry, my next business should be to inform myself with Systematical Divinity ; and here it is necessary to make a very cautious choice, there is such a variety of System-writers. Wollebius's "*Pocket System*" should be read with care, for the respect I owe to my Father's judgment ; and the next I would chuse should be "*Amesii Medulla Theologiæ*," "*Synopsis purioris Theologiæ*," "*Altingius*;" and, so soon as I were furnished for it, Mr. Baxter's "*Methodus Theologiæ*," with Lawson's "*Theopolitica*."

As for Thetical Divinity, I should content myself with "*Le Blanc*," and "*Theses Salmurienses*."—Church History : A short view of it would be very useful ; and upon that head I would make choice of "*Hornius*," both in regard it is compendious, and for the finery of the style.

Divine Poetry should be all I would venture upon. Let those turn over the productions of the Stage that

have better security of their own innocence than myself. I should always think that a Play and an Apprentice are very wild and very unsuitable companions; and there are great odds but he that takes the liberty of that divertisement gets the wild-fire among his passions. Cowley's "Davideis," Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," are noble and innocent enough. It is true, I should have mentioned Mr. Wesley's "Life of Christ;" but, I ask his pardon, it is intolerably dull, and, as often as I take it up, it rather jades than gives life to my fancy. After all, if the work I have cut out be not enough to employ my time, I would venture upon Mr. Tyrrel's "History of England," for it is really a shame that a man should be altogether a novice in the History of his own Nation *.

I have now finished the second part of this *Idea*, and shewn how I would prevent all the folly and extravagance of Love and Courtship, and leave neither room nor inclination for a thought to wander that way.

My next business, before I shut up this Stage, is to give the world some short account of my Christianity both in Principle and Practice.

I shall here first run over the Articles I believe; and, secondly, form my practice in conformity to them.

With reference to the former of these; First, I really believe there is a God, an independent, necessary, self-existent Being, the first Cause, and the last End of all things †. Secondly, I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the revelation of his will to mankind, and they contain the perfect rule both of Faith and Life. Thirdly, I believe Adam, as our natural and

* Should the objection be made, that these Books are fitter for the Library of some old Divine, than the study of an Apprentice, I would only make this reply; That the improvements of my *new Ideal Life* are greater than can easily be imagined; and that I would endeavour to be *old* in Religion and useful Learning, before I was so in years.

† Let Atheists talk against the Deity as long as they please, his Being stands firm as the mountains and the everlasting hills: it is their conscience of guilt, and their fears of an after-judgement, that make it the great interest of such wretches to wish for that which can never be. They were better stop the course of the Sun, and argue the Universe out of being, than say there is no God. He has not left himself without witness, and in a little time every eye shall see Him.

our federal head, by his fall and apostacy from God, exposed all his numerous posterity to the penal sanction of the Divine Law ; and that, if there is any hope yet for rebellious mankind, it neither does, nor can possibly, spring from themselves. Fourthly, I believe there is a Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, all (incomprehensibly) the same in unity of essence *. Fifthly, I believe that the Eternal Son of God, in pursuance of the Covenant of Redemption betwixt his Father and himself, was in fulness of time personally united to the human nature, in which, by his obedience and death, he made full satisfaction to Justice ; took off the curse of the Law, and sealed over a new Covenant of Grace to mankind, upon the necessary conditions of Faith, Repentance, and a Holy Life. Sixthly, I believe that Faith, Repentance, and every other Grace, are worked in us by the influence of the Blessed Spirit ; and that, by the mere disabled powers of Nature, there is none can remove themselves out of a state of Nature into that of Grace. Seventhly, I believe that the holy Jesus, as the Judge of the World, at the end of time, shall make his second descent into this lower world, both to reward and doom according to the different states of men.

This is a short summary of my faith ; and it either has in express words, or implies, the whole of Christianity. But, seeing all this is no more than what I *believe*, I shall in the next place make it my business to acquaint the Reader how I would form my practice upon this Creed, might I but live over those days again. First, If God be the First Cause of all things, and has given me this being, which is an effect both of infinite Power and of infinite Goodness ; then the inference is plain, that I am obliged to pay him homage, to the utmost of my capacity : and

* You may call them *Persons*, *Substances*, *Some things*, or what you please, if the notion of them be the same ; for the *Spirit* speaks to us in a *popular* way, and not in the terms of art. However, the best notion I could ever form of a Divine Person, or you may call it any other name, is the *Divine Essence* under a *personal* character ; though I am not superstitious of any term, you may call a *Distinct*, or an *Incommunicable Character*, it is all one to me. The three *Distinct Characters*, as I take them, are *to beget*, *to be begotten*, and *to proceed from the Father and the Son* ; or, in other terms, *Generation*, *Filiation*, *Procession* or *Spiration*.

seeing I am made a reasonable creature, and capable of God's moral government, it is certain my happiness or misery depends upon the good or ill management of my faculties ; so that I can never lose by obedience, or make the least advantage of sin.—Secondly, If God be my last end, it follows by strong consequence, that I should love him as my happiness ; for happiness and last end are convertible terms, and carry in them the same *Idea*. It would be a gross solecism in morality, for a creature to know where its happiness is lodged, and yet to disregard and have no affection for it. How sad a spectacle is it, to see a man, whom God has raised into being, always disinclined and disaffected to his Maker, who, upon that very account, must of necessity be his happiness and his last end ; but, on the contrary, what a pleasure must it be to the great Creator, to see the creature that he has made always directing the whole stream of its affection towards himself. Suppose a man had the power to give being to some very minute creature ; would he not immediately stamp it into nothing, if it were always hating, and taking pleasure to disobey him ? But then, on the contrary, did it always burn with love to him, and make him the centre of all its affection, and of every tendency of its will, would it not be the highest pleasure of the maker of it to look on, and see it so entirely taken up to obey and please him ? This is the very case, and infinitely more ungrateful, when mankind, a set of reasonable immortal creatures, are always contriving how to disobey, and to displease their God : and how unkind must it be to deprive God of that holy pleasure and satisfaction which he might take in us, did we but make him the first and last object of our love ! Were but the disinclination of our natures worked off, and the principle of love fixed in the room of it, we should then have the very fountain of all duty and obedience within ourselves. Let others make choice of a happiness for themselves, I should always reckon it my duty, and my highest interest, to love God above all other objects that would stand up as rivals with him for the affections of my heart.—Thirdly, If the Scriptures are the revelation of the Divine Will, and have the stamp of God's authority upon them, it is my duty to search them with care and diligence ; to fear the threatenings, to pay

obedience to the precepts, and to draw encouragement from the promises: in regard they are the great charter of my peace and hopes in this life, and of my eternal safety in the other world. What greater pleasure could I meet with, than to read over and over the life and sufferings of my Redeemer, the wonderful contrivance of Man's Redemption by him, the curious descriptions of the new Jerusalem, and of the heavenly state? With what holy transports should I meditate upon the whole scheme of God's designs, with reference to a set of reasonable creatures here in this world! My Bible would inform me how many different states *Man* either has or shall pass through; that, when he was first set up in this world, he was made in the state of Innocence, but that he soon lost it, and the favour of his God, by disobedience, and so involved himself and his posterity in a state of Unregeneracy: after this, that God might not lose and destroy his creature, there was a way found out for the free exercise of Mercy, without any prejudice to infinite Justice. The Son of God made atonement for man, and, by his Almighty Spirit and Grace, brings men successively back again from their revolt into a state of Grace; and while they continue in this state, the Holy Spirit is working upon them the lively character of God's image; and when their course of Gospel obedience and sanctification is finished, they are gathered up, as they drop out of this world, into a state of glory. However, those of the rebellious race that persist in their impenitence, and will not accept the offers of peace and pardon, must, when this life is over, enter upon a state of endless unhappiness, and lie a long eternity in extreme pain. The Scriptures would inform me of all this, and much more; I would therefore peruse them with the greatest diligence; especially in regard I must be judged by them at the last day.—Fourthly, The Throne of Grace should be much frequented. My prayers should rise as often as I could well retire, and this would be the most effectual method to maintain a correspondence betwixt Heaven and my own mind, and to draw down as much Grace as would carry me back again with itself to Glory. I do not think it would be possible for me, or any mortal, let us start as early in Religion as we please, to convert our-

selves ; yet I can never suppose that an unregenerate person has no necessity upon him to pray ; for, though he cannot effectually turn his own heart, nor graciously incline his will, yet there is neither a natural nor a moral impossibility to hinder his application to God for the assistance and influence of the Blessed Spirit.—Fifthly, Divine contemplation should be my constant exercise once or twice a day. This great duty lies under a general neglect. There are few professors but can pray, and read, and sing Psalms, though there is scarce one among a thousand that is well acquainted with heavenly meditation. It is great pity that so few among mankind should know how to think. If they were turned apart by themselves, and had some subject appointed to employ their thoughts upon, how awkwardly would they go to work ! how few thoughts could they infer from it, but a reasonable creature would blush to own them !—Sixthly, My great care all along over my practice should be, that one Christian duty did not jostle out another. It is true, there are some duties within the compass of Christianity, that might possibly give me more pleasure than I could find in others ; but, alas ! we are not to pick and chuse ; we must pay universal obedience to the law of Grace.

I have now finished the *New Idea* for the stage of Apprenticeship, and wish the same measures may take with others, which should govern my own life and practice, might I but live over these years again.

CHAPTER V.

STAGE III.—OF BACHELORSHIP.

DUNTON'S LIFE AND ERRORS FROM THE TIME OF HIS FREEDOM, TO THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

IT is no very agreeable engagement, I find, to make the World my Confessor, and to publish every *Error* and *Mistake* that I can possibly recollect. However, could I,

at my own expence, persuade the Reader, for a conviction of his own *Errors*, that perhaps may be too near skin to mine, to fall in with my *New Idea*, or to think out *another* for himself, agreeable to Christian principles, and to the reasonable and religious conduct of human life—could I but obtain this of him, I should bear with patience all the censure and contempt which the less reasonable part of mankind may think fit to load me with.

My Apprenticeship being now over, and myself turned out into a wide world, to stand upon my own legs, and to barter for subsistence among the rest of my fellow creatures, the cares of the present life began to break in upon me; and now my notions of things were very different from those I had entertained before. I began now to recollect the prudent advice of my good Master, whose concern for me did not expire with my Apprenticeship; he looked after me, to see how my affairs stood, and how I would make the first offer to manage matters.

The first care I had upon me was (as my Father had advised me) to “take a convenient shop in a convenient place;” but, that I might not run the hazard of too large a rent, till I found how accounts would balance, I took up with half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber, which I had of honest Mr. John Brown, whose extraordinary civilities to me I have not yet forgotten.

The world and business had now perfectly set me at ease from all inclination to Love and Courtship; and my resolution was, first of all to make the experiment whether my trade would *carry two*, and then to proceed upon a safe bottom.

PRINTING was now the uppermost in my thoughts, and *Hackney Authors* began to ply me with “*Specimens*,” as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the *Watermen* do *Passengers* with *Oars* and *Scullers*.

I had some acquaintance with this *Generation* in my Apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a Sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the *Commonwealth of Learning*; and, indeed, the Learning itself of these Gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their Honesty; though they will pretend to have studied you six or seven years

in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History—when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their Honesty, it is very remarkable: they will either persuade you to go upon another man's Copy, to steal his Thought, or to abridge his Book, which should have got him bread for his life-time. When you have engaged them upon some Project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion; and you shall never hear of them more. I have offered thus much, as a character of these Scribblers, that may give the caution to Booksellers, and take off a most wretched scandal from the Trade in general. However, though I have met with temptations enough of this nature, to grow rich by knavery, and a learned kind of theft; yet this I can say for myself (and I neither have, nor shall be too lavish in my own praise,) that I never printed another's Copy, went upon his Project, nor stole so much as his Title-page, or his Thought.

Having given the Reader my free thoughts upon this occasion, which are really necessary, I shall return with him to the thread of history.

The very first Copy I would venture to print was written by the Reverend Mr. Doolittle, and intituled, "The Sufferings of Christ." This Book fully answered my end; for, exchanging it through the whole Trade, it furnished my Shop with all sorts of Books saleable at that time; and it also brought me acquainted with those ingenious Gentlemen, Mr. Waters, Mr. Shewel, Mr. Clark, Mr. Benson, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Sanders, who were then Students under the care of Mr. Doolittle. There was a Copy of Greek Verses prefixed to this Book, which occasioned a Poetical Duel betwixt the two private Academies of Islington and Stepney. Mr. Wesley, then Pupil under Mr. Veale, endeavoured to ridicule the Poem; with whom, and Mr. Kingston, his fellow Student, I contracted a very intimate friendship. Mr. Wesley was much celebrated for his vein at Poetry; though

those that allow of no *second rate* in that art have endeavoured to lessen his reputation.

The second adventure I made in Printing was a Copy written by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner, intituled, "Daniel in the Den : or, the Lord President's Imprisonment, and miraculous Deliverance." It was dedicated to the Lord Shaftesbury, and published upon the occasion of his being acquitted by an Ignoramus Jury. This piece was well furnished with wit, and, being published at the critical time, sold well—

"Books have their time of life as well as we ;
They live by Chance, but die by Destiny.
Our fate is less severe, in this alone
That Books no Resurrection have, *We* hope for one."

This extraordinary success in my first attempts gave me an ungovernable itch to be always intriguing that way.

The next thing I printed was a Sermon preached by the Reverend Mr. John Shower, at the Funeral of Madam Anne Barnardiston. The growing reputation of the Author made the Sermon move very well. There have been three Editions of it, two of my own printing, and a third by my worthy friend Mr. John Lawrence.

When I was thus fixed in the Trade, I resolved to make public a Collection of Funeral Discourses preached by my Reverend Father Mr. John Dunton, intituled "The House of Weeping." The success was well enough, but my chief design was to perpetuate my Father's name, for whose memory I have always entertained a very great and just veneration.

These Books I have mentioned were all I printed whilst I remained a Bachelor.

Having now, as they say, the whole world before me, and my reputation growing with my circumstances, which is no unusual thing, let the Religion and the personal deserts of the man be in what condition they please; my Friends began to persecute me with the subject of Marriage, and were now as warm upon it as I had once been before. Old Mrs. Seaton first sets upon me (whose daughter Rachel had charmed me so much out of my senses, as you have heard), and recommends to my choice one Sarah Day, of Ratcliffe. She made her appear, you

may be sure, as innocent as Eve ; one that had neither thought nor done any mischief since the day she was born. Her fortune was considerable, and lay so and so ; besides, she was extremely pretty, well bred, and the best-natured creature in the whole world. This description made me a little addle, I confess ; and, while the frenzy was upon me, I fell to rhyming.

ANAGRAM.

SARAH DAY.—*D. HAS A RAY.*

But, before this Project had made any deep impression upon me, there came a second proposal, which put me quite out of humour with the former. "There is Sarah Doolittle," says another person, "will make a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have her Father's Copies for nothing ; and his Book on the Sacrament, you know, has sold to the twentieth edition, which would have been an estate for a Bookseller." This design was quite lost in the novelty of another ; and Sam Crook being too fortunate a Rival, I would not so much as attempt the matter. But then Sarah Briscow of Uxbridge was recommended with all imaginable concern. She was handsome, and rich, and religious ; and there were more topicks about her to argue from than ever Scheibler could invent.

My patience would scarce last me to give these solicitations and fine stories the hearing ; and if they happened to move me a little for the present, so soon as they were gone, I lost all the impressions they had made, and grew hard-hearted again. However, that I may not jade the Reader with a length of dulness upon these matters (for, though they may be of great importance in life, yet they appear but of small moment in print), I shall proceed to the real business of Courtship, and make as short work of it as the circumstances will admit.

One Lord's-day (and I am very sensible of the sin) I was strolling about just as my fancy led me ; and stepping into Dr. Annesley's Meeting-place, where, instead of engaging my attention to what the Doctor said, I suffered both my mind and my eyes to run at random (and it is very rare but Satan can throw in a temptation when

the sinner lies open for it), I soon singled out a young lady that almost charmed me dead ; but, having made my inquiries, I found to my sorrow she was pre-engaged. However, my Friends, to keep up the humour I was in, advised me to make an experiment upon her elder Sister (they both being the Daughters of the Reverend Dr. Annesley) ; and the hint they gave me, as Providence would have it, made a deeper impression upon me than all the recommendations they had given me before. I disposed all matters to carry on the design with all possible dispatch. But I steered by another compass than I had done in all my former amours ; and was resolved, in regard the Reverend Dr. Annesley was a man of so much sincerity and religious prudence, to mention the matter first of all to him ; and taking Mr. Isaac Brinly along with me, and Mr. Obadiah Mariat to second the proposal, the Doctor sent for Mr. Parkhurst, who gave me a character that was favourable enough ; so that, having received all reasonable satisfaction of that nature, the Doctor told me, " I had his free consent, if I could prevail upon his Daughter for her's ; which was more than Mr. Cockeril (deceased) could ever obtain, after a long courtship."

I shall not now take the liberty to acquaint the Reader with all the advances I made in the Courtship ; they would be too tedious, and perhaps might not well bear the perusal, though innocent enough in their kind. However, at length I was so fortunate as to gain her consent, which was the beginning of the greatest happiness I have as yet met with in this life *.

The mutual satisfactions we enjoyed in an intimate friendship (which we designed should shortly lose itself in a nearer union) were now a little interrupted ; fair Iris being obliged to attend her Reverend Father to Tunbridge, where I sent her this Letter :

* The Reader must not imagine that this affair was so soon adjusted as it is here related ; the *Golden Fleece* was well guarded, you know ; and happiness lies often among the greatest difficulties—

" *Virtus per ardua ducit.*"

"DEAR MADAM, *London, May 26, 1682.*

"I hope there is not so much infidelity in your nature as to make any new protestations necessary; you have made me so much and so entirely yours, that I dare not claim the least property in myself. Absence, it is true, has a world of unkindness in it to those that love to such an excess as I; however, it is much beyond its power to steal away your dear Image, as it has done the Original. I should have nothing left to keep me from despair, were not my imagination and my hopes very kind to me. Shall I yet say, fair Conqueror, that it is in your power to make me unhappy? I will not fancy so at least, out of mercy to myself, and for fear I should wrong your good nature. I intend to see you shortly at Tunbridge, for this impatience of love is not to be endured. Humble service to your Reverend Father.—I am, in all sincerity, your affectionate
PHILARET."

Two or three days after, I went down to Tunbridge, and stayed there some time with fair Iris, till my occasions brought me back to Town.

Among the other Letters to dear Iris at Tunbridge, after my return to London, I have yet preserved a Copy of the following Letter, sent with a Ring, which had this inscription; "I seek to be, not Thine, but Thee."

"DEAR CAPTIVE! *London, July 6, 1682.*

"And why may not I call you so? It is all the satisfaction your absence will afford me, to think you mine, and there is no ingratitude on my part, for I was long since yours. I have often since my return dreamed over every passage, and every single circumstance, every word you spoke, and every smile you were pleased to allow me in our journey to the top of Crowborough, where we had every way so pleasant and so wide a prospect. Our Landlady Perke, and only as an appendage of yourself in the train of thought, comes often in my mind, who inhabits the top of that wild mountain in a homely cot, and has her dining-room, dressing and withdrawing room, hall, parlour, bed-chamber and kitchen, all (for convenience as one may say) lying in one common apartment, where she has no society with other mortals. One would think her provisions must, out of pure necessity, drop from the Heavens by miracle, considering her

neighbourhood to them, and the difficulty of access from this world to that place. This, you will say, is but a barren subject for my thoughts to work upon, and where is the relief of it? Why, Madam, methinks I could be content to spend a life-time with yourseif in such a solitude, where our happiness would run smooth, and never be disturbed with the folly and impertinence of other mortals—

Where, while our lives would last, I'd ever be
Not thine alone, but ev'n the same with thee;
Scarce Death should part us, for we'd hand in hand,
Leap o'er life's barriers to the promis'd land,
From dull mortality we'd soar above,
And change our sensual for seraphic love.
There our dear Jesus we'll for ever view,
And plunge in joys and bliases ever new.

I could almost enlarge for ever, when Religion, and my love to Iris, are the themes. Why will not you write a long Letter? Nay, lovely Iris, let me have one from you as large as a Folio; nothing can drop from your pen, but will give poor languishing Philaret all the transports that a Lover can imagine; especially do not forget to tell me when you intend to return, for my happiness turns all upon that hinge. My humble service to your good Father: I return him thanks for all the kindnesses I received at Tunbridge. I am with as much sincerity as one would wish, your affectionate

PHILARET."

"DEAR SIR,

Tunbridge, July 9, 1682.

"I have received your Letters; but, being obliged to take a small journey from Tunbridge with my Father, I had no opportunity to make you any answer. You seem impatient at my silence, but it is only a matter of course; though were your impatience represented with less of fancy, I should be disposed to believe you sooner. But all Courtships must, at one time or other, have a little Knight-errantry in them, otherwise, the Lover is reckoned to be something dull; however, you have said enough that way to secure you from any such imputation, and I would have you express yourself in no warmer terms than a primitive simplicity may admit of. One that loves till he loses his reason, will make but an odd figure for a husband. You will say, perhaps, I am preach-

ing up passive obedience ; but we shall agree upon that point afterwards. At present please to deny yourself a little luxuriance in your Letters, lest my Father should find them, and be offended with them. I suppose we may return for London, July 21. My Sisters Judith and Sarah send you their service. I am yours, &c. IRIS."

At their return, I gave them the meeting on the road. I shall not here trouble the Reader with the preparations that were made for the Marriage, and my extravagances in treats, &c. ; only it will be necessary to take notice, that, for the convenience of Trade, I took a large Shop in Princes-street. The day to solemnize the Marriage was agreed to be on the third of August 1682.

I shall here, for my own, and the Reader's satisfaction, insert the character of fair Iris, before she was married, written by Arsinda.

" Iris is tall, of a good aspect ; her hair of a light cheanut colour, dark eyes, her eye-brows dark and even, her mouth little and sufficiently sweet, her air something melancholy, sweet and agreeable, her neck long and gracetul, white hands, a well-shaped body, her complexion very fair. But to hasten to that which I think most deserves commendation, I mean her *Piety*, which, considering her youth, can scarce be paralleled. Her wit is solid, she has enough of that quick wit so much in fashion, to render her conversation very desirable. She is severely modest, and has all kinds of virtues. She never yet, I dare venture to say, gave any one an ill word when absent, never when present commends them. Her humour is good to a miracle. She is an agreeable acquaintance, a trusty friend ; and, to conclude, she is pleasant, witty, and virtuous ; and is mistress of all those Graces that can be desired to make a complete Woman."

I shall annex a character of myself, written (when the World smiled upon me, and when I made a better figure in it than my circumstances will permit at present) by the ingenious Cleonta, Sister to fair Iris.

" Philaret is of a middle stature ; his hair black and curled, his eye-brows black and indifferently even, eyes almost black, quick and full of spirit, his nose rises a little in the middle, his lips red and soft ; the whole com-

posure of his face, though it is not so beautiful as some are, is yet rendered amiable by a cheerful sprightly air; his body is slender and every way well-proportioned. As for those beauties his mind is enriched with, he is not only free from those vices that most young men are inclined to, but is very pious. Heaven has blessed him with a very plentiful wit, his way of writing is excellent; he has great skill in Poetry, and I think the famous Cowley may from him learn a passionate strain. He is of an excellent sweet humour, carries it respectfully to his Superiors, and obligingly to his Equals; and his humility is visible to all, when he converses with his Inferiors. He certainly is the most passionate and constant Lover living. His friendship is courted by all; for he is a true friend, and will not disclose a secret that he is intrusted with, though the concealment may endanger his life: he is hard to be displeased, and, when offended, easily reconciled: his spirit is tender and compassionate, something inclining to love: his modesty is more than usually great; and, to finish this imperfect description, I must sincerely say, he has all those good qualities that are necessary to render him an accomplished Gentleman."

I blush to insert this character of myself; for the World, that has known Philaret a long time, will discover little of the Original in the Picture. However I will endeavour to come up to it in my *new Life*, though I have fallen far short in the *old*.

My great *Errors* whilst a Bachelor were, my over-eager concern in Trade, my too frequent neglect of Closet-prayer, with abundance of folly and extravagance in the affair of Courtship; and I have often lamented that the very first occasion of it was taken, though undesignedly given, on the Lord's-day. These general hints may be sufficient to caution others, and I am altogether unobliged to make the confession more particular.

I shall finish this Stage with a short abstract of the Sermon, preparatory to the Marriage, preached by Dr. Annesley, the Reverend Father of dear Iris.

Ephes. v. 32. "This is a great Mystery."

"There is no necessity, upon this occasion, to enter upon the question, 'whether Marriage be a Sacrament?' Cajetan has given up the cause, as too desperate to be

managed. Marriage is as due to Heathens, by the r of Nature, as to Christians; but Sacraments are pect to the Church. We shall suffer our thoughts to dw little upon this great Mystery, and turn the words this plain proposition: 'That where the great Mys of Espousals betwixt Christ and his Church is made very pattern of Marriage among Christians, there duties and the comforts of that state will be the secured.'

"The Text lies in a place where the mutual inter and respects of Husband and Wife are compared, interwoven, with the relation which Christ bears to Church. The love of Christ, and the provision he made for the Church, are arguments to enforce the j vidence and the love of Husbands. The obedience Wives to their Husbands, and of the Church to Ch stand upon the same bottom; and when the Apo winds up the whole exhortation, he tells them, 'Thi a great Mystery.' Marriage is a mystery as it bea reference to Christ; and the metaphor is managed t wonderful beauty and variety in the Song of Solomon which is a Song of Loves."

The Doctrine was laid open in several Propositions

Prop. 1. "The Duties of the Married State must performed, if the Comforts of it be expected." Un this head the several duties were insisted upon at lar but the necessity of Love, as the fundamental arti was clearly argued, from which all the other duties w follow, out of inclination and choice. The motive t was the innocence of pleasure. Prov. v. 19. "Be t always ravished with her Love." The place would swer the original much better, were it read, "Err t always in her Love;" as if it were said, this degre love would be an *Error* in any other case, but here t mayest *err*, and yet be innocent; here thou may roam, and wander, and lose thyself, and yet not sin must be a *nonsuch-love*.

Prop. 2. "The Comforts of Marriage have their wl dependance upon the performance of the Duties." proof of this is too large to be inserted; but the co sequence is so easy and evident, that the Reader may satisfied with the very hint of it.

Prop. 3. "The Espousals of Christ with his Church, are a great Mystery."

Prop. 4. "Christ espousing the Church, is the best pattern of all Christian Marriages."

The application of this Discourse was particular, and came home to the present case; but so much as I have mentioned, may be enough to give the Reader a taste.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IDEA OF A NEW LIFE : OR, THE MANNER HOW I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I LIVE OVER THE STAGE OF BACHELORSHIP AGAIN.

THE farther I proceed upon my *old Life*, I find there is the greater necessity for this *new Idea*. Every Stage I have lived presents me with a new set of miscarriages; and were the question put, "What has been the great occasion of them all?" I would answer, "A mistaken notion of myself and others." The very Elements of Life are begun in *Errors*, and our understandings are never wholly disabused, till we leave the World. The interests of men do metamorphose them into so many shapes, that at last they grow perfect Riddles to themselves. But my business is to correct myself, and not to make reflections upon others. The method of my *New Idea* upon this Stage shall be very obvious and distinct.

First, I will show what my management as a BOOK-SELLER should be.

Secondly, What measures I would take upon a resolution to marry, and upon what reasons and motives I would make my choice.

Thirdly, What my practice should be as a Christian, and as one that prefers Heaven, and the favour of God, to all the advantages of the present life.

First, Were I to begin the Trade of Bookselling once again, I would never give myself the trouble to keep *open Shop*. Unless a man can haggle half an hour for a farthing, be dishonest, and tell lies, he *may starve behind his Shop-board*, for want of subsistence. There is no certainty in a *dropping Trade*. I would wish no more than a convenient Warehouse, with a good acquaintance among the Booksellers; and a man's honesty in this case would sufficiently recommend him.

This method of driving on the Trade by Wholesale, Subscription, &c. would give me leisure to *project* and *write*, for which I have always had a peculiar inclination; and, in regard the *Projects* of the present Age are many of them disingenuous, and either do no service, or abundance of mischief, to Religion and Learning, I would endeavour to keep myself within bounds.

First, I would never go upon any design that interferes with another man's Project; but the contrary is grown so common and so notorious at this day, that the whole Trade has almost ruined its reputation and its honesty at once. This is but a learned way of robbery at best, and a man may as well take the bread from his neighbour's mouth, as destroy his Copy.

One would think the imaginations of men were almost run out, and that the poverty of their minds has put their principles out of order, when they begin to plunder for subsistence, and to steal either a man's Thought, his Copy, or his Title-page, in order to make *the thing sell*.

Secondly, I would neither write, nor put an Author upon a Project that gives the least encouragement to Irreligion and Atheism; it should be the last shift I would make to get money at the expence of Religion and the Glory of God. A man cannot expect his Christianity will save him when he dies, if he makes a jest of it while he lives; the best he can say for himself is, that he hopes he may come to repent of it when his circumstances are a little enlarged. I know the temptation has been too hard for many. Many think could they effectually expose Religion, they should get an estate by it. May not such men rather expect to be clothed with rags, and that no eye shall pity them?

Thirdly, I would endeavour to be well assured of the

Religion and the honesty of an Author, before I would put him upon the least engagement; and I could give the caution to every Bookseller that concerns himself in Printing, to peruse the Copy as it goes to the press, in regard I have smarted more than once for being too credulous in this respect. Unless your Author have a tender regard to conscience and his own reputation, there are odds but he will write *himself* into the design, and it shall come abroad (if the reference be allowed) both *ring-straked* and *speckled*.

Within the compass of these three rules, I would be as active and as diligent as I could, leaving the success to Providence, and the merits of the cause.

My next business should be, as opportunities would offer, to gather a good Collection * of the best Books in Divinity, Morality, History, Philosophy, &c. I should not desire a great number; few, well chosen and well digested, would do a man more service, and prevent confusion, with which most of our great Readers are over-run.

The method now obliges me to dwell a little upon the second head I proposed; which is, to shew what measures I would take so soon as Marriage became necessary for me.

Marriage is a business of so great importance, that it carries a powerful influence with it upon a man's whole life-time; but, though there be a hundred Blanks in this Lottery for one Prize, yet I would not despair upon that account, though the odds are so many against me. I have made this observation, that Matches are usually the most unhappy, either when Parents make the choice for Children, or when the rash intemperance of youth runs persons upon this state.

It is a matter of some difficulty to make a judgment when Marriage is either *lawful* or *necessary*. There are many that regard no more than the mutual consent of parties; which, notwithstanding, in several instances may be insufficient. I cannot think that mere concu-

* I once did this at a very great expence; but a good man should be perfectly resigned when wise Providence takes from him those enjoyments that he values most.

piscence can ever justify the matter. The satisfactions of sense are fleeting and uncertain, and should these once wither upon their hands, the very reasons of the Marriage were destroyed ; though I am not so much in love with austerity of life, nor do I so much mistake the ends of Marriage, as to throw these low inclinations quite out of all pretence ; I would freely give them some subordinate regards, and their very nature and design can require no more. As for myself, I would never marry the woman I could not love ; but then, if she had no more to recommend her than as she is handsomely made up of four elements, I should let her alone.

Secular advantage is a second prevailing argument in this age, and has done abundance of prejudice to our races of Nobility, and to the Nation in common.

It would, I doubt not, have a very happy issue, would the Parliament think fit to consider what the Hon. Sir William Temple has advanced upon this subject, in his " Essay on Popular Discontents."

So long as Riches are the great motive to marry, our Births will be feeble and short-lived, for the effect can never have more in it than the cause could furnish. When the mutual inclinations of Parents begin to languish and die, how can we expect the offspring should have either life or vigour ? Poverty will not run a family out so soon as the want of inclination and desire.

I should expect a competency in this case ; and as for more, it would but lie like lumber upon my hands, and a man commonly wants the heart to do good with it.

Were I to enter a second time upon the Stage of the World—so soon as Marriage became the more necessary state of life, I would make the following inquiries, as near as the circumstances would admit.

1. I would be well assured of the Lady's virtue ; where there is no morality, Religion wants a foundation to build upon. As the substance of the Moral Law is taken into the Law of Grace, so both Morality and Grace go to make up a Christian, and to qualify for Heaven. But suppose we have no farther regard than the satisfaction of a man as he goes through life ; there is nothing more necessary than the virtue of his Wife, to make his way very easy and comfortable.

2. I would make all possible experiments, either by my own distant conversation, or by the assistance of a Friend, to find out whether the Lady be good-humoured ; if our humours would not harmonize, we might as well join the opposite poles of two load-stones, as endeavour to be happy. There is something in the very make and constitution of some persons that gives a quite different turn to all they either do or say. Some are as easy and ductile as you would wish ; but they usually want prudence, and their management is often to very little purpose. Others have perfect firebrands in their temper ; and, upon every little accident they will take fire, as if there was gunpowder among their passions.

Methinks there is abundance of sense in the common jest, that “ if you would have a Wife for your purpose, you must bespeak her, for there is none ready-made.”

It is true enough, the human nature is so much out of order at this day, that the man has odds against him in the game, when he takes up the resolution to marry.

To return. If, upon the strictest search I could make, I found the humour of the young lady pretty tolerable, which is all one can reasonably expect, my next business should be,

Thirdly, To make my first addresses to the Parents. The government and the right of Parents should have a very tender regard in these cases, and it is unlawful to break in upon their property without consent. Abundance of mischief has been occasioned in the world, when Children have engaged their affections unsuitably, without the knowledge of their Parents ; either death or disobedience have usually been the issue of it.

I would lay open every circumstance to the Parents, and rather ask their advice, than solicit for consent ; and I would not have them to lay any command upon their Daughter, but leave her wholly to the freedom of her own choice.

Should the Parent consent, I would next address the Daughter, rather with the sincerity than the gallantry of a Lover. To make use of nothing but *hyperboles*, is as much as to say, *It is impossible to be true*. To let a Mistress know that one's happiness or misery lies purely

at her own disposal, is to give her the hint, that she may try the experiment.

In the third place, I shall give the world some farther account of my Christianity, through this Stage of Bachelorship, in my *Ideal Life*.

The necessity of Religion does not alter with the conditions of life; its obligation is indispensable, and always the same; and in general, now that I am entered upon the world and business, I would endeavour to live up to every Article of my Creed. I am sensible this Life is no more than a pilgrimage, and a state of expectation; my end, and my home, lies beyond Death and the Grave. This serious reflection would cool the heat of my affections to the present World, and let me see the nature of all the pleasures and entertainments of sense—that they are no more than pretty convenient amusements, in my way to Heaven. Riches are a game too low and mean, for a Soul that is touched with the love of God. I shall soon remove into another state, where the fulness of the Deity will be enough for subsistence. In the mean time, I would fix all my dependence upon God and Providence, and act only as a reasonable creature within the compass of lawful means. I would be constant in Prayer, which is the Christian Engine, that pulls down Heaven into the Souls of Believers. All my petitions should ascend by the influence of the Spirit, in the name of the blessed Jesus. Upon every *change of life*, I would be sure to recommend myself and my affairs to the wisdom and the care of God, and be perfectly resigned, under every condition, to the pleasure and the will of Heaven; and, to say no more, I would endeavour to be a Christian.

Should the question be put, “To what Church would you join yourself?” I answer, “I would occasionally conform to every Church, where the Bible is made the Rule both of Faith and Life.”

CHAPTER VII.

STAGE IV.

THE LIFE AND ERRORS OF JOHN DUNTON, FROM
THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH
ANNESLEY, TILL THE DAY OF HER DECEASE.

IT is with wonderful satisfaction that I enter upon this Stage, in regard all the *happiness of my life*, that deserves the name, both began and concluded with it.

'Mongst all the miseries, and toils, and strife,
There are some golden specks upon the wheels of life ;
But these, alas ! are few, and make no stay,
Nor keep alternate rounds, but slide away.
Grief and unhappiness familiar grow,
And make us well acquainted with our woe.
We dream awake, no happiness in hand,
But smiling visions, in a fairy-land,
We wander, like the ghosts that miss their way,
To Heaven, and rest, and shining worlds of day.

August 3, 1682, was the day we fixed upon for the marriage ; and all things being ready, we were well attended to the Church, where we found that Dr. Lewis, being indisposed, had sent his Curate to officiate in his room. Dr. Annesley was present, and gave me his daughter in marriage, which I took as a peculiar favour from himself, it being more than some of his sons-in-law could obtain.

The posy of the Wedding-ring was this,

God saw thee
Most fit for me.

with two hearts united.

This Certificate we received at the request of Dr. Annesley : " These are to certify all whom it may concern, " that John Dunton and Elizabeth Annesley were married, at the Parish Church of Allhallows the Wall, London, August 3, 1682, as it does appear in the Register-
" book, witness my hand, W. LEWIS, D. D."

When the public ceremony was over, we returned to my Reverend Father-in-law's, where the entertainment was plentiful enough, and yet gravely suited to the occasion and circumstance; and there we were honoured with the company of the Rev. Mr. Silvester, a man whose learning, worth, and piety, are but too little known in this age.

As soon as dinner was ended, an ingenious Gentleman (at that time a Student in the Rev. Mr. Veal's house), calling myself and my Bride out from the company, presented us with the following Epithalamium :

All that 's sweet and soft attend ;
 All that 's calm, serene, and bright,
 That can please, or pleasure mend,
 Or secure, or cause delight.
 Little Cupids, come and move
 Round the Bridegroom's greedy eyes ;
 Whilst the stately Queen of Love
 Round the Bride her cestus ties.
 Golden Hymen, bring thy robe ;
 Bring thy torch, that still inspires,
 Round the stately amorous globe,
 Vigorous flames and gay desires.
 Sister Graces, all appear ;
 Sister Graces, come away ;
 Let the Heavens be bright and clear,
 Let the Earth keep holy-day.
 Jocund Nature does prepare,
 To salute the charming Bride ;
 And with odours fill the air,
 Snatch'd from all the world beside.
 Virtue, Wit, and Beauty may
 For a time refuse to yield ;
 But at length they must obey,
 And with honour quit the field.
 Their efforts all in vain will prove,
 To defend their free-born state.
 When attack'd by mighty Love,
 They must all capitulate.
 Marble-hearted Virgins, who
 Rail at Love, to shew your wits ;
 So did once Eliza too,
 Yet with pleasure now submits.

You too, envious Swains, who would
Follow Cupid, if you might ;
Like the Fox that gaping stood,
Discommend the grapes for spite.

Since experience teacheth best,
Ask if mutual Love has charms,
When the Bride and Bridegroom rest,
Lock'd in one another's arms."

days after this were fooled away in treats, and many expence both of time and money, which, I s not been the least *Error* of my *Life*; and into take the natural friendship and familiarity of my has always led me. When we had stayed a little my Father-in-law's, I carried dear Iris home, to the house I had taken at the corner of Princes-where Mr. White had lived, who was so much for his courage, in arresting Justice Balch for him to prison from Dr. Annesley's Meeting. Now came (as they say) to stand upon our own rd to barter for subsistence among the rest of d; and dear Iris gave an early specimen of her ce and diligence that way; and thereupon com- Bookseller, Cash-keeper, managed all my af-me, and left me entirely to my own *rambling* *ibbling* humours. However, I always kept an r the main chance. But these were golden days. ity and success were the common course of Pro-with me then, and I have often thought I was upon the account of Iris.

ook several journeys together into the Country, he visits to both our Relations; but, look which would, the World was always smiling on us. ty and good-humour of Iris made our lives as it re continued Courtship; but the Reader shall impartial account of her Christianity towards the ion of this Stage.

n I was thus seated to the best advantage at the Raven in Princes-street; and as happy in my e as I could wish, there came an universal dampade, occasioned by the defeat of Monmouth in it; and, at this time, having 500*l.* owing me in

New-England, I began to think it worth my while to make a voyage of it thither.

I first made a trial, how dear Iris would digest the thoughts of parting with me; and I found that, though she had a very tender sense of all the dangers I should be exposed to, yet she was always perfectly resigned to the pleasure of her Husband. I had no more than just an opportunity to hint the matter to my honoured Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley, who was then going for Tunbridge; but immediately after I wrote him the following Letter:

"MUCH HONOURED SIR, *London, Aug. 7, 1685.*

"This comes to desire your free thoughts of my voyage to New-England. I have consulted several Friends upon it, who think it the best method I can take. I have a great number of Books that lie upon my hands, as the "Continuation of the Morning Exercises," and others, very proper for that place; besides the 500*l.* which I have there in Debts. However, I will not move without your advice and consent. My dear Wife sends her duty to you; and we hope the Waters agree well with you. I am

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son, J. DUNTON."

To this Letter I had the following answer:

"DEAR SON, *Tunbridge, Aug. 10, 1685.*

"I received yours, but cannot give so particular and direct an answer as you may expect. You know I came hither presently after you mentioned this voyage, neither had I an opportunity to consider all the circumstances of it. I perceive those you have consulted, are for it; and they are better able to foresee what may probably be the issue of such an undertaking, than I am, or can be. The infinitely wise God direct you, and give wisdom to those that advise you. I do as heartily desire your universal welfare, as any Friend you have in the World, and therefore dare not say a word against it. My present opinion is, that you do not (if you resolve upon the voyage) carry too great a Cargo; for I think it will be the less trouble to you to wish there that you had brought more, than to fret at the want of a market for too many. If you observe the course of the World, the most of all worldly trouble is through frustration of our

expectation: where we look not for much, we easily bear a disappointment. Moderation in all things but in love to God and serious godliness, is highly commendable. Covet earnestly the best Gifts, and the best Graces, and the best Enjoyments; for which you shall never, while I live, want the earnest Prayers of

Your most affectionate Father, S. ANNESLEY."

I was very glad of any excuse that would make my friends more indulgent to my *rambling* humour. To make short of it, I got ready for my voyage with all possible expedition, sent a great number of Books down the River to Gravesend, and followed them soon after, having bid a very sorrowful farewell to dear Iris and my other Relations. But, before I enter upon the voyage, I will give the Reader an account of one *incident* of my *Life*, which may do him good service in the management of himself.

My nature has always been too flexible, and made up, as it were, of Credulity and Compassion. The composition, you will say, seems innocent enough. It is true, the ingredients are very well, but they have proved the very seeds of Error and Unhappiness. I reckon it much below me to mention the favours I have done; but it is labour in vain, you know, to oblige, where every kindness is misrepresented and unmade again; and a man must shake off his nature, and grow insensible, if he finds no resentment in him upon such occasions.

I was over-persuaded, upon some *extremities*, to become surety for a Brother and Sister-in-law, at several times, for about 1200*l.*: and in regard the notorious Daniel has challenged me to prove that I have once obliged her (in a sham Letter, dated from St. Alban's, Jan. 9th, 1699); and, farther, because her relations have on purpose forgot the whole of it; I shall only refresh their memories with the original Letters, which I have yet upon the file; and the first that came to my hands was this:

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"If you will do me the kindness to borrow me 12*l.* (if you have it not by you in the house) you will infinitely oblige me. I would have come to you myself, but could not have confidence enough, having troubled you so

very often upon all occasions: this will really do me a far greater kindness than if you gave me 20*l.* to-morrow morning. I am Your most affectionate,

and ever obliged Sister, B. W."

Within the compass of a month after, she sends me this second Letter:

"MY ONLY FRIEND,

"I cannot express how unwilling I am to welcome you home with entreating kindnesses of you as soon as ever you come from Tunbridge. Being in great straits, I must get you to be bound with me for 50*l.* this afternoon; for your repeated generous services to me have made me appoint that time, though I have not seen you since you came home. I am your obliged Sister, B. W."

I became bound, with all the freedom in the world, for this 50*l.* to one Nevet, a Surgeon; and though I was never dunned twice for money upon my own account, yet I was arrested for this 50*l.* upon my embarking for New-England. However, my honesty and reputation stood so fair, that Mr. R——f and Mr. Astwood offered themselves to be bail for me, in that very circumstance of leaving my country. But, in this instance, my Sister was guilty of no neglect, as is evident from the following Notes:

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I can truly say, that all the afflictions I have ever had have not been so great a trouble to me as this misfortune that has befallen you, of being arrested on my account. Be pleased to ask the Serjeants if they will release you, provided I surrender myself. If they will, I will come to you immediately, and set you free, though I should lie in prison as long as I live. I hope the bail I have now sent will be accepted; if not, let me know, and you shall presently see your obliged Sister, B. W."

After all, my Wife paid this 50*l.* in my absence, that my bail might receive no damage; and my suretyship, upon such terms as these, was so well approved by my Sister, that, upon my return from New-England, she sent me the following Letter:

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND TRUE FRIEND!

"Notwithstanding my two months illness with a violent pain in my head, that I can scarce see what I write,

should appear very ungrateful in omitting any opportunity of acknowledging the manifold obligations I have received from you. I have hitherto been so un-
 as to be able to do no more than retaliate your kindness with words. But, if ever (though it should be many years hence) I should be out of Law, and in a City, you shall find that I am more than verbally affectionate Sister, and obliged humble servant,

B. W."

My circumstances smiled upon me till the death of dear — and when that affliction was fresh upon my spirits, Sister (who was then re-married) wrote me this kind letter to Tunbridge, where I was gone to divert my melancholy.

"DEAR BROTHER,

I am heartily sorry for the death of my Sister; but I do not doubt but God will eminently appear for you in your second match, you having been so exceeding kind to my dear Sister, and, both before and since her death, to all her Relations. I wish you may find much benefit at Tunbridge Waters, and should be glad if your opportunity would call you to Harwich. No company would be more acceptable, than yours, to your obliged Sister and humble servant,

B. B."

You see, Reader, the gratitude works a little; and I have charity enough to believe it would have proved as strong as it was real, had she not been over-ruled. And I do not do that justice to the memory of Dr. Annesley, though I was often bound for his daughter W——, neither he, nor dear Iris, did ever desire it. However, my inclinations were then so warm, that I could not refuse the kindest office in my power to any branch of that Family:—as that grateful and most ingenious young man Ben Annesley has often acknowledged, and is now owned by my Sister B—— in the following Letter (which she sent me after her Father's death):

This is to entreat you, dear Brother, to send me all the printed Elegies, or any other Papers, that are come about my Father. I may well be ashamed to give you any trouble, having received so many obligations, and I have hitherto not been able to make any more than verbal returns; but I know you are naturally generous, and can

There is the Rector of Epworth that got his Bread by the "Maggot*" I published, has quite forgot me.

There is stuttering D'Urfey will scarce own who bid him write "The Triennial Mayor."

And not a line have I received from my Sister T—— ever since my misfortunes; not so much as the poor offer of a week's diet, though (when Iris died) I put her and her Sisters into close Mourning, and offered them Seven Years Diet for nothing.

So that all I got by *Suretyship* was an opportunity to know who my Friends are, which (while the World smiled) I could never discern.

I had almost forgotten my voyage to America, but am now at leisure to return with the Reader.

At Gravesend, I found the Fleet riding that were bound for New-England, and procured stowage for my *Venture* in two ships, that Neptune might have two throws at me, to make my ruin complete. While we stayed at Gravesend, I met with my old Neighbour, Mr. Thomas Malthus, who lived at the Sun in the Poultry; but, his circumstances being something perplexed, he was making his way for Holland. We were both of us so pleased and surprized at the accident, that we scarce knew how to get ourselves parted. He attended me to the ship, called the *Susannah* and Thomas, bound to Botton in New-England, burthen 150 tons, the Master's name Thomas Jenner. We had 16 Sailors, and 30 Passengers that were flying for safety upon the rout at Sedge-moor. The wind proved contrary, and forced us to lie a considerable time in the Downs; but nothing happened of any moment, till the 23d of October 1685 (when the innocent Cornish† and the compassionate Mrs. Gaunt fell sacrifices to Popish cruelty). On this day the heavens grew black and louring, and there were all the real in-

* "Maggots; or, Poems on several Subjects never before handled, 1685," 8vo; with the Portrait of the Author (Samuel Wesley), a maggot on his forehead. See more particulars relating to this Publication, which is anonymous, in Granger, vol. IV, 8vo. p. 329. EDIT.

† Henry Cornish, Esq. Alderman of London, who, when Sheriff, had been very active against the Popish Conspirators, was accused of High Treason, having been tried and convicted at the Old Bailey, was condemned and executed in Cheapside, much lamented by his Fellow Citizens, as a man unjustly sacrificed. EDIT.

redients of a storm that a Poet could fancy for his purpose—

The winds blew hard, the waves swell'd mountain-high,
And sheets of light'ning cover'd all the Sky.
Now every surge brings death within its womb,
Then kindly gapes, to give its prey a tomb.

To be serious. I could have wished myself safe at home with dear Iris; for every minute one would have thought the very Alps had driven over our heads. In this storm Captain Moulton was cast away, and with him I lost a *Venture* of 500*l.*; but here I cannot enough admire the good Providence that saved me, in regard at Gravesend I was in great suspense whether to trust myself in Moulton's Ship.

November 2, we weighed out of the Downs, and made the best of our way for the Beachy; but about one o'clock next morning the wind took us a-stays, with a gust, rain, thunder and lightning, and we were in extreme danger of being thrown upon rocks and shelves; but with much difficulty we came to an anchor at West-Cowes in the Isle of Wight. Next morning, myself, Palmer (my servant), and three or four of the Passengers went a-shore, and rambled through West-Cowes. This place abounds with a generation of the most impudent women I ever met with; and we might easily have mistaken the place for Rome, Venice, or Mycone, mentioned by Wheler, in his Travels. The entertainment that West-Cowes could furnish was so coarse and mean, that we removed to Newport, the chief town in the whole Island. There I made a visit to Mrs. Martha Lambert, an old Correspondent of mine. Her person was indifferent enough; but she discoursed like an Angel, and her notions were great and uncommon. Here I was informed of a certain Gentleman in the neighbourhood, very famous for his skill in Judicial Astrology. My curiosity led me to visit him, and I found him very big with Prediction and Prophecy. He told me, with abundance of assurance, that all human events were very legibly written in the Aspects and Postures of the Heavenly Bodies; and upon that bottom would have made an agreement with me, to discover whether our voyage

would be fortunate or no. I told him, "if the issue of it was Fate, and could not be reversed, the foreknowledge of it would but make me unhappy before the time ; and if the issue of it might be reversed, there was no certainty in his Science ;" and thereupon I asked his excuse. Here our Astrologer seemed something surprized, and begged a little time to make his answer in form ; but I told him, "my occasions would not suffer me to stay ;" and so I left him disappointed.

When we returned to the Ship, we found them ready to sail. And now, Reader, I am just entering upon the Atlantic Ocean, which is large and wide, and which kept America concealed some thousand years from the rest of the known World.

Our Captain, Thomas Jenner, was a rough covetous Tarpaulin ; but he understood his business well enough, and had some smatterings of Divinity in his head. He went to Prayers very constantly, and took upon him to expound the Scriptures, which gave offence to several of the Passengers. The Mate and the Boatswain were good Sailors, and made it their only study to dispute with tempests.

Myself and four more of the Passengers belonged to the Captain's mess ; but very often, when we were soberly sat down to dinner, one blast of wind would lay all our provisions in common. When we came about 50 leagues off the Lizard, and in 86 fathom of water, and beginning to sail by the Log, we were all on a sudden surprized with the cry of "A sail ! a sail !" which they mistook for a *Sallee-man* : orders were given immediately to make ready to engage ; and I was resolved, among the rest, to lose the last drop of life. But soon after we lost sight of the *Sallee-man*, under the covert of a mist ; though, about two o'clock next morning, we were roused with the shout, "Arise ! arise ! the *Sallee-man*'s upon us." Upon this second alarm, every man was set to his gun in an instant ; but as for myself, I kept out of sight as well as I could, till I heard them asking "Where is Mr. Dunton, that was so valiant over night ?" This, I confess, put me into a cold sweat, and I cried, "Coming ! coming ! I am only seeking my ruffles ;" a bad excuse, you know, is better than none. I made my

appearance at last, but looked nine ways at once; for I was afraid Death might come in amongst the boards, or nobody knew where. This is the only instance I can give, when my courage failed me. The danger was immediately blown over; for our pirate proved no more than a Virginia Merchant, that was equally afraid of our Ship. Upon this news, my courage returned; and I seemed very much dissatisfied, that I should lose the satisfaction of being engaged at sea.

After we had been a fortnight at sea, we missed one of our Sailors. It was supposed by the Crew that he was taken overboard by a wave. This unexpected accident made me very melancholy. Had he made his exit in his cabin, we had tied a leaden bullet to his neck and another to his legs, turned him out at a port-hole, and fired a great gun after him, which is all the ceremony at sea upon such occasions.

We had a long debate one day, in the Captain's Cabin, about a flame which fixed upon our main-mast, near the bigness of a candle, and the Seamen called it "St. Helen's fire;" one of them (they told me) is looked upon as an ill omen, but if two appear, they betoken safety and fair winds. These are usually known by the names of "Castor and Pollux;" among the Italians, by "St. Nicholas and St. Hermes," and the Spaniards call them "Corpus Santo's."

We were above four months at sea, and at last reduced to that extremity that each of us had no more than the allowance of one bottle of water for four days. One time my bottle was empty before my second day was over, which put me to my wit's end; but good Mr. Herrick gave me his own bottle, and supported himself with a little brandy that he had taken along with him.

It would be too tedious to give the Reader the particulars of the Voyage, which would swell to a Folio of Sea Affairs. I shall therefore reserve them for "The History of my Travels," which, if my life should last, I design to make public in a little time.—When we came within ken of Boston, we were all overjoyed, being just upon the point of starving; we put off to land in the long-boat, and came ashore near the Castle, which stands about a mile from Boston. The country appeared at

first like a barren waste; but we found humanity enough when we came amongst the inhabitants. We lodged the first night at the Castle; and next morning we found the way to Boston lay over the ice, which was but cold comfort, after we had been stowed up so many months in a cabin.

The air of New-England was sharper than at London, which, with the temptation of fresh provisions, made me eat like a second *Mariot* * of Gray's-Inn.

After I got safe upon Terra-firma, I could scarce keep my feet under me for several days; the Universe appeared to be one common whirlpool, and one would think that Cartes had contrived his vortices immediately after some tedious voyage. The first person that welcomed me to Boston was Mr. Burroughs, formerly a hearer of my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley. He heaped more civilities upon me than I can reckon up, offered to lend me moneys, and made me his bedfellow till I had provided lodgings.—After I had been some days in Boston, there was a ship ready to sail for England, with which I sent the following Letter to my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley.

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *Boston, March 25, 1686.*

“I am at last, through merciful Providence, arrived safe at Boston in New-England. We were above four months at sea, and very often in extreme danger by storms; and, which added to our misfortunes, our provisions were almost spent before we landed. For some time we had no more than the allowance of one bottle of water a man for four days. Since my arrival, I have met with many kindnesses from Mr. Burroughs, and others of your acquaintance in Boston. I am now, Sir, in great suspense, whether to part with my *Venture of Books* by wholesale to some of the Trade in Town here, or to sell them by retail. If this Letter comes shortly after the date of it to your hands, pray let me have your advice in this matter. I am

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son, J. DUNTON.”

* Of this celebrated *Eater* no other record, it is probable, now remains. EDIT.

Some time after, I received the following answer :

" DEAR SON, *London, May 10, 1686.*

" I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival, after your tedious and hazardous passage. Those mercies are most observed, and through Grace the best improved, that are bestowed with some grievous circumstances. I hope the impression of your voyage will abide, though the danger be over. I know not what to say to you about your Trading. Present Providences upon present circumstances must be observed ; and therefore I shall often (in prayer) recommend your case to God ; who alone can, and I hope will, do both in you, and for you, exceeding abundantly beyond what can be asked, or thought, by

Your most affectionate Father, S. ANNESLEY."

With the same Ship that brought over my Letter to Dr. Annesley, I sent a whole Packet to dear Iris ; but, the greater part of them being upon business, I shall only transcribe that which follows :

" MY DEAR ! *Boston, March 25, 1686.*

" I am at last got safe ashore, after an uncomfortable voyage, that had nothing in it but misfortune and hardship. Half of my *Venture* hither was cast away in the Downs ; however, do not suffer that to make you melancholy, in regard the other half is now safe with me at Boston. I was very often upon the edge of death in my passage over hither, besides all the hazards of our Ship, &c. Palmer, indeed, was very diligent to serve me ; he took me out and put me into my cabin for almost four months. It would be endless to tell over the extremities I was in, which lay all double upon my hands, because you, my dear, were not there to tend me, and to give a resurrection to my spirits with one kind look, and with some soft word or other, which, you know, would signify so much to me.

" Dear Iris ! I am now and then tormented with a thousand fears. The Ocean that lies betwixt us seems louring and unkind. Had I wings, I would rather steer myself a passage through the air, than commit myself a second time to the dangers of the sea. My thoughts, now I am at Boston, are, however, all running upon Iris ; and be assured that, with all imaginable dispatch,

I will resign myself to God and Providence, and the conduct of my Guardian Angel, to bring me home again in safety. Our pleasures and satisfactions will be fresh and new when I am restored to you, as it were, from another world; and methinks, upon the prospect of that very advantage, I could undertake another New-England voyage. After all, my dear, our complete and our final happiness is not the growth of this world; it is more exalted, and far above the nature of our best enjoyments. I would not have you in the least solicitous about me. I have met with many kindnesses from the inhabitants of Boston. You will take care to read over the Letters that relate to business. I am as much yours as affection can make me, PHILARET."

To this Letter Iris returned me the following answer:

"MOST ENDEARED HEART! *London, May 14, 1686.*

"I received your most welcome Letter, of March 25, which acquainted me with your tedious and sick voyage; I was very much overjoyed for your safe arrival at Boston, though much troubled for your illness in the way to it. Those mercies are the sweetest, that we enjoy after waiting and praying for them. I pray God help us both to improve them for his glory. I think I have sympathized with you very much; for I do not remember I have ever had so much illness in my whole life as I have had this Winter.

"When I first received your Letters, my dear, I was resolved upon coming over to you, if my Friends approved of it; but, upon discourse with them, they concluded I could not bear the voyage; and I, having had so large an experience of your growing and lasting affections, could not believe but that you had rather have a living Wife in England, than a dead one in the Sea. Besides, I cannot leave London till I have paid down the money you were bound for, to Nevet, upon my Sister's account. I have received more kindnesses from your Cousin R—— (who was your bail at leaving England) than from all your other friends and acquaintance. I am not able to express how great a trouble it has been to me this Winter, that you should be brought into so many troubles and bondships by marrying of me. If there is any encouragement for settling in New-England, I will

joyfully come over to you ; but am rather for your going to Holland, to trade there. Pray God direct you what to do, and in the mean time take great care of your health, and want for nothing. I do assure you, my dear, yourself alone is all the Riches I desire ; and if ever I am so happy as to enjoy your company again, I will travel to the farthest part of the World, rather than to part with you any more ; nothing but cruel Death shall ever make the separation. I had rather have your company with bread and water, than enjoy without you the Riches of both Indies. I have read your private Letter, and shall do that which will be both for your comfort and your honour. I take it as the highest demonstration of your Love, that you intrust me with your secret affairs. Assure yourself I do as earnestly desire the welfare of your soul and body as I do my own ; therefore let nothing trouble you, for, were you in London, you could not take more care of your business than I shall do. I cannot express how much I long to see you. Oh, this cruel Ocean that lies between us ! But, I bless God, I am as well at present as I can be when separated from you. I must conclude, begging of God to keep you from the sins and temptations which every place and every condition do expose us to. So, wishing you a speedy and a safe voyage back again to England, I remain yours beyond expression, IRIS."

Having finished my necessary dispatches for England, my next care was to provide myself Lodgings, and a convenient Warehouse, that I might sell off my *Venture* of Books, and make my absence from dear Iris and my Native Country as short as possible.

As I was rambling through Boston, I met both with Lodgings and a Warehouse, at Mr. Wilkins's, whose Family deserves as well of me as any in New-England.

Being thus fixed, I delivered the Letters of Recommendation I had brought with me from England. I had one from the Reverend Mr. Richard Stretton, to Mr. Staughton, the Deputy Governor : and Mr. Morton of Newington-Green, sent another to Major Dudley, afterwards President ; which, with other Letters to the Magistrates, had the good effect, that I was made Freeman of Boston, though very much obliged for it to the friend-

ship of Mr. Burroughs. Immediately upon this, Captain Hutchinson gave me an invitation to dine with the Governor and the Magistrates in the Town-hall. The entertainment was very rich and noble; and the Governor, Deputy Governor, Major Dudley, and the other Magistrates, gave me a very friendly welcome to Boston, and kindly wished me success in my undertaking.

A particular account of the Government in New-England would be foreign to my *Life and Errors*. Let it be enough to say, the Laws in force here against Immorality and Prophaneness are very severe. Witchcraft is punished with death, as it is well known; and Theft with restoring four-fold, if the Criminal be sufficient. An English-woman, admitting some unlawful freedoms from an Indian, was forced twelve months to wear upon her right-arm an Indian cut in red cloth.

He that trades with the inhabitants of Boston should be well furnished with a Grecian Faith; he may get promises enough, but their payments come late. However, under all the disadvantages of that kind, I was now resolved to run the risk of it; and, in order to promote the *Sale*, I made a visit to the Reverend Mr. *Increase Mather*, the Metropolitan Clergyman of that Country, and Rector of Harvard-College. He is master of a great stock of Learning, and a very eminent Divine. His Son, the Rev. Mr. *Cotton Mather*, was then upon finishing his "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," which has lately been published here in England. There is abundance of freedom and familiarity in the humour of this Gentleman. His Conversation and his Writings are living evidences that he has read much, but there are many that will not allow him the prudence to make a seasonable use of it. His Library is very large and numerous; but, had his Books been fewer when he wrote his "*History*," it would have pleased us better.

I was next to wait upon the Rev. Mr. *Willard*, Minister of the South Meeting in Boston. He is well furnished with Learning and solid notions; has a natural fluency of speech, and can say what he pleases.

Afterwards I went to visit the Rev. Mr. *Allen*. He is very humble and very rich, and can be generous enough when the humour is upon him. His Son was an eminent

Minister here in England, and deceased at Northampton. Mr. *Moody* was Assistant to Mr. Allen, and well known by his Practical Writings.

Leaving Mr. Allen's house, I went next to visit Mr. *John* and Mr. *Thomas Baily*. These two are popular Preachers, and very generous to strangers. I heard Mr. John upon these words, "Looking unto Jesus;" and I thought he spake like an Angel. They express a more than ordinary kindness to Mr. Wilkins, my Landlord, and (being persecuted in Limerick for their Nonconformity) came over with him from Ireland. Reader, I might be large in their character; but when I tell you they are true pictures of Dr. Annesley (whom they count a second St. Paul) it is as high as I need go.

The Sun being now gone to bed (for, though I was up before him, he got to his lodging first) I bid good night to these two Brothers, who gave me a hearty welcome to Boston, and assured me of all the service that lay in their power.

Having first paid my visits to the *Clergy* of Boston, and given a character of them; pray give me leave to ask my Brethren the *Booksellers* how they do, and that shall be all; for, though I know they love to be respected, yet at the same time I am satisfied that I am as welcome to them as *sour ale in summer*; for they look upon my gain to be their loss, and do make good the truth of that old proverb, that "Interest will not lie."

But I must begin my addresses to them.

"Mr. *Usher*, your humble Servant."—This Trader makes the best figure in Boston. He is very rich; adventures much to sea; but has got his estate by *Book-selling*. He proposed to me the buying my whole *Venture*, but would not agree to my terms; and so we parted with a great deal of seeming *respect*.

"Mr. *Philips*, my old Correspondent! It is reason I should make you the next visit."—He treated me with a noble dinner, and (if I may trust my eyes) is blest with a pretty obliging Wife. I will say that for Sam (after dealing with him for some hundred pounds) he is very just, and (as an effect of that) very thriving. I shall add to his character, that he is young and witty, and the most beautiful man in the town of Boston.

But, leaving Philips, I rambled next to visit *Minheer Brunning*.—He is a Dutch Bookseller from Holland, scrupulously just, plain in his cloaths, and if we will believe the Printers in Boston (who are notable Criticks in such cases) a most excellent Paymaster. Brunning is versed in the knowledge of all sorts of Books, and may well be styled a complete Bookseller. He never decries a Book because it is not of his own printing. There are some men that will run down the most elaborate pieces, only because they had none of their Midwifery to bring them into public view; and yet shall give the greatest encomiums to the most nauseous trash, when they had the hap to be concerned in it. But Brunning was none of these; for he would promote a good Book whoever printed it; and I found him a man of that great interest, that I made him my Partner in printing "Mr. Mather's Sermon, preached at the Execution of Morgan;" who was the only person executed in that country for near seven years.

From the Dutch, I went to the Scotch Bookseller, one *Duncan Campbell*.—He is very industrious, dresses à-la-mode, and I am told a young Lady of a great fortune is fallen in love with him.

Having visited all the Booksellers, I will next give an account of what *Acquaintance* I had in Boston.

I will begin with Mr. *Willy*, who fled thither on the account of conscience (and is Brother-in-law to the Reverend Mr. Baily).—He is a man of a large heart; one who, in relieving other's wants, considers not so much his own ability, as their necessity. This, *Monmouth's forlorn Fugitives* experienced often, to whom he was the common refuge.

The next I shall mention is Mr. *White*, a Merchant, who, by trading, has clasped Islands to the Continent, and tacked one country to another. His knowledge, both of men and things, is universal.

The next was Mr. *Green*, a Printer.—I contracted a great friendship with this man. To name his Trade, will convince the world he was a man of good sense and understanding. He was so facetious and obliging in his conversation, that I took a great delight in his company,

and made use of his house, to while away my melancholy hours.

Another of my acquaintance was Captain *Gery*, a man as eminent for his Love to his Country, as Junius Brutus and the famous Scævola among the Romans.

Another of them was *George Monk*, a person so remarkable, that, had I not been acquainted with him, it would be a hard matter to make any New-England man believe that I had been in Boston. There was no house in Boston more noted than George Monk's, or where a man might meet with better entertainment. He was so much the life and spirit of the Guests that came to his house, that it was almost impossible not to be cheerful in his company.

Another was Captain *Townsend*, a gentleman very courteous and affable in his conversation.

I might here ramble to Mr. *Jollyff*, Justice *Lines*, *Macarty*, and some others; but, lest I tire you quite, I will come next to a distinct head, which shall be those of my *Countrymen* that have rambled into this country as well as myself, such of them, I mean, as I came acquainted with in the course of my business.

And these were, first, Mr. *Mortimer*, who came from Ireland. He was an accomplished Merchant, a person of great modesty, and could answer the most abstruse points in Algebra, Navigation, Dialling, &c.

The next to these was Mr. *King*. Love was the cause of this Gentleman's long ramble hither. Sure his Mistress was made of stone, for King had a voice would have charmed the Spheres. He sang "All hail to the Myrtle Shade," with a matchless grace; and might be called an accomplished person.

Another acquaintance was Mr. *York*. He had his soft minutes as well as other men; and when he unbent the bow (for he was very industrious) he treated the Fair Sex with so much courtship and address, as if Loving had been all his Trade.

The next I will mention shall be *Andrew Thorncomb*, Bookseller from London. His company was coveted by the best Gentlemen in Boston: nor is he less acceptable to the Fair Sex; for he has something in him so ex-

tremely charming, as makes them very fond of his company. However, he is a virtuous person, and deserves all the respect they shewed him. He visited me often in Boston, and I here declare I have a particular kindness for him.

Another acquaintance was Mr. *Heath*. Were I to write the character of a pious Merchant, I would as soon take Heath for the exemplar as any man I know. There are two things remarkable in him : one is, that he never warrants any ware for good, but what is so indeed ; and the other, that he makes no advantage of his Chapman's ignorance, where the conscience of the Seller is all the skill of the Buyer. He doth not then so much ask, as order what he must pay ; and in such cases he ought to be very scrupulous. Bishop Latimer being told he was cozened in buying a knife ; " No," replied Latimer, " he cozened not me, but his own conscience." This person was my daily visitor ; and brought me acquainted with one *Gore*, of New-York, with whom I traded considerably.

Mr. *Watson* shall be the next ; formerly a Merchant in London ; but, not thriving there, he left the Exchange for Westminster-hall ; and in Boston is become as dextrous at splitting of Causes, as if he had been bred to it. He is full of fancy, and knows the quirks of the Law ; but, to do him justice, he proves as *honest* as the best Lawyer of them all.

The next is Mr. *C——k*, a young Beau, that boasts of more villainy than ever he committed. However, as he bought a great many Books, I cannot disown my acquaintance with him. And I here publish his matchless impudence, in hopes to shame him into better morals.

Another acquaintance is Mr. *Mason* ; he was a blunt, honest Christian. He will speak his mind, take it how you please. I remember once that, going to visit a Lady in Boston, she told him, " she was glad to see him, but sorry that he came at such a time, when her house was dirty." To which Mason only replied, " Why, pr'ythee, when was it otherwise ?" This blunt expression (which perhaps carried too much truth in it) the Lady took as a great affront ; but it was all one to Mason, who still

spake as he thought, let his friends take it how they pleased.

The next I will mention shall be Mr. *Malinson*. He is a stiff Independent (which is rare in a *Fencer*); and so great a Critick, that he would even find a *knot* in a Bull-rush. *Malinson* was one of those unfortunate Gentlemen that engaged with Monmouth; and I am told this day at the Royal Exchange, he now teaches young Gentlemen to fence in Boston, &c.

But it is time now to descend to my *particular Friends*, (who, though the last named, yet, being such, will the more readily pardon it); for, though I had Acquaintance with most of the considerable Traders in Boston, yet *particular Friendships* are necessary, for several reasons; and, if we will believe the Wisest of Men, ought to be preferred, not only before *Acquaintance*, but *Relations*; and that for a good reason too, even because they are nearer; “for,” says he, “there is a Friend that is nearer than a Brother.” And the truth is, though it is good to have the respect of all, and to live generally beloved, yet every man has his *particular* wants, which he finds it necessary to communicate to some *particular Friend*; for a secret is safely lodged in the bosom of one person, which is many times improper to be communicated to one more—at least not to several: so that a solid and true Friendship, founded upon Virtue and sincere Religion (which are the only ligaments that will make it hold) is the greatest happiness of human life. How pleasant is it to communicate our misfortunes to a Friend, who will both alleviate our griefs, and sympathize with us in our sorrows! And even our joys themselves, unless imparted to a Friend, swell to that height that they prove dangerous, and often fatal. But, I confess, such *particular Friends* are hard to be found, though such there are; for former ages afford us a David and a Jonathan, a Pylades and Orestes, who were willing to die for each other. And our present times may boast of a Reynholds and a Whitlock, of a Larkin and a Dunton.

But, notwithstanding these instances of remarkable Friendships, yet a pair of true Friends are seldomer to be found than a club of knaves, or a herd of brutes agree-

ing together; yet, though I now find no such creatures in England*, I was so happy as to find *particular Friends* in Boston, whose characters I shall next give you, and I will begin with

Dr. *Oakes*. He is an eminent Physician, and a religious man. At his first coming to a Patient, he persuades him to put his trust in God, the Fountain of Health. The want of this bath caused the bad success of most Physicians, for they that will not acknowledge God in all their applications, God will not acknowledge them in that success which they might otherwise expect. He was a great Dissenter whilst he lived in London, and even in New-England retains the piety of the first Planters. I was recommended to him by Mr. Gillon (as also by a Relation of his in Ratcliff); and I must own the Doctor gave me a generous welcome to Boston.

From Dr. *Oakes* I pass to my good Friend, Dr. *Bullivant*, formerly my fellow citizen in London; I must consider him both as a Gentleman and a Physician. As a Gentleman, he came of a noble Family; but his good qualities exceeded his birth. He is a great master of the English Tongue, and the Northampton people find him a universal Scholar. His knowledge of the Laws fitted him for the office of Attorney-General, which was conferred upon him on the Revolution in Boston. It is true he sought it not; but New-England knew his worth, and even forced him to accept of it.

While he held this place of Attorney-General, he was so far from pushing things to that extremity as some hot spirits would have had him, that he was for accommodating things, and making peace. His eloquence is admirable; he never speaks but it is a sentence; and no man ever clothed his thoughts in better words. I shall next consider him as a Physician. His skill in Pharmacy was such as had no equal in Boston (nor perhaps Northampton). He is as intimate with Galen and Hippocrates (at least with their Works) as ever I was with Iris. He is so conversant with the great variety of Nature, that not a Drug or Simple escapes his knowledge; so that he never practises new experiments upon his Patients, ex-

* As I hinted in page 85.

cept it be in desperate cases, where death must be expelled by death. This also is praise-worthy in him, that to the *poor* he always prescribes cheap but wholesome medicines; not curing them of a consumption in their bodies, and sending it into their purses, nor yet directing them to the East-Indies to look for Drugs, when they may have far better out of their Gardens. I would enlarge, but Dr. Bullivant is my *particular Friend*, and I am loth to offend his modesty; so I proceed, in the next place, to

Mr. *Gouge*, a Linen-draper from London (Son to the charitable Divine of that name). He is owner of a deal of wit; his brain is a quiver of smart jests. He pretends to live a Bachelor, but is no enemy to a pretty woman: He is High-Church; yet so great a lover of his Father's "Christian Directions," that he bought two hundred of me to give away, that so he might (as he used to say) "make the Bostonians godly." And this was a noted quality in him, that he would always tell the truth; which is a practice so uncommon in New-England, that I could not but value his friendship.

But I must not forget Mr. *Tryon*. He is a man of a sweet temper, an excellent Husband, and very sincere in his dealings.

The next I shall mention is Mr. *Barnes*. He was Clerk to the Government, a matchless Accomptant, a great Musician, bookish to a Proverb, very generous to strangers, and at our first interview, declared a particular friendship to me.

But perhaps, Reader, you will ask whether I had not my *soft hours* in Boston as well as other men; or, in plain terms, "whether I only was for a friendship with my own sex?" I answer, "No, for I ever thought Women as fit for friendship as Men. And I loved Iris too well, ever to run astray:

"My honesty guards me from amorous treason;
And, if Iris be jealous, I am sure she has no reason."

The principal and most distinct scenes in which a Woman can act a part are, either as a Virgin, a Wife, or a Widow; and in these three capacities you will find my Female Friends in Boston: for the *Damsel* (one eminently

known by that name) was a Virgin; Mrs. Green, a *Wife*; and Madam Brick, a *Widow*; and Mrs. Toy, *Party per pale*, as the Heralds say, half Wife, half Widow; her Husband, a Captain, being now at sea.

I shall first speak of the *Damsel*, for Virginity is first in order of time; and, if we will take St. Paul's judgment, in respect of excellency also, 1 Cor. vii. In the primitive times, Virginity had a particular Coronet of Glory belonging to it; and the Roman Vestals had extraordinary privileges allowed them by the State. In the Papal Church there is a Religious Order of Virgins they call *Nuns*; but, though there be not among us such societies, yet there may be *Nuns* which are not professed; and such I esteem my friend the *Damsel*, for she "devoted her heart to God;" and perhaps this was more acceptable to Him, than if her presumption had made her more positive, and engaged her in a Vow that she was not sure to perform. It is true, an *old* (or superannuated) Maid in Boston is thought such a curse, as nothing can exceed it (and looked on as a *dismal spectacle*); yet she, by her good-nature, gravity, and strict virtue, convinces all (so much as the fleeing Beaus) that it is not her necessity, but her choice, that keeps her a Virgin. She is now about thirty years (the age which they call a *Thornback*), yet she never disguises herself, and talks as little as she thinks of Love. She never reads any Plays or Romances, goes to no Balls, or Dancing-match, as they do who go (to such Fairs) in order to meet with Chapmen. Her looks, her speech, her whole behaviour, are so very chaste, that but once (at Governor's Island, where we went to be merry at roasting a hog) going to kiss her, I thought she would have blushed to death. Indeed, the very name of *Virgin* imports a most critical niceness in that point. Every indecent curiosity, or impure fancy, is a deflowering of the mind, and gives some degree of defilement to the body too. She that listens to lewd talk has defiled her ears; she that speaks any, her tongue; and every wanton glance leaves a stain behind; so that nothing is more nice and delicate than a maiden virtue. Our *Damsel* knowing this, her conversation is generally amongst the Women (as there is least danger from that sex), so that I found it no easy matter to enjoy her com-

pany; for most of her time (save what was taken up in needle-work, and learning French, &c.) was spent in Religious Worship. She knew Time was a dressing-room for Eternity; and therefore reserves most of her hours for better uses than those of the Comb, the Toilet, and the Glass.

Having spoken of the *Damsel's modesty*, &c. I shall say something of her *matchless obedience*. And here I shall tell you she thinks it as much her interest as her duty to observe her Parents' commands. Her obedience extends itself to all things that are either good or indifferent, and has no clause of exception but only where the command is unlawful. I have known her scruple to go to Roxbury (not a mile from Boston) without her Father's consent. But now-a-days she that goes with her Parent (unless it be a Parent as wild as herself) thinks she does but walk abroad with her Gaoler. But the right of the Parent is so undoubted, that we find God himself gives way to it, and will not suffer the most holy pretence, no, not that of a Vow, to invade it, as we see in Numbers xxx. How will He then resent it, to have this Law violated upon the impulse of a gay passion, and an amorous fancy? Neither did I ever know a Child in my life that married against his Parents' consent (and I have known several) but the curse of God has followed either them or their offspring. Let all Virgins, therefore, bestow themselves with their Parents' leave, that they may not only have their benediction, but *God's*. And I am sure this is most agreeable to the *Virgin modesty*, which should make Marriage an act rather of their obedience than their choice. And they that think their Friends too *slow-paced* in the matter give certain proof that lust is the sole motive. But, as the *Damsel* I have been describing would neither anticipate nor contradict the will of her Parents, so, I do assure you, she is against *forcing* her own, by marrying where she cannot love; and that is the reason she is still a *Virgin*.

Thus, Reader, having characterized my *Virgin Friend*, I shall shift the scene, and give you the picture of the best of *Wives* (Iris still excepted). This is another of my Friends, with whom I used to spend some of my leisure hours; and when you hear her character, you

would wonder indeed if her Husband was jealous.—The person whose character I am going to give is Mrs. Green, a Printer's Wife in Boston.

A Wife is the next change that a Virgin can lawfully make, and draws many other relations after it, which Mrs. Green was sensible of; for I have heard her say, "that, when she married Mr. Green, she espoused his obligations also; and wherever her Husband, either by ties of Nature, or squeezing of Wax, owed either Money or Love, she esteemed herself to be no less a Debtor." She knew her Marriage was an adoption into his Family, and therefore paid to every branch of it what their respective stations required. She is sensible that the duty of her place has several aspects. First, as it relates to her Husband's person, and next to his Relations, and thirdly to his fortune. As to his person, she well enough knew, that the great duty of a Wife is *Love*. Love was the reason that she married him; for she knew, where Love is wanting, it is but the carcase of a Marriage. It was her study, therefore, to preserve this flame of Love, that, like the Vestal Fire, it never might go out; and therefore she took care to guard it from all those things that might extinguish it. Mrs. Green knew very well how fatal Jealousy had been to many; and therefore, as she took care never to harbour it in her own breast, so she was nicely careful never to give her Husband the least umbrage for it. She knew, should she give way to jealousy, she should not only lose her ease, but run the hazard of parting also with somewhat of her innocence; for jealousy is very apt to muster up the forces of our irascible part to abet its quarrel. Another debt that Mrs. Green was sensible she owed, and was careful to pay to her Husband, was *Fidelity*. She knew that, as she had espoused his interests, so she ought to be true to them, keep all his secrets, inform him of his dangers, and in a mild and gentle manner admonish him of his faults. And this she knew (how ill soever many take it) is one of the most genuine acts of Faithfulness; and to be wanting in it would be a failure in her duty. And she was sensible that, if she did not do it, she should be unfaithful to herself; as well knowing nothing does so much secure the happiness of a Wife, as the virtue and

piety of her Husband. But Matrimonial Fidelity has a special relation to the Marriage-bed; and in this Mrs. Green was so severely scrupulous, that she would never suffer any light expressions or wanton discourse in her company; and this was so remarkable in her, that, there being an invitation of several persons to a Gentleman's house in Boston, and some that were invited resolving to be very merry; one of the company made this an objection, "that Mrs. Green would be there, which would spoil their mirth." To which another wild spark in the company replied, "It is but speaking two or three indecent words, and she will be gone presently." Another thing that was very remarkable in Mrs. Green was her obedience to her Husband, to whose will she was so exactly observant, that he could not be more ready to command, than she was to obey; and when some of his commands seemed not to be so kind as she might have expected, she would not only obey them, but wisely dissemble the unkindness of them, as knowing, where men have not wholly put off humanity, there is a native compassion to a meek sufferer. She was also extremely tender of her Husband's reputation, setting his worth in the clearest light, putting his infirmities (for where is the man that lives without them?) in the shade. And as she was this way tender of his reputation, so she was also in another respect more particularly relating to herself; for, knowing that the misbehaviour of the Wife reflects upon the Husband, she took care to abstain even from all appearance of evil, and resolved to be (what Cæsar desired of his Wife) not only free from fault, but from all suspicion of it. But Mrs. Green was not only a loving, a faithful, and an obedient Wife, but an industrious Wife too; managing that part of his business which he had deputed to her, with so much application and dexterity as if she had never come into the House; and yet so managed her House as if she had never gone into the Warehouse. The Emperor Augustus himself scarce wore any thing but what was the manufacture of his Wife, his Sister, his Daughter, or his Nieces. Should our gay English ladies, those "lilies of our fields, which neither sow nor spin, nor gather into barns," be exempted from furnishing others, and only left to cloath them-

selves, it is to be doubted they would reverse our Saviour's parallel of Solomon's glories, and "no Beggar in all his rags would be arrayed like one of these."

But Mrs. Green followed the example of Solomon's virtuous Wife, who "riseth while it is yet night, giving meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens:" and as she is a good Wife to her Husband, so is she also a good Mother to her Children, whom she brings up with that sweetness and facility as is admirable, not keeping them at too great a distance, as some do, thereby discouraging their good parts; nor by an *over-fondness* (a fault most Mothers are guilty of) betraying them into a thousand inconveniences, which oftentimes proves fatal to them.

In brief, she takes care of their education, and whatever else belongs to them; so that Mr. Green enjoys the comfort of his Children, without knowing any thing of the trouble of them.—Nor is she less a good Mistress than a good Mother; treating her Servants with that love and gentleness as if she were their Mother; taking care both of their Souls and Bodies, and not letting them want any thing necessary for either. I one day told her, that "I believed she was an extraordinary Wife; but Mr. Green was so good a Man, she could not well be otherwise." To which she answered, "that she had so good a Husband, was her mercy; but, had her Husband been as bad a man as any in the world, her duty would have been the same, and so she hoped her practice should have been too." Which, as it is a great truth, it wants to be more known and practised.

And thus, Reader, I have given you the character of another of my Female Friends in Boston, and in her the character of a good Wife. I have only to add, that these virtues are all found in my dear Iris, as it were in a *New Edition*, more correct and enlarged; or, rather, Iris is that bright original which all good Wives should imitate. Then no wonder I name her so often; when to think of her is my business, my life, my every thing.

But, having given a farewell to Mrs. Green, I shall next present you with the character of the Widow *Brick*, the very flower of Boston. That of a Widow is the next state or change that can succeed to that of Mar-

ge; and I have chosen my friend the Widow Brick, an exemplar, to shew you what a Widow is. The widow Brick is a Gentlewoman whose *Head* (i. e. her husband) has been cut off, and yet she lives and walks. It do not be frighted; for she is flesh and blood still, I perhaps some of the *finest* that you ever saw. She sufficiently evidenced that her Love to her late Husband is as strong as Death, because Death has not been able to extinguish it. Her grief for his death was such became her, great but moderate; not like a hasty shower, but a still rain: she knew nothing of those tragical furies wherewith some women seem transported towards their dead Husbands: those frantic embraces and kisses of a carcass betray a little too much the sensibility of their love; such violent passions quickly spend themselves, and seem rather to vanish than consume. But Madam Brick grieved more moderately, and more fittingly. I always observed that, whenever she spoke of her Husband, it was in the most endearing manner. Nor would she ever mention him, without paying the tribute of a tear to his memory. She set such a value on her reason to her Husband, as to do nothing that might seem unworthy of it. Historians inform us, that it was the great charge of Augustus to the Empress Livia, "Behave thyself well, and remember our marriage." Madam Brick had yet another way of expressing the value she set for Mr. Brick; and that is, by the kindness she showed to the Children which he left behind him, which were only two. As to their education, she took care that they might have that learning that was proper for them; but above all, that they might be furnished with ingenious and virtuous principles, founded on the fear of God. Neither did she suffer her pious behaviour to be cut off with her *Widow's veil*, but made it the constant dress both of her *widowhood* and *life*; and, as a consequence hereof, she became a member of Mr. Allen's congregation; and lived a life of sincere piety; and yet so far from *sourness* either in her countenance or conversation, that nothing was ever more sweet or agreeable; making it evident that piety did not consist in moroseness, nor sincere devotion in a supercilious carriage. Was the *vitals* of Religion that she minded, and not

forms and modes; and if she found the power of it in her heart, she did not think herself obliged to such a *starchedness* of carriage as is usual amongst the Bostonians. Nor was her piety and devotion barren, but fruitful, and abounding in the works of Charity; and whenever I went to visit her, she would be always discoursing of the things of Heaven. — To conclude her character: The *beauty* of her person, the *sweetness* and affability of her temper, the *gravity* of her carriage, and her exalted *piety*, gave me so just a value for her, that Mrs. Green would often say, "Should Iris die (which Heaven forbid!) there is none was fit to succeed her, but Madam Brick." But Mrs. Green was partial, for my poor pretences to virtue would never have answered to her towering heights. It is true, Madam Brick did me the honour to treat me very kindly at her house, and to admit me often into her conversation; but I am sure our friendship was all Platonic—(so Angels loved), and full as innocent as that of the Philosopher who gave it the name; but, if Plato was not very much wronged, he never loved virtue so refinedly as to like to court her so passionately in a foul or homely habitation, as he did in those that were more beautiful and lovely; and this sufficiently justifies my friendship to Madam Brick, and her spotless innocence in accepting of it.

Thus, Reader, I have given you the character of another of my friends of the fair sex in Boston; and leave you to judge whether or no she deserve the title of "The Flower of Boston," which at first I gave her.

But can I forget Mrs. *Toy*? She is another of my friends, and one that I am proud of having so; for she is an epitome of the other three. She has the bashfulness and modesty of the *Damsel*; the love and fidelity of Mrs. Green the *Wife*; and the piety and sweetness of the *Widow* Brick. But perhaps you will ask me (if she is neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow,) what I call her?

"Is she a Maid?"—"What man can answer that?"

"Or Widow?"—"No."—"What then?"—"I know not what.

Saint-like she looks; a Syren, if she sing;

Her Eyes are Stars; her Mind is every thing."

And now, Sir Daniel, I suppose you will give some grains of allowance to Sir John; for I believe such fe-

males as these would set even a gentleman of *more reformation* a-longing for further acquaintance with them, without making it a crime.—But perhaps you will say, “Are all your *Female Friends* persons of such exalted worth, and had you none of a coarser alloy?”—I answer, “My Friends are such as I have here recited; but I had Acquaintance with several persons of a *far different character*; for all sorts of persons came to my warehouse to buy books, according to their several inclinations; and I will give you the characters of some of them.

I will begin with Mrs. *Ab——l* (a person of quality); a well-wisher to the Mathematics; a young Proficient, but willing to learn, and therefore came to inquire for “The School of Venus.” She was one of the first that posed me, in asking for a Book I could not help her to. I told her, however, I had “The School of Virtue,” but that was a Book she had no occasion for. Her love is a blank, wherein she writes the next man that tenders his affection. And yet she has a strange affected kind of Coyness; which yet differs from Modesty as much as Hemlock from Parsley. She will deny common favours, because they are too small to be granted. She will part with all or none; and it is easier to obtain from her the last favour in private, than a kiss in public. Yet, bad as she is, for her Father’s sake I hope she will live to repent.

Another of my *female acquaintance* (for so they would be, whether I would or no) was Mrs. *F——y*, who had the Case of a Gentlewoman, but little else to shew she was a Rational Creature, besides Speech and Laughter. When I first saw her, I was not long to guess what she was, for Nature had hung out the sign of Simplicity in her face. When she came into my Warehouse, I wondered what Book she intended to buy. At last I perceived she intended to buy none, because she knew not what to ask for; yet she took up several, looked in them, and laid them down again. Perceiving her simplicity, I asked her in joke, whether she would not buy the History of Tom Thumb? She told me “Yes.” Upon which I asked her whether she would have it in folio, with marginal notes? To which she only said, “The best, the best.”

The next I shall mention is Mrs. *D——*, who has a bad

face, and a worse tongue; and has the report of a Witch. Whether she be one or no, I know not, but she has ignorance and malice enough to make her one. And indeed she has done very odd things, but hitherto such as are rather strange than hurtful; yea, some of them are pretty and pleasing; but such as I think cannot be done without the help of the Devil—as for instance, she will take nine sticks, and lay them across, and, by mumbling a few words, make them all stand up on end like a pair of nine-pins. But she had best have a care, for they that use the Devil's help to make sport, may quickly come to do mischief. I have been told by some, that she has actually indentured with the Devil; and that he is to do what she would have him for a time, and afterwards he is to have her soul in exchange! What pains poor wretches take to make sure of Hell!

The next is *Doll S——r*, who used to come often to my Warehouse, and would plague my man Palmer more than all my customers besides. Her life is a perpetual contradiction; and she is made up of “I will,” and “I will not.” “Palmer, reach me that book, yet let it alone too; but let me see it, however, and yet it is no great matter neither;” was her constant dialect in my Warehouse. She is very fantastical; but cannot be called irresolute; for an irresolute person is always beginning, and she never makes an end; she writes, and blots out again, whilst the other deliberates what to write. I know two negatives make an affirmative; but what her *aye* and *no* together makes, I know not; nor what to make of it, but that she knows not what to make of it herself. Her Head is just like a Squirrel's cage, and her Mind the Squirrel that whirls it round. She never looks towards the end, but only the beginning of things; for she will call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long, nay *die*, for some toy or trifle; and when she has got it, grows weary of it presently. None knows where to have her a moment; and whosoever would hit her thoughts, must shoot flying.

The next is *Mrs. H——*, who takes as much state upon her as would have served six of Queen Elizabeth's Countesses; and yet she is no Lady neither, unless it be of pleasure; yet she looks high, and speaks in a ma-

jestic tone, like one acting the Queen's part in a Play. She seldom appears twice in a shape ; but every time she goes abroad, puts on a different garb. Had she been with the Israelites in the Wilderness, when for forty years their cloaths waxed not old, it had been punishment enough for her to have gone so long in *one fashion*. But, should this rustling Madam be stripped of her silken plumes, she would make but a very ordinary figure ; for, to hide her age, she paints ; and, to hide her painting, dares hardly laugh ; whence she has two counterfeit vizards to put off every night, her *painting* and her *modesty*. She was a good Customer to me, and whilst I took her money, I humoured her pride, and paid her (I blush to say it) a mighty observance. The chief books she bought were Plays and Romances ; which to set off the better, she would ask for books of *Gallantry*.

The next is Mrs. *T*——, whose tongue runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another, for there is no end of it. She makes more noise and jangling than the bells do on a Coronation-day. It is somebody's happiness that she is yet unmarried, for she would make a Husband wish either that she were *dumb*, or he were *deaf*. She used to come to my Warehouse, not to buy books (for she talked so much, she had no time to read), but that others might hear her talk ; so that (I am apt to think) had she but the faculty of talking in her sleep, one might make *the Perpetual Motion* with her tongue.

And thus, Reader, I have given you the humours of a far different sort of Ladies from the former ; and if I have given you *six* of these for *four* of the other, you must remember there are *two Vices for one Virtue*. I have not set their names down at length, because there is a possibility of their being *reformed*, and so I would not expose them ; though they are as well known in Boston as if they had been named particularly.

About this time arrived the *Rose* frigate from England, with a new Charter, procured by one Randal, which gave Major Dudley the title of *President*, and the Magistrates were now changed into *Counsellors*.

Parson *Ratchiffe* came over with the Charter ; and on Lord's-days read the Common Prayer in his surplice, and preached in the Town-house.

Mr. Ratcliffe was an eminent Preacher, and his Sermons were useful and well-dressed. I was once or twice to hear him; and it was noised about, that Dr. Annesley's Son-in-law was turned Apostate. But I could easily forgive them, in regard the Common Prayer and the Surplice were Religious Novelties in New England.

To return to my own affairs: The Booksellers in Boston perceived I was very diligent to bring custom to my Warehouse, and thereupon began to make terms with me for my whole *Venture*; but that would not do for me, because there is the loss of thirty *per cent.* in the return of their money. The Books I had with me were most of them Practical, and well suited to the genius of New England, so that, my Warehouse being opened, they began to move apace. Palmer, my Apprentice, was very honest and diligent; took the whole charge of my business off my hands, and left me to *ramble* and divert myself as my fancy would suggest. And a man unemployed is commonly in mischief, you know; and so it happened with me. The Reader will scarce give credit to it, that I turned *Fortune-teller*, when I had nothing to do; but the matter was really so. Mr. Wilkins's daughter led me into this intrigue. At that time Madam *Whitemore*, a young lady of her acquaintance, was almost run distracted with love, and I was let into the whole affair *before-hand*; and it now came into my head, that it was usual with the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos to reveal the secrets of Fate in verse, and thereupon I resolved to take the same method, and accordingly prepared myself with all imaginable dispatch. Immediately after came the young Lady, very big with expectation; and the company retiring, she began her discourse — "Sir, I am informed that you are a learned person, and, by your skill in Books, can tell things to come; and there is something now depending, wherein the happiness of my life is very much concerned—The case is this.—"

"Madam," said I, "I know what it is" (for I was afraid she would have gone too far, and have spoiled my *fortune-telling*); and then, in a magisterial tone, I delivered myself thus:

"MADAM,

Neither of Fortune nor of Love complain,
 For Love and Fortune both your Friends will prove :
 Though his indifference causes now your pain,
 You shall at last enjoy the Man you love.
 'Tis true, he does a wand'ring Star adore,
 Which makes a pretty twinkling in the skies ;
 Yet your own charms shall his lost love restore,
 For Stars must vanish when the Sun does rise.
 You in his heart have the ascendant now :
 He only means to try your constancy ;
 And, when he finds you faithful to your vow,
 For pardon at your feet he'll prostrate lie.
 But see you be n't too haughty and severe,
 When like the prodigal he does return ;
 Love feeds on smiles, but frowns would give despair,
 And quench those fires which else would flame and burn.
 But, if your conquest o'er him you'd improve,
 What you shall gain by Beauty, keep by Love."

When I had finished, I made the Lady a *Ghostly bow*, which she very obligingly returned ; with many thanks or the trouble she had given me. "She was very much surprized," she told me, "to hear her case so exactly represented ;" and assured me, "the Gentleman had left her no power to give him any ill usage, whenever she thought fit to become her humble servant again." He would have presented me a *pair of gloves* ; which I refused to accept, only desiring "she would keep the matter secret ; in regard I was very much averse to lay out my *talent* that way, unless there was a prospect of doing good." She said, "She could not be so ungrateful as to disoblige me in any kind." However, the satisfaction she received was too hot to be kept in her own breast : she discovered it to several of her own companions, who were very solicitous to foreknow their own fortunes in the world. But I refused to meddle any more, for the reputation of a *Conjurer* is not so desirable. I acknowledge this frolick to be one of the *Errors* of my Life. The young Lady, I suppose, might be kept awhile from despair by it ; but that does not justify the folly of it.

But from Love I must make a transition to Arms. And could you think that Philaret (after the story of the

Ruffles *) would ever make a *Soldier*? Yet so it fell out; for it is their custom here for all that can bear arms, to go out on a Training-day; but I thought a Pike was best for a young Soldier, and so I carried a Pike. And between you and I, Reader, there was another reason for it too, and that was, I knew not how to shoot off a musket. But it was the first time I ever was in arms; which, though I tell the Reader, I had no need to tell to my *fellow soldiers*, for they knew it well enough, by my awkward handling of them—for I was as unacquainted with the terms of military discipline, as a wild Irishman, whom I have heard they used to discipline at first by putting Bread in one pocket and Cheese in another, and then bidding them turn to their Bread, and turn to their Cheese—instead of bidding them turn to the Right and Left, as is usual, which they did not understand.—Being come into the Field, the Captain called us all into our *close order*, in order to go to Prayer, and then prayed himself. And when our Exercise was done, the Captain likewise concluded with Prayer. I have read that Gustavus Adolphus, the warlike King of Sweden, would, before the beginning of a battle, kneel down devoutly at the head of his army, and pray to God (the Giver of Victory) to give them success against their Enemies, which commonly was the event; and that he was as careful also to return thanks to God for the Victory. But solemn Prayer in the field, upon a day of Training, I never knew but in New England, where, it seems, it is a common custom. About three o'clock, both our Exercise and Prayers being over, we had a very noble dinner, to which all the Clergy were invited.

Some time after I took a trip to *New-Town*, called *Cambridge*, in regard it is the seat of Harvard-College. This University took its rise from very small beginnings. There were four hundred pounds raised for that purpose, in a Court held at Boston, September 8, 1630. But that which put new life into this design, about eight years after, was the gift of seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds, seventeen shillings, and two pence, in the last will of the Rev. Mr. John Harvard, after whom it has the name of *Harvard-College*.

* See before, page 88.

The Library of this College is very considerable, being well furnished both with Books and Mathematical Instruments. Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Maynard, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Joseph Hill, were Benefactors to it; and the Rev. Mr. Theophilus Gale left his whole Library for that use. Mr. *Cotton*, one of the Fellows of the College, gave me the invitation to Cambridge, by whose means I sold several Books to the Students there.

My next *ramble* was to Roxbury, in order to visit the Rev. Mr. *Elliot*, the great Apostle of the Indians. He was pleased to receive me with abundance of respect; and inquired very kindly after Dr. Annesley, my Father-in-law, and then broke out with a world of seeming satisfaction, "Is my brother Annesley yet alive? Is he yet converting souls to God? Blessed be God for this information before I die." He presented me with twelve Indian Bibles, and desired me to bring one of them over to Dr. Annesley; as also with twelve "Speeches of converted Indians," which himself had published.

Summer was now well advanced. However, my time did not lie much upon my hands; for, upon my return from Roxbury, I found several of my Friends making ready for a journey to Natick. Every summer there is an Indian Lecture preached there, which has been kept on foot ever since the Rev. Mr. Elliot gathered a Church there of the converted Natives. I was glad of the opportunity to acquaint myself with the manners, religion, and government, of the Indians. When we were setting forward, I was forced, out of civility and gratitude, to take Madam Brick behind me on horseback. It is true she was the Flower of Boston; but, in this case, proved no more than a *beautiful sort of luggage* to me.

We had about twenty miles to Natick, where the best accommodations we could meet with were very coarse. We tied up our horses in two old barns, that were almost laid in ruins; however, we could discern where they had stood formerly. But there was no place where we could bestow ourselves, unless upon the greensward, till the Lecture began. The wigwams, or Indian houses, are no more than so many tents, and their way of building them is this: They first take long poles, and make them fast in the ground, and then cover them with mats on the out-

side, which they tie to the poles. Their fire-place is made in the middle; and they leave a little hole upon the top uncovered with the mats, which serves for a chimney. Their doors are usually two, and made opposite to each other, which they open or shut according as the wind sits; and these are either made of mats, or of the barks of trees. While we were making such discoveries as these, we were informed that the Sachim, or the Indian King, and his Queen, were there. The place, it is true, did not look like the Royal residence; however, we could easily believe the report, and went immediately to visit their King and Queen. And here my courage did not fail as when I wanted my *Ruffles**; for I stepped up and kissed the Indian Queen, making her two very low bows, which she returned very civilly. The Sachim was very tall, and well-limbed; but had no beard, and a sort of a horse-face. The Queen was well-shaped, and her features might pass pretty well; she had eyes as black as jet, and teeth as white as ivory; her hair was very black and long, and she was considerably up in years; her dress peculiar, she had sleeves of moose-skin, very finely dressed, and drawn with lines of various colours, in Asiatic work, and her buskins were of the same sort; her mantle was of fine blue cloth, but very short, and tied about her shoulders, and at the middle with a zone curiously wrought with white and blue beads into pretty figures. Her bracelets and her necklace were of the same sort of beads; and she had a little tablet upon her breast, very finely decked with jewels and precious stones. Her hair was combed back, and tied up with a border, which was neatly worked both with gold and silver.

The Indian Government is Monarchical; but, when the Dominions stretch farther than the Royal Sceptre can well reach, they are governed by a Viceroy, who is almost as absolute as the Prince himself. In matters of difficulty, the Sachim sits in Council with his Nobles, where their affairs are sedately weighed, and the Prince has a *negative voice*. Their Crown descends always upon the eldest son; and the females do not govern, unless

the male-line be extinct. The Sachim has under him some subordinate Governors, or Protectors, which supply the places of magistrates and judges; and the common subjects fly to these, when there is any injustice done them.

Their Nobles are such as are descended from the Blood-royal; or those to whom the Sachim has given Titles, with some part of his own Dominions; otherwise they are such as have been esteemed so down a long tract of time.

Their Yeomen are those that have not the least signature of Nobility upon them, and yet are esteemed to have a natural right to protection, so long as they keep themselves loyal to their Prince, and live within his dominions. They are distinguished by two names; one signifies *Subjection*, and the other a *Tiller* of the land.

They have another class of subjects, which are reckoned something inferior to the *Yeomen*; and they are either *Strangers*, or the sons of *Foreigners* whose progenitors came among them some time ago; for, though they keep no records, yet the tradition that goes current among them is esteemed to be authentic enough. These *Foreigners* are abridged of some rights and privileges that belong to common subjects; and are not suffered so much as to attend the Prince in Hunting, &c. unless they are invited.

The Indian Sachims have no other Revenue than Presents, which are offered at the pleasure of the Subject; and these presents are not looked upon as a matter of mere kindness, but as they proceed from a principle of loyalty, and obligation, upon the account of protection, &c.

Sea-wrecks, and the skins of all beasts that are slain in water, are Royalties that belong to the Crown. And the Sachim has no necessity for more; in regard if he makes War, both his Subjects and their estates lie entirely at his own disposal. However, this piece of tyranny is carried on by consent; for the Sachim does not engage himself in War without the consent of his Subjects; and they are usually much averse to it, unless it be upon the last extremity.

There is a sort of grandeur, though it does not swell

to excess, in all the Indian Courts. The Royal Families, and their attendants, are well clothed with the skins of Moose, Deer, Beaver, Bear, &c. and their tables are richly furnished with Flesh, Fish, Roots, Fruits, Beans, and Berries, which their Subjects almost load them with, according as they come in season.

It is usual, in their punishments, for the Sachim to whip, or put to death, with his own hand; unless a mutiny be suspected, and then the Sachim sends one of his chiefest Warriors, as a private executioner, to do the business in secret; but the Subjects are wonderfully resigned to the pleasure of their Prince in such cases.

But to return to the thread of history. When we had made our visit to the Indian King and Queen, we went to the Meeting-place, where the Lecture was preached by Mr. Cookins, upon that subject, "It is appointed unto men once to die; and after that, the judgement." The doctrine, I remember, was this, 'that Death is the unavoidable lot of all men.' Under this proposition he shewed them the necessity of dying, and the vast consequences that must follow upon it. The application was full of persuasions to them to make a speedy preparation for Death, which were supported with the very different motives of happiness or misery in the life to come.

The poor Indians were very much affected, and seemed to hang upon his lips.

The Reader may expect I should here give him some account of the Religion of the unconverted Indians; and I shall make it as short as I can.

The native Indians, that are not yet made proselytes to the Christian Faith, are possessed with very odd notions about the Gods; for they believe a plurality of them, that made the world, and maintain their propriety over the several Nations of it to this day. But among the rest of the Gods there is one (they say) towards the South-west regions of the Heavens, that makes the most considerable figure, and commands in chief.—The Devil appeared frequently to them at their seasons of worship, and gave them advice about their circumstances and affairs.—When they meet with any considerable success, either in hunting or fishing, they acknowledge God to be the author of it. Upon any disaster, they immediately

cry out, "God was angry, and did it." They make the South-west God to be the great Arbiter of Souls, from whom, they say, their corn and their beans come. They have also their Eastern, Western, and their Southern Gods, to whom they pay homage and religious worship. And besides these, they have Gods both for their Women and their Children.

I was once with an Indian youth that lay a-dying; and he called, with abundance of affection and concern, upon Muckquachuckquard; and those about him supposed this God had appeared to him, and promised him assistance.

They pay divine homage also to several of the creatures, in which they believe some Deity to be lodged. When they meet with any excellency in men or women, or any brute beasts, they immediately cry, "*Manitoo*, it is a God!" And when they talk familiarly among themselves, concerning the English Buildings, Ships, &c. they commonly conclude with "*Manitoowock*, they are Gods."

I was once with an English Minister, who understood their language, and there were a great number of Natives gathered to hear him. The Minister put this question to them, "Who made the World?" To this some of them replied, "*Tatta*, I cannot tell;" others said, "*Manitoowock*, the Gods." This gave him occasion to argue with them about the existence of one God; and afterwards he ran over the History of Creation, and the *Six days work*, and gave them the same account of it which Moses has done. They appeared well satisfied with the Gentleman's discourse; and, when he had finished, there was an Indian that addressed himself to the Sachim who was present, and told him, "that Souls went up to Heaven or down to Hell, though our Fathers have informed us that they go to the South-west." The Sachim asked him, "Whether he had seen some Souls go either to Heaven or Hell?" The Indian answered, "The Minister hath not seen them, and yet he affirms it." "Perhaps so," replied the Sachim; "but he has books and writings, and one which God himself made, which treats concerning Men's Souls; and we have none, you know, but must take all upon trust." We left them discoursing matters over thus among themselves.

These Indians have certain Priests among them, whom they call *Taupowauog* : and these make Speeches to them concerning Religion, and Peace, and War ; and indeed concerning all the occurrences of common life.

The salary of their Priests depends upon Feasts and Dances, which are very frequent ; and upon every such occasion, you may see forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred of their *Taupowauogs* met together, in expectation of gifts ; and as they receive them, they go forth, and *hollow thrice* for the health and prosperity of the Benefactor.

These Priests live very peacefully, and do not approve of persecution for the cause of Religion ; which has made very much for the settlement and the happiness both of English and Dutch. Their notions about future happiness are very gross ; and their Heaven is much of the same nature with that which Mahomet has fancied for his Followers. They believe and teach the Immortality of the Soul ; and say, that, upon the death of a good man, his mind goes to the House of *Cautanwit*, where the whole collection of holy souls shall “ revel out an eternity in the pleasures of sense ;” but, on the contrary, the minds of bad men shall wander for ever in a restless condition.

As to the creation of mankind, they hold that *Kautan-towit* first shaped a Man and a Woman out of Stone ; but his performance did not please him, and thereupon he dashed them to pieces : but, making a second experiment upon a Tree, he succeeded so well in forming his new couple, that he let them alone, and they became the fountains of mankind. But how Life was procured for them, and how the Metamorphosis was performed, they have nothing to say.

When these Priests make a visit to a sick person, they threaten and conjure out the sickness ; for they conceive there are many *little Deities* in the body of a man, as in his *heart*, his *lungs*, and his *pulse* ; and when any of these *divine energies* does but please to rouse itself, it can easily expel the distemper from the part over which it presides. But, when the *part affected* is so much out of order and indisposed that it becomes unfit for the habitation of the Deity, it is thereupon forsaken, the distemper prevails, and Death follows of necessity.—The Reli-

gion of these unconverted Indians is scarce more heathenish than their way of living.

The men make the poor *Squaws* their Wives do all the drudgery for them—as, labour in the field, plant, dress corn, and build up their *Wigwams*—whilst they live at ease themselves, and undertake no business, unless it be that of Hunting, and then they go forth in great numbers and drive all before them. They usually stay upon one place till they have destroyed all the Wood that is near them, and then they remove their *Wigwams*. They reckon *fuel* to be one considerable part of their subsistence, and think that other Nations are in the same condition with themselves; for they say the English came over to them because they wanted fuel.

Their division of *Time* is by *Sleeps, Moons, and Winters*; and, by lying abroad in the open air, they have made some observations upon the motions of the stars.

These native Indians were lying in this condition when the Rev. Mr. Eliot began to endeavour their conversion; and, in a little time after he had learned their language, and translated the Bible into their tongue, there were great numbers of them, especially about Natick, that were distinguished by the name of *Praying Indians*; and I have been an eye-witness of the wonderful success which the Gospel of Peace has had amongst them. Their manners became less barbarous; they formed themselves into more regular societies, and began to live after the English fashion.

Mr. Eliot reduced them to the Jewish Plan of Government, and for that purpose expounded to them Exodus xviii. And thereupon the converted Natives entered into the following covenant: “We are the sons of Adam. We and our forefathers have a long time been lost in our sins; but now the mercy of the Lord beginneth to find us out again; therefore, the grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children unto God, to be his people. He shall rule us in all our affairs. The Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our Law-giver; the Lord is our King. He will save us; and the wisdom which God has taught us in his Book shall guide us. O Jehovah! teach us wisdom, send thy Spirit into our hearts, take us to be thy people, and let us take Thee to be our God.”

They made severe laws against all Prophaneness and Immorality ; and took great care to abandon polygamy, with which they were formerly over-run.

And now that I have given the most impartial account of the native Indians, I cannot but own their *conversion* to be one of the greatest wonders of Free Grace, and one of the greatest conquests of the everlasting Gospel. What more agreeable sight, than one who was born a Pagan, upon his knees, and there sending up his prayers, with abundance of devotion, in the name of the Holy Jesus, to the Living God?—In New-England there are six formed Churches of Indians that are baptized, and eighteen Assemblies of Catechumens that profess the Name of the blessed Jesus.

To return. The Natick Lecture was done about four in the afternoon, and we had twenty miles to Boston ; so that we were obliged to mount immediately, and make the best of our way.

We had rode but a few miles till Mr. Cook, with Madam Middleton behind him, gave us the slip, and missed their way (as we supposed) on purpose ; which occasioned some remarks ; though I hope there was more of suspicion than of truth in them.

Shortly after, the beautiful and religious Madam Brick and myself were very warmly engaged in discourse, and so lost both our way and the sight of our company ; and one misfortune led on to another, for we found ourselves among bogs, and encompassed with desperate precipices. However, we wandered as cheerfully as the circumstances would admit, for the world can scarce furnish a companion more agreeable than Madam Brick. This Lady had more charms than ever Calypso wore, when she kept Ulysses Prisoner in the chains of Love ; and I should certainly have fooled away my liberty, had not Iris been possessed of my whole soul, that not one single thought or wish could ever wander from her. After many dangers, and more fears, we came within sight of a gate, where we saw some horses tied, and found that our fellow travellers had alighted to refresh themselves there. This was no small satisfaction to us ; and, after a little refreshment, we set forward, and came to Boston very late that evening.

Upon my coming to Boston, I heard that the Rev. Mr. Morton (so much celebrated in England for his Piety and Learning) was just arrived from England, and with him his kinsman Dr. Morton the Physician. Mr. Morton did me the honour to declare he was very glad to see me; and I am sure I was glad to see him; not only as he brought me Letters from Iris, but for his own personal worth. The news of Mr. Morton's arrival was received here with extraordinary joy by the people in general, and they had reason for it; for, besides his being a useful man in fitting young men for the Ministry, he always gave a mighty character of New-England, which occasioned many to fly to it from the Persecution which was then raging in London.—I know it would be presumption in me, to draw Mr. Morton's character; yet (being personally acquainted with him) I cannot but attempt something like it. His conversation shewed him a Gentleman. He was the very Soul of Philosophy; the several Manuscripts he wrote for the use of his Private Academy sufficiently shewed this. He was the Repository of all Arts and Sciences, and of the Graces too. His Discourses were not stale, or studied, but always new and occasional; for, whatever subject was at any time started, he had still some pleasant and pat story for it. His Sermons were high, but not soaring; practical, but not low. His Memory was as vast as his Knowledge, yet (so great was his humility) he knew it the least of any man. He was as far from pride as ignorance; and, if we may judge of a man's Religion by his Charity (and can we go by a surer rule?) he was a sincere Christian.

Mr. Morton being thus accomplished (as all will own but Sam Wesley, who has fouled his nest * in hopes of a Bishopric) he certainly must be the fittest to bring up young men to the Ministry, of any in England. It is true, he brought up chiefly the Children of Dissenters, yet was (as all good men are) a man of universal charity. In a word, Mr. Charles Morton (late of Newington Green) was that pious and learned man, by whose instructions my Reverend and worthy Uncle, Mr. *Obadiah Marriat*, was so well qualified for the work of the Ministry. To this instance I might add, that Mr. John

* See his Satire against Private Academies.

Shower and other eminent Preachers owe that fame they have in the World to his great skill in their education.—Mr. Morton, having served his generation according to the will of God, is fallen asleep in New-England, and is there buried by the side of his virtuous Wife.

In the same ship with Mr. Morton came over one Mrs. Hicks, with the valuable *Venture* of her beautiful person, which went off at an extraordinary rate; she marrying a Merchant in Salem worth thirty thousand pounds; and therefore I do not wonder that so many pretty women venture themselves to the West-Indies*, since they succeed so well, and are a commodity that makes such vast returns.—Female Reader, by this you see, that, if your Beauty is but equal to your Virtue, I could put you into a ready way of turning Merchant; but Virtue alone will not do. I confess, Virtue is the best commodity; yet Beauty in this market yields the highest price. But where they both meet (as they did in Mrs. Hicks, for she was truly virtuous and a perfect Beauty), they are the best Cargo that a Ship can carry.

By this time there were about two thirds of my *Venture of Books*; gone off; and I was fearful to sell any more at Boston till the old scores were discharged; for, besides all the money I had taken, there was about four hundred pounds owing me, in Boston and the towns adjacent, at my return from Natick.

It began to run in my head, that Mr. Sewel, one of the Magistrates in Salem, had invited me thither, and told me, if I sent part of my *Venture* there, he would do me all the service that was possible in the sale of them. Upon these thoughts, I made a journey to Salem.

I rambled to Salem all alone, save by a sympathy, or intercourse of souls (a new way of converse, which Love has found out), I had dear Iris's company. I trudged it on foot, like a mere *Coryat*†, but shall say nothing of the several places I went through (designing to insert them in "The History of my Travels." But it may not be altogether unprofitable to tell you how I employed myself as I rambled along; for, though I went by myself,

* The East Indian market was then not opened. EDIT.

† The celebrated Pedestrian Traveller. EDIT.

yet I wanted not company, but conversed with every thing I met with.

The first that saluted me was a curious Bird, whose feathers were as various as the rainbow; from whence I inferred, "If God does so gloriously adorn the fowls of the air, which he created for the use of man, how glorious must the garments of Salvation be (those robes of Righteousness) with which the Saints shall be cloathed, when they shall shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father!" But this Bird that I met with was not only remarkable for the fineness of her feathers, but also for the sweetness of her notes; from whence I again inferred, "What an ungrateful creature Man is, who, when all creatures, like this pretty Bird, chaunt forth their Maker's praise, remains dumb and silent, although he was created with the most proper organs of Speech to sound forth the praise of his God!"

Though the shining of the Sun in the morning promised me a fair day, yet I had not been above an hour on the road, before the Sun withdrew his beams, and hid himself behind a cloud, which made me very melancholy, and my way uncomfortable. This caused in me a double reflection; first, "How comfortable a thing it is to have the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, arise upon the Soul. At such a time, though the soul walks through the valley of the shadow of death, yet it will fear no evil." But then I also reflected, "How uncomfortable a thing it is, when God withdraws the light of his countenance from a gracious Soul: it makes the wheels of his chariot move heavily, and, though the soul may keep on his way, it is very uncomfortable."

I had not gone a mile farther, before the Sun was got again from behind the cloud, and shined forth with more resplendent brightness than before, and continued shining all the day after; so that I could not but wonder at the glory of it, and at the same time reflect, "How bright must that Glory be which shall darken the glory of that Sun." I still went on, and considered, "This Sun, as glorious as it is, must set anon; but, in Heaven, the Sun of Glory shines for ever."

Soon after this, I passed by a heap of stones, laid there, as I supposed, to mend the ways which are dirty in Win-

ter. These stones took up my thoughts a while, which made me think again, "That some instruction might be gathered from them; and I considered that, when the ground is paved with them, they are laid in the dirt themselves, and yet keep others out of it." This made me reflect upon "the sad condition of those who preach to others, and are instruments of saving of their souls, and yet themselves are cast-aways."

In going along the Woods, I observed that several branches of the highest Trees had been broke off by the wind, and lay underneath on the ground, whereas the Shrubs that grew below were out of danger, and standing whole. This made me reflect, "What pains men take to mount the pinnacle of honour, when they but thereby make their falls the greater; while those that are in a low condition, live more securely, and are out of danger:

' ————— Honour 's a bubble;
And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her,
Set me on Earth, and I can fall no lower.' "

With these and the like reflections I entertained myself upon the road; and about two of the clock I reached Captain *Marshal's* house, which is half way between Boston and Salem. Here I stayed to refresh nature with a pint of sack and a good fowl. Captain *Marshal* is a hearty old Gentleman, formerly one of *Oliver's* Soldiers, upon which he very much values himself. He had all the history of the Civil Wars at his fingers ends; and, if we may believe him, *Oliver* did hardly any thing that was considerable without his assistance: if I would have stayed as long as he would have talked, he would have spoiled my ramble to Salem.

About six of the clock in the afternoon I came to Salem, and found the town about a mile long, with many fine houses in it, and is reported the next town to Boston for Trade. The first person I went to visit in Salem was *Mr. Herrick*. How kindly he received a poor Traveller whose life he had saved at sea, you may easier guess than I relate. From his house we went to take a glass, and talk over our Sea-voyage. What we found hard to suffer, it was easy to recite: nay, there is a certain kind of pleasure in the reflecting upon dangers that are past;

and though *now* it was two months since I had the deliverance, it was still fresh in my remembrance.

When we were at the Tavern, among other things, I renewed my acknowledgments for his former favours; and drank a kind remembrance, in wine, to the bottle of water that had saved my life at sea; and, after that, to Captain Jenner and to the rest of our Ship's Crew.

Reader, I have already told you, that Travellers take a pleasure in recounting their past dangers; and had you heard how Herrick was affected with it, you would own him my true Friend. He spake of Iris with much honour and respect; and I believe we drank her health five times in an hour's sitting.

From hence he went with me to take a Warehouse, which I thought stood very conveniently. Having settled that affair, Mr. Herrick gave me a Fish-dinner, and fain would have had me lodged with him; which I should have accepted, but that Mr. *Sewel*, the Magistrate of Salem, sent me word "he should take it unkindly, if I did not make his house my quarters." Whereupon I desired Mr. Herrick's excuse, and lay at Mr. Sewel's that night. His entertainment was kind and generous; and, had I stayed a month there, I had been welcome *gratis*.

Reader, to give you Mr. Sewel's character in brief. He is the chief Magistrate in Salem: his care is to live so as to be an example to the people; he is the mirror of hospitality; and neither Abraham nor Lot were ever more kind to strangers.

Having slept well in my new quarters, the next day I went to pay a visit to the Ministers of Salem; for you know, Reader, they are the greatest Benefactors to Booksellers; so that, my paying them a visit was but, in other words, to go among my Customers.

The first I visited was Mr. *Higgins*, an antient Minister; he resembles my Reverend Father-in-law, both in his person and zeal for Religion. All men look on him as a common Father; and on old age, for his sake, as a reverend thing. He is eminent for Learning, Humility, Charity, and all those shining graces that adorn a Minister. His very presence and face puts Vice out of countenance. He is now in his eightieth year (yet preaches every Sunday), and his conversation is a glimpse of Hea-

ven. I dined twice at his house, where he promised me great assistance in my business, and spake of my Reverend Father-in-law with much respect.

From Mr. Higgins's I went to visit Mr. *Noyse* (his Assistant). I spent several agreeable hours in this Gentleman's company, which I thought no ordinary blessing; for he is all that is delightful in conversation, so easy company, and so far from all constraint, that it is a real pleasure to talk with him. He gave me a generous welcome to Salem; and it is no lessening to his Brother Higgins, to say he is no ways inferior to him for good preaching, or primitive living.

I must also remember the great civilities I met at Salem from Mr. *Epes*, the most eminent Schoolmaster in New-England. He hath sent many Scholars to the University in New-England. He is much of a Gentleman; yet has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliments, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg, (he cannot kiss his hand, and cry, "Madam, your humble servant;" nor talk idle enough to bear her company). But though a School, and the Hermitage of his Study, has made him uncourtly, yet (which is a finer accomplishment) he is a person of solid Learning; and does not, like some Authors, lose his time by being busy about nothing, nor make so poor a use of the World, as to hug and embrace it.

By the frequent conference I had with him, I found him to be a person of great worth; he is free from vice, if ever any man was, for he hath no occasion to use it; and, being a good man, is above those ends that make men wicked. I shall only add, I lately received a Letter from Mr. *Epes* for two hundred pounds' worth of Books; but, having given a *farewell to Trade*, I desire this *character* may serve as an answer to it.

Meeting with so good Friends in Salem, I began to think myself at home again; and, could I have put *Iris* out of my mind, I might, perhaps, have forgot London; but *Iris* had got so firm a possession of my heart, and London so great a right to my friendship, that still the name of my native Country bewitched me. And it was thus with the *first Planters* of this country, who were ever, to their eightieth year, still pleasing themselves with hopes of

their returning to England. But it was now my duty (and the discharge of my present duty, I thought, would help to the better performance of future duties) to look upon that as my native Country where I could thrive and prosper. I carried about me but six ounces of dust, which I owed to our common Mother (for the Chemists of Cardan found no more in the ashes of a calcined body); and I did not matter where my tabernacle was dissolved, or where I paid so small a debt. All places are alike distant from Heaven; and, having married a kind Wife, I thought it my duty to provide for her. I did not care whether I met the Sun at his rising or going down, provided only I could serve Iris. But now *exit Spouse*; that is, till I am settled so well in Salem as to have nothing to think of else.

Having spent four days in Salem, taken a Warehouse, encouraged in the design I had formed, and taken my leave of Sewel, Herrick, Drinkwater, and the rest of my Salem Friends; I returned to Boston, sent away my Books, and entrusted *Palmer* as Factor for me. My Books went off apace there for a while; but Palmer, my Apprentice, being at some distance from his Master, began to neglect the Warehouse, and follow Hunting and Shooting. So soon as I was informed of this, I wrote him a very gentle Letter; and told him how his credit with me was gone back, and what matters were like to issue in, should he persist in the neglect of Business.

The *hints* I gave him were so effectual, that he returned me a very penitential Letter upon the same account; which I will here insert as a caution to *eyewitnesses*, and shall introduce it with my Letter to Palmer.

“SAMUEL,

Boston, April 4, 1686.

“When I consider your care of me in my *sea-sickness* during our voyage to Boston, I cannot but be extremely troubled to hear you neglect my Business in Salem. Sure, Sam, you forget the credit and good name of a Servant is more than a Portion; then return to your Business, with your wonted diligence. Sam, I own you ~~showed~~ a great affection to me when you offered to go round the World with me, when I left it to your choice, either to stay in London, or to travel with me; but pray take notice that it is only perseverance in well-doing that

meets with a reward. Remember what Randolph says:

"Thy credit wary keep: 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many actions, lost by one."

"Sam, it is chiefly for your sake that I am thus concerned; for the injury you do me by neglecting my Warehouse (though very prejudicial to my affairs, for as much as my return to England depends upon your dispatch at Salem) is yet but small, in comparison to the wrong you do to your reputation. All I aim at in this Letter is your reformation; then repent of your *eye-service* (for you were very diligent while you lived under my roof), and I will both pardon and forgive your fault; though I will never forget your love, in venturing your life with me. Your compliance herein shall still cause me to be

"Your loving Master, JOHN DUNTON."

Upon the receipt of this Letter, Palmer sent me the following answer:

"HONOURED SIR, *Salem, April 10, 1686.*

"Since my first coming to live with you, I acknowledge I have received nothing but *kindness* from you; but your last Letter has been a greater favour to me than all that I received before, for it has brought me to a sight of my sins; and your goodness in promising, upon my return, to pardon and forget my faults, makes me the more sensible of them. Sir, if the repenting of my negligence will set me right in your good opinion, I will double my diligence for the time to come; and hope, by a close application to business, to dispose of your Books in a few days. Sir, if this confession and penitence will make amends for my former neglects, I do faithfully promise you, that, during the remainder of my time, I will always approve myself

"Your faithful Servant, SAMUEL PALMER."

Palmer's amendment and diligent attendance at the Warehouse made the Books move off with new life again; and in a few weeks he had sold all that were worth the while to stay for. Upon this, Palmer returned to Boston, where I shook hands with him, in regard he had not the courage to see Old England again, for he had been dabbling in Monmouth's Adventure. However, when his Apprenticeship was expired, he ventured to

come to London, where I received him with as much tenderness as if he had been my Child (for I could not forget his kindness to me at Sea); but Sam having a greater fancy to Shooting than Bookselling, got a post in the Army, and, riding to see his Captain, was drowned.

But to return to the thread of my History. Having disposed of my *Venture* at Salem, parted with Palmer, and committed my Boston affairs to my kind Landlord (Mr. Richard Wilkins), I hoped now in a few days to take my leave of this New World, and to embark for England. But I see now, when a man is born under a *rambling Planet*, all that he does to fix him at home does but hasten his travels abroad; for, though I was now weary of New-England (for it was not *home*, nor was Iris there), yet I had a mind to view a few more of the towns before I left it.

I was blest with the company of Mrs. *Comfort* (my Landlord's Daughter) in this new Adventure. All things being ready for this Indian Ramble, I took my Fair-one up behind me, and rode to the river that parts Boston from Ipswich, which though it be often, and usually crossed in a Canoe, yet I rather chose to cross it in a Ferry, having my horse with me.

Having crossed the river, we mounted again, and rode on our way, meeting as we rambled along with two or three Indians, who courteously saluted us with "What cheer, *Netop*?" *Netop*, in the Indian language, signifies *Friend*. I returned their salutation, and passed on, not without observing that there is a vein of civility and courtesy runs in the blood of these wild Indians, both among themselves and towards strangers.

The first town we came to was Marvail, which consists only of a few scattered houses, orchards, and gardens, with good pastures and arable land. We here stayed for refreshment, and had the luck to see an Indian woman walking by the door with a child at her back, who, our Landlord told us, had not been delivered above two days, so that the curse laid upon women, of "bringing forth children in sorrow," is mightily moderated to the Indian women; for they have a far more moderate labour, and a more speedy and easy delivery, than most

of our European women ; which, I believe, in a great measure is occasioned by the hardness of their constitution, and by their extraordinary labour in the field, as carrying of mighty burdens, and beating their corn in a mortar, &c. I was hugely amazed at this account of the Indian women ; but our landlord stopped our wondering, by further telling us " that most of the Indian women count it a shame for a woman to complain when she is in labour, and many of them are scarcely heard to groan." It seems, it is a common thing among them, to have a woman merry in the house, and in half an hour's time delivered, and merry again, and within two days abroad (as we saw verified in this Indian woman), and after four or five days at work.

Having left Marvail behind us, we rambled on towards Wenham. When we came to Wenham (which is an inland town, well stored with men and cattle), we paid a visit to Mr. *Gery*, the present minister of that place.

Wenham is a delicious paradise : it abounds with all rural pleasures, and I would chuse it above all other towns in America, to dwell in. The lofty trees on each side of it are a sufficient shelter from the winds ; and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the Spring, the Summer, and the Autumn, had agreed together to thrust Winter out of doors.

It were endless to enter on a detail of each faculty of Learning Mr. *Gery* is master of, and therefore take his character in short hand. The Philosopher is acute, ingenious, and subtle ; the Divine curious, orthodox, and profound ; the Man of a majestic air without austerity or sourness ; his aspect is masterly and great, yet not imperious or haughty : the Christian is devout, without moroseness or starts of holy frenzy and enthusiasm ; the Preacher is primitive, without the accessional colours of whining or cant, and methodical, without intricacy or affectation ; and, which crowns his character, he is a man of a public spirit, zealous for the conversion of the Indians, and of great hospitality to strangers. He gave us a noble dinner, and entertained us with such *pleasant fruits* as, I must own, Old England is a stranger to.

Taking leave of this generous Levite, we now thought it high time to prosecute our designed Ramble to Ipswich

(which has its name from a town in England). As we were riding along, I engaged Mrs. Comfort in a discourse on Platonic Love. * * * * * But our conversation was interrupted by a friendly Indian's overtaking us, who was going to Ipswich as well as we; and the evening being advanced, we were glad of his company. When we came to Ipswich, I would have treated our Indian with a bottle of wine; but he very thankfully refused it, and so we parted.

We took up our quarters at Mr. *Steward's* house (uncle to Mrs. Comfort.) His joy to see his niece at Ipswich was sufficiently expressed by the kind welcome we met with: our supper was a fat pig, and a bowl of punch, yet I had so great a desire to go to bed, as made it to me a troublesome piece of kindness. Supper being over, I took my leave of my fellow-traveller, and was conducted to my apartment by Mrs. *Steward* herself; whose character I shall not attempt to-night, being so very weary, but reserve it till to-morrow morning.

Having reposed myself all night upon a bed of down, I rose early the next morning; and, having taken a view of Ipswich, I found it a good Haven-town. Their Meeting-house (or Church) is built very beautifully. There is store of gardens about it, and good land for tillage.

But I remember, Reader, I promised to give you Mrs. *Steward's* character. Her stature is of a middle size, her face round and pretty, her speech and behaviour gentle and courteous. She is all obedience; the Hyacinth follows not the Sun more willingly than she her Husband's pleasure: her household is her charge; her only pride is to be neat and cleanly; she is both wise and religious; and, in a word, whatsoever men may talk of magic, there is none charms like her. This is the true picture of Mrs. *Steward*; and, if I attempt her *Husband's* character, the least I can say of him is, he is so kind a Husband, he is worthy of the Wife he enjoys, and would even make a bad Wife good by his example.

Ipswich is a country town, not very large; and when a stranger arrives there, it is quickly known to every one. It is no wonder then that, the next day after our arrival, the news of it was carried to Mr. *Hubbald*, the minister of the town; who, hearing I had brought to Boston a great

Venture of Learning, did me the honour to make me a visit, and afterwards kindly invited me (and my fellow-traveller) to his own house, where he was pleased to give us a very handsome entertainment. It is no easy matter to give a true character of Mr. Hubbald. The benefit of nature, and the fatigue of study, have equally contributed to his eminence; neither are we less obliged to both than himself, for he freely communicates of his Learning to all who have the happiness to share in his converse. In a word, he is learned without ostentation and vanity, and gives all his productions such a delicate turn and grace (as is seen in his printed Sermons and "History of the Indian Wars,") that the features and lineaments of the Child make a clear discovery and distinction of the Father; yet is he a man of singular modesty, of strict morals, and has done as much for the conversion of the Indians, as most men in New England.

Having answered Mr. Hubbald some questions about the Books I had brought over, and shewn him a Catalogue of them, I took my leave, and returned back with Mrs. Comfort to her uncle Steward's, with whom she stayed till I returned from Wonasquam, an Indian town, where I went next. On the road to Wonasquam, I met an Indian woman, with her face all over blacked with soot, having a very sorrowful look; and quickly after two or three Indian men, in the same black and mournful condition: that, had I been alone, it would have frightened me; but, having a guide with me, I was well enough; indeed they all passed by us very civilly, saying only, "*As-comequassumummis*;" which is in English "Good morrow to you." My guide asked me, "if I had ever seen any of those black-faced Indians before?" I told him "No;" and asked him "what the meaning of it was?" He told me, "they had some relation lately dead, and that the blacking of their faces was equivalent to the Englishmen's going into mourning for their dead relations. Where there is any Indian dead," continued my Guide, "they express it by saying *He is in black*, (that is, he hath some dead in his house); and some lay on the soot so very thick, that they clot it with their tears; and this blacking and lamenting they observe divers months, if the person dying be great and public."

After a long and difficult Ramble, we came at last to the Indian town called *Womasquam*. It is a very sorry sort of a town, but better to come at by land than by water, for it is a dangerous place to sail by, especially in stormy weather. We saw several other mourning Indians in this town; and upon inquiry we found that one of the chief Indians in the town was lately dead, and was to be buried that night.

Having never seen an Indian Burial, I stayed till the solemnity was over, which was thus performed:—First, the gravest amongst them wound up, and prepared the dead body for the coffin. When the Mourners came to the grave, they laid the body by the grave's mouth, and then all the Indians sat down and lamented; and I observed tears to run down the cheeks of the oldest amongst them, as well as from little children. After the dead body was laid in the grave (and in some parts some of their goods are cast in with them), they then made a second great lamentation. Upon the grave they spread the mat that the deceased died on, the dish he eat in, and two of the Indians hung a fair coat of skin upon the next tree to the grave, which (as my guide informed me) none will touch, but suffer it there to rot with the dead.

There was nothing else remarkable to be seen in the town; and therefore, as soon as the Indian was buried, I returned back with my guide to Ipswich; and having stayed some little time with my worthy friend Mr. Steward, myself and Mrs. Comfort took our leaves, and made the best of our way for Boston, where we arrived to the great satisfaction of my good landlord and his wife; Mrs. Comfort being no less pleased with the pleasure of her journey, than I with her good company.

I had now no more business in New England, but just to pay a farewell to Mr. Burroughs, that was so kind to me at my first landing, and to shake hands with Mr. Wilkins (my landlord), his wife, and daughter.

And here I shall first take my leave of Mr. *Francis Burroughs*; for I wanted till now an opportunity to thank him for the many civilities he heaped upon me in Boston; for he not only lent me money (the true touchstone of friendship), but made me his bed-fellow, got me the Freedom of Boston, and was the chief person I advised with under any difficulty.

His person is handsome (I do not know whether he knows it or no), and his mind has as many charms; he is a man of remarkable chastity, of a great deal of wit, and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel, it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he is neither scurrilous nor prophane, but a scrupulous, honest, conscientious man; so that he is what we may call a Religious Merchant, and (I was going to say) he hates Vice almost as much by nature as grace. And this I think is his true character. But I must remember Captain Leg is ready to sail, and I have other Farewells to make; and so, worthy Friend, adieu.

I come next to honest *Wilkins*, my landlord; for I should think myself very unkind should I leave Boston without shaking hands with a person I lived with near eight months. His person is tall, his aspect sweet and smiling, and (though but fifty years old) his hair as white as snow. He was formerly a Bookseller in Limerick, and fled hither on the account of conscience. He is a person of good sense, keeps up the practice of Religion in his family, and (upon a nice search into all his affairs) I found it had a general influence on all the actions of his life. He was deservedly chosen a member of Mr. Willard's Church; and I do think he is a pious man, if there is such a thing in Boston.—But, dear Sir, adieu; for the wind is fair, and I must be gone; but I leave your company with as much regret as ever I did any earthly blessing.

My next Farewell shall be to Mrs. *Wilkins*, my obliging landlady. She is a tender Wife, a kind Mother, and is a woman well poised in all humours; or, in other words, Mrs. Wilkins is a person of an even temper, which rendered her conversation more agreeable than those that laugh more, but smile less. Some there are who spend more spirits in straining for an hour's mirth, than they can recover in a month, which renders them so unequal company; whilst she is always equal, and the same. It is virtue to know her, wisdom to converse with her, and joy to behold her; or (to do her justice in fewer words) she is the counterpart of her pious Husband, who without her, is but half himself. I might enlarge; but I fear

if I write on, I shall lose my passage ; and so, kind land-lady, adieu.

Having taken leave of the Father and Mother, my last visit must be to the Daughter : and sheer gratitude obliges to this farewell ; for you, Mrs. *Comfort*, may well take it amiss, if I should forget your favours to me in your Father's house, your pleasant company to Ipswich, your assistance when I was ill, and the noble Looking-glass you sent my Dear—and all this with a world of innocence ; for, though I had fair opportunities to try your virtue, yet I never was so wicked ; and you must say, if you do me justice, that you found me a *true Platonick*.

Having taken a *final leave* of my American Friends, my stay from Iris and my native country grew now very tedious to me ; so, putting three hundred pounds (that was yet unpaid me) in Mr. Wilkins's hands, I committed myself once more to the mercy of the Ocean ; and, to make short of it, I agreed with Mr. Samuel Leg for my passage to England. The ship was burthen 150 tons. There were only two passengers (Mr. Mortimer and Mr. King) besides myself. When the ship was ready to sail, I was attended on board by Dr. Bullevant, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. York, Mr. Gouge, Mr. Heath, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Green, and some other of my Boston Friends. The Captain entertained them with Wine, Beer, Cyder, and Neats-Tongues.

So soon as ever my Friends were gone off to shore, our Captain ordered all his guns to fire, which were accompanied with buzza's and shouts, and shaking of hats, till we had lost all sight of our Friends.

“ Kind Boston, adieu ; part we must, though 't is pity ;
But I'm made for mankind, and all the World is my City.
Look how on the shore they hoop and they hollow,
Not for joy I am gone, but for grief they can't follow.”

The Captain was very generous ; and our passage was as swift and as safe as one would wish ; so that my thoughts were now reconciled to voyaging again. The first land I saw was the *Lizard*, and cutting our way directly up the Channel, we cast anchor in the Downs, where we rode but one night, and the next day came safe to Gravesend ; but at night most of the Ship's crew going ashore, there were *two boys* that took the opportunity to steal what they

thought convenient, and carry it off in the Long-boat. And here I have reason to make acknowledgment for the care of Providence ; in regard I had a trunk with 400*l.* in it, that stood upon my desk with my linen—and the boys had only removed my trunk, and taken away my desk.

The next morning we came up the River with the tide, and cast anchor at Ratcliffe, where I went ashore, to visit my sister Mary, then living with Mrs. Adams. She expressed an unusual joy to see me returned in safety ; told me dear Iris was well ; and walked with me towards Spital-fields, and then returned. I was now afraid that excess of joy might prove fatal to Iris ; and therefore I thought it would be more prudent not to discover myself all at once. This fancy pleased me well enough, in regard I thought my own condition did not a little resemble the fate of Ulysses at his return from the Trojan war ; and therefore I turned-in at the Queen's-head tavern in Spital-fields ; sent immediately for my sister Sudbury ; and desired her to go and tell dear Iris, "there was a gentleman waiting for her there, who could give her some account of Philaret."

About an hour after, Iris came ; and at the first interview we stood speechless, and gazing upon each other, whilst Iris shed a flood of tears. At last we got our tongues at liberty ; and then

" Embrac'd and talk'd, as meeting Lovers would,
Who had the pangs of absence understood."

We left the Tavern, and went home to Dr. Annesley's, where I was received with all the marks of kindness and respect.

At my return, I expected nothing but a golden life of it for the future, though all my satisfactions were soon withered ; for, being so deeply entangled for my Sister-in-law, I was not suffered to step over the threshold in ten months, unless it was once under disguise ; and the story is this. My confinement growing very uneasy to me, especially on Lord's-days ; I was extremely desirous to hear Dr. Annesley preach ; and immediately this contrivance was started in my head, that dear Iris should dress me in woman's cloaths, and I would venture myself abroad under those circumstances. To make

short of it, I got myself shaved, and put on as effeminate a look as my countenance would let me; and being well fitted out with a large scarf, I set forward; but every step I took, the fear was upon me that it was made out of form. As for my arms, I could not tell how to manage them, being altogether ignorant to what figure they should be reduced. At last I got safe to the Meeting, and sat down in the obscurest corner I could find. But, as I was returning through Bishopsgate-street, with all the circumspection and the care imaginable (and I then thought I had done it pretty well), there was an unlucky rogue cried out, "I'll be hang'd if that ben't a man in woman's cloaths." This put me into my preternaturals indeed, and I began to scour off as fast as my legs would carry me: there were at least 20 or 30 of them that made after me; but, being acquainted with the alleys, I dropped them, and came off with honour. My Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Annesley knew nothing of this religious metamorphosis; and though I do not think he would have suffered it, yet my inclination to public worship was justifiable enough. But I have no need to apologize here, for it is common for men to conceal themselves in women's apparel. The Lord G—y made his escape from the Tower in petticoats; and that brave man, the Earl of Argyle *, made a shift to escape his detinny by exchanging cloaths with his daughter:

At last, purely to oblige my Sister, I took a trip over to Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c.; though she has now forgot every circumstance of it; for the memories of most people are something slippery in such cases, unless they be refreshed. I was attended, on my way to Stratford, by dear Iris, Sister Sault, Brother Sudbury, and other Friends; and there I met with my old acquaintance Mr. Roberts, who treated me with the affection and the generosity of a Friend. But, the Harwich coach being just going, I could not stay long in Stratford, and so was torn from the arms of dear Iris and the rest of my relations, and forced to seek my fortune once more

* Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl of Argyle, escaped from Prison in 1681.

in a Foreign Country. When I came to Harwich, the packet-boat was ready to sail, with a fair wind; and by five next evening we landed at the Brill. My fellow passengers were, Mr. Cossart, friend to Mr. Dangerfield; and Mr. Mazot, a considerable Merchant in Amsterdam. Before we left the Brill, I took a full view of it; in regard it was one of the *Cautionary-towns* that were pawned to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It once made a good figure, and had a *voice* among the States: but Rotterdam has now engrossed most of its trade, and the inhabitants support themselves by fishing.

In our way to Rotterdam, we passed through three old towns, Flarding, Schiedam, and Delf-Haven. So soon as we arrived at Rotterdam, I went to visit Mr. Richardson (a true Nathanael), who was married to my Wife's Sister; and I took lodgings with him for the time I stayed there.

At that time the waters swelled so high in the City, that the boats were employed in the streets. There were many that lost their lives in this flood, and there were general apprehensions that Holland would be overflowed. I scoured up into the garret, I remember; and there were none could persuade me to leave *the Ark* till the waters were abated. You might now have seen all sorts of household-stuff swimming about the streets, and abundance of people sailing for their safety and their lives, in tubs, and tuns, and hampers, to the ships, that were driven almost to their doors.

At the time I was there, Mr. Hill and Mr. Spademan were Ministers of the English Church, and Mr. Fleming of the Scotch Church.

Mr. *Hill* is a solid Divine, and well furnished for the Ministry, which he makes his choice, and not his refuge, in regard his circumstances do not make any such dependence necessary for him. His natural temper is full of peace and good-humour; which, being heightened and adorned both with Learning and Grace, makes him shine forth to the world with a considerable degree of eminence.

Mr. *Spademan* is a hearty Friend, and knows the Fo-

reign Languages as well as that he was born to. In his common discourse, there is substance, as well as rhetoric; and he utters more things than words. He delivers himself in the Pulpit with a wonderful degree of *concern* upon him; and the reason why he is not so popular as some others is, perhaps, because his worth is not so well known. He is one that knows the *burden* of his calling; and hath studied much to make his shoulder sufficient. He hath looked into all Religions, and anchored in the best; and is a Dissenter out of judgment, not faction; not because his Country, but his Reason, is on this side. His Sermons are limited by the *method*, not the hour-glass; and his devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He honoured me with several Letters after my return from Holland, and sent me over the Books of a foreign growth which he thought might be serviceable in an English dress. I was obliged to his friendship for the two volumes of the "Edict of Nantes;" and by that means I prevented the London Booksellers that were going upon the same design.

Mr. *Fleming* was master of a large extent of Learning, and quite beyond the *depth* of our common Preachers. His *principles* were very moderate; but his *writings* have made him better known to the world than I can here describe him.

The inhabitants of Rotterdam have driven a considerable trade for a long time with the English. In the year 1674, at the opening of the waters after a frost, there were 300 ships that sailed thence for England, with an Easterly wind.

Rotterdam is the place where the learned Erasmus was born, who has a brazen statue erected to his memory in the Market-place. The buildings in this City are well enough, but not so rich and high as those in Amsterdam, Leyden, and Haerlem. Their great Church is a vast height, where several Admirals lie entombed. I was to see their Admiralty, East-India, and Stadt-houses.

My only Bookseller in this City was Mr. *Leers*. He is an Alderman's Fellow, and a very eminent Christian. He never seems better than he is, that he might gain a false reputation from others; but reckons "Godliness to

be his greatest gain." Leers is chief Bookseller in Holland, and is much envied by his learned Brethren; yet he never lets the reins of his passion loose to his malice and revenge, nor gives (though he knows him his enemy) rash judgment upon any man: so that Leers is a rich, pious, humble man; and sets no greater value upon himself than he really deserves.

When I had spent some days at Rotterdam, I sent the following Letter to dear Iris.

"MY DEAR,

"I am afraid you will expect this Letter with some impatience before it comes. My passage over was very comfortable, and very swift; and I wanted nothing but your company to have made it more so. We arrived at the Brill about five next evening after I parted with you; and thence I came to Rotterdam, where I have taken up my lodgings with your Brother, Mr. Richardson. The greatest danger I have been exposed to since I left you was occasioned by the swelling of the waters here in Rotterdam; but, for my own refuge, I ran up into the garret, where I bestowed myself till I perceived the waters began to ebb. I cannot express what losses this City has sustained by this deluge, which has buried vast numbers of the inhabitants alive; and those of them that are yet militant look pale with fears and apprehensions; for they do not know what designs there may be against them for the future, though they have little to lose, besides themselves.

"My Dear, now methinks I am overladen with melancholy—after I had weathered out all the deaths and dangers of the Atlantic Ocean, to be again torn from the arms of Iris! When shall my stars have spent all their adverse influences which they had in store? When shall I be restored to Iris, and my native home? However, though my fate should carry me to the utmost limits both of the Earth and Seas, I shall never lose the fair image of dear Iris from my breast. Were there ever any that loved to such excess as we, and yet were so unhappy? What should hinder that you cannot come over to me? Ah, but then I should dread every wave, and every gust of wind, lest it should have done some mischief to dear Iris. I hope you can better support your-

self under the absence of Philaret, than he can possibly under yours. My duty, and love, and service, to all the Family, and to every one of our Relations. The Lord raise up a Paradise for you in your own breast. I am

“Your most affectionate PHILARET.”

To this Letter dear Iris returned the following answer:

“DEAREST LIFE!

“This day I received yours, which has given new life to me after a tedious expectation. I am afraid you indulge your melancholy, which may destroy your humour and health; and then what would become of the happiness of poor Iris in this life? Pray, my Dear, why so affectionately unkind to me, as to say that I can better endure your absence than you can possibly support yourself under mine? I thought you had been sufficiently sensible of an equal return to your affections from faithful Iris. I could almost myself begin a new courtship to have you home again.

“You say the waters swelled so prodigiously, that you took refuge in a Garret; but did you make sure of your *Ruffles** before you ran for it? But why should I be so pleasant upon you? I should have run out at the top of the house, had I been within the reach of the same danger. Pray, my Dear, if there is any suspicion of the same element for the future, be sure you retreat into the Highland Country.

“I have repented five thousand times that I suffered you to go alone. I smarted sufficiently in the same respect when you made your voyage to New-England. But, as you say, I know not what should hinder me to ramble with you. I would undertake a pilgrimage as far as Mecca, to be with you; and surely every breath of wind will be as kind and as innocent as I. I have asked my Father's advice about it, and he is unwilling I should run the hazard of it this Winter. But tell me seriously in your next whether you would have me come? for you would but look very oddly upon me, if you invited me in *jest*, and I should come over to you in *earnest*; and for your satisfaction I would haunt you like a *ghost*, and not be a minute out of your company. However, if the affairs of my Sister B—— cannot be adjusted, you shall

* See page 88.

certainly see me. But I am the less concerned, being convinced the disappointments we meet with in the poor trifles of this World, cannot lessen, but do increase our affections. Then pr'ythee, my Dear, shew thy love to me by taking care of yourself. Get thee warm cloaths, woollen waistcoats, and buy a cloak. Be cheerful, want for nothing; doubt not but God will provide for us. Now is the time for us to live a life of Faith, to depend wholly upon Him; for He never yet disappointed any that put their trust in Him. My Dear, I might enlarge; but to tell thee I love thee passionately and sincerely, I hope, is now needless. However, I will write you a longer Letter on Friday, when I come from Chiswick, whither I am to go on Thursday, with Cousin R—— and Uncle and Aunt Zach——. My Father, Mother, and Sisters, send their love and service; and, as for my own part, I would willingly convey myself to you. Take notice, I will write every week; and am

“Your sincere, affectionate, and faithful, IRIS.”

From Rotterdam I removed to Delft; and my passage thither led me through Overskirk, a pleasant village, where there is a considerable School for the Latin and the Dutch tongues. Delft is a very fair and populous city, the Metropolis of Delf-land, and the great magazine of Arms for the Earldom of Holland. Here I conversed awhile with the silent Tombs of the Princes of Orange; and the very sight of them impressed a kind of monumental reverence upon my mind. Here I met also with the Tomb of Admiral Tromp, and that which was erected to the memory of General Morgan's Lady. After this, my Guide led me into a Cloister, and shewed me a Brazen Pillar, on which was engraved how William I. Prince of Orange was assassinated by a miscreant Jesuit.

From Delft I removed to The Hague, which, perhaps, is the fairest Village in the whole World. There I saw the Council-chambers of the States, which are well adorned with large Libraries. I spent some time in the great Hall there, in which are repositied the many Trophies of Victory which the States have obtained in War. Then I went to the Prince's Palace, which is a large and stately building. The Hague is finely beautified with Gardens of Pleasure, especially those of the Heer Benthams do

every one of them make up a single Paradise; there I wandered and gazed, and lost myself.

“ Just so, methought, thro’ the primæval groves
Our Parents roam’d, and look’d, and talk’d their loves :
But, ah ! were I as innocent as they,
I’d raise new Paradise within my mind, and charm my woes
away.”

So soon as I had taken a view of all the remarkables about The Hague, my next remove was to Leyden, which is a large and a rich City, and Metropolis of the Territory of Rhin-land. The Rhine runs through it, and divides it into several little Islands. The University there is well known, and frequented by a vast number of Students; and it is no unusual thing to see them come from Asia and America for a liberal education. The School of Anatomy at Leyden excels all of that kind in the known World; and their Physick-Garden is well furnished with the rarest Curiosities that grow within the compass of Nature; so that those who design for Physick may make a better proficiency there than they can do in England. The Fortifications and the Walks round this City give abundance of pleasure to those who have not seen them before. At Leyden I was very much obliged to the friendship of Mr. Baily, who shewed me the Rarities of the place, in regard Dr. Rolf had favoured me with a recommendatory letter to him.

From Leyden, my next stage was to Haerlem, a very fine and large City, in the Earldom of Holland, the Metropolis of the Territory of Kenmer-land, and pleasantly situated on the river Vaert. And here the Reader must allow me to mention, that Coster, a Burgher of this City, was the first Inventor of PRINTING; an Art in which my Life has been so much concerned. This Gentleman was, immediately upon that Invention, suspected to be a Conjuror; and so forced to fly for his own safety to Cologne in Germany, where he brought his new Art to perfection, for in Haerlem he had only found the way to print on one side of the paper; so that the rudeness of the inhabitants of Haerlem has made Cologne become a rival in the glory of that Invention. But such an accident as this is no novelty in the World; for the assertion of a generation of Antipodes on the opposite Hemi-

sphere of our Globe was once made a capital crime. The first Book which this Coster printed is preserved as a rarity in the Stadt-house at Haerlem to this day. I saw very large cannon bullets sticking in the walls of the Great Church, which were shot by the Spaniards at the siege of Haerlem. In the neighbourhood of Haerlem there is a Grove of Pleasure as large as a little Wood, and all curiously contrived into Walks and Wildernesses, where the Inhabitants of Amsterdam and the adjacent places come to ramble and divert themselves on Holy-days. Haerlem maintains a considerable figure; is the second City of Holland; and sends her Deputies to all the Colleges of the Government.

From Haerlem to Amsterdam I had the happiness to be accompanied by Brother Richardson. About the mid-way in our passage we stepped out of the boat, to take a view of a noble Palace, where the Lords that go under the title of their *Dyke-Graces* have their apartments, when they meet upon the concerns of the Sea-Dykes.

When we arrived at Amsterdam, I provided myself a chamber at Mr. Kirmichael's, a Scotchman, in Bantemoors-street.—So soon as I was fixed, according to my usual custom, I made a visit to Mr. *Vandeveld* and Mr. *Swaert*, two noted Booksellers; there is nothing but obligation in their humour; they treated me often at their houses, and would lend me any book *gratis*.

When I had been three days in Amsterdam, I met with Mr. *King*, one of my fellow passengers from New-England, which was a great surprize to us both, in regard we contracted a great intimacy in America, which was very much refreshed by this accident. We would not part with each other till we had viewed all the Rarities in Amsterdam; and then he went off for Hamburgh, but has been forgetful to let me hear from him since.

Soon after I had new lodgings recommended to me at Mr. James, a Dyer, up the Loyers Graft next the Hope, where I had the good fortune to meet with Dr. *Partridge*, whose Almanacks had been so sharp upon Popery in King James's Reign, that England was grown too hot for him. There lodged also in the same house the ingenious Lady *Stapleton*, a Roman Catholic, with whom I had several very warm debates about the matters of Religion.

She endeavoured to defend the notion and the necessity of Purgatory, with as great concern as if the Existence of a Deity, or the Immortality of the Human Mind, had been at stake. Upon this head she offered such places of Scripture as seemed to carry any reference to her purpose. She urged also "the imperfection of Believers in this state, and that many were surprized off the stage before they had any opportunity to repent for their latest sins." To these I returned such answers as were uppermost upon that occasion; in particular, that this, and no other state, was to be the rule of the Future Judgement; and that we must then be either rewarded or doomed according to our present management in the flesh. As for Believers being surprized by Death, I answered, "that they were secure enough in a justified and a pardoned state; and the habitual grace of repentance in them would have risen up into act, had they lived to make reflections; and they will not be tied down to *impossibilities*, but be judged according to their state and the tendency of it." Farther I continued, "that their Faith was acted upon Christ as a sufficient Saviour, and that the Spirit of the Blessed Jesus was the great Agent in the work of sanctification."

When I had said this, and more that I cannot recollect, I endeavoured to make the very nature and the notion of a Purgatory appear sufficiently absurd, by suggesting the natural impossibility of it: "that fire should have any influence to rectify and change the human will, and to purge off from the substance of the soul, the pollution and the stains that are of an immoral nature. There is nothing can act beyond its nature and above its sphere, and a moral sanctification must have a moral agent." However, all I could say fell short of giving the Lady Stapleton the least conviction.

Whilst I stayed in Amsterdam, I came acquainted with several of Monmouth's Friends, who had taken refuge in Holland to secure their Lives; among which were Major M——, Dr. Oliver, Captain Hicks, son to him who was executed in the West, Mr. Starkey, and Captain *Alsop*. The last of these was my old Neighbour, and a Bookseller. He invited me to take a walk with him out of Amsterdam; and gave me a very noble treat, with

the secret history of Monmouth's Adventure for the Crown of England. He told me also the several discourses which he had with the Duke in Amsterdam before they embarked, with the large promises the Duke made him in case of success.

The Reverend Mr. Mead and Mr. Shower were then in Amsterdam, where Captain Alsop accompanied me to make them a visit. Mr. *Mead* was so obliging as to return the civility at my own lodgings. He was well known in England, and his life was very useful. Both his preaching and behaviour were mighty popular, which gave him a large scope to do good, and put his very enemies to silence.

I stayed in Amsterdam about four months. It is a rich, populous, and a beautiful city, the Metropolis of all the Low Countries in North-Holland. Amsterdam was once an Imperial City; but now it is subject to the States. It stands on the river Amstel, and has a very safe and commodious haven near the Zuider-Zee. It is fortified with a strong wall and bastions.

The Jews have two Synagogues in this city; and one of them is the largest in Christendom; and within the Court that belongs to it they have several apartments, where their Children are instructed in the Hebrew Tongue; and so soon as they are capable, they instil into them their Jewish principles with a great deal of care and diligence.

The Stadt-house in Amsterdam is a building of admirable beauty. There are very large Globes that stand on the floor of the great Hall, and here I was diverted with the finest Painting I have ever seen. In the uppermost apartment there is a large Magazine of Arms. The Copper Statues on the top of the Stadt-house are finely moulded; and among these there is old Atlas standing with a Globe upon his back, which can contain more than thirty barrels of water.

None are suffered to marry till they have made their appearance at the Stadt-house before the Lords; where, if the parties be agreed, the Ministers marry the Calvinists, and the Schepens marry those that dissent from the Religion of the States. The States, you must know, are absolute Sovereigns of the Church; and when there

is any Synod called, two of the States are always present, to watch them that they may not meddle with the Government; and if the Clergy do but drop a word that has any reference that way, the States immediately cry, "Ho la, Miin Heeren Predicanten!"

There are a great number of Alms-houses in Amsterdam, which are built with all the state and magnificence of so many Palaces.—The number of Poor they maintain is almost incredible, and amounted, when I was there, to above 20,000. They have Hospitals for Fools, for Boys and Girls, and for the Foundlings. There is also a Rasp-house for petty Thieves, and such as slash one another with swords and knives, which is too common in Holland; in this place they are kept hard at work, and if they do not perform their tasks, they are beat without mercy, or put into a deep tub, where, if they cease to pump, the water swells over their heads.

Amsterdam is perhaps the most charitable city in all the World; for there is scarce a bargain made, but more or less is laid aside for the Poor.

Holland is a very *temperate climate* for distressed Debtors; for there you cannot throw a man in prison, unless you subsist him; so that there is very little encouragement for the generation of Pettyfoggers, who have done so much mischief in England: and why might we not have a Dispensary for Law as well as Physick?

↳ This refreshes my memory with a story of Ben Jonson, who, as he was walking through a Church in Surrey, saw a company of poor people weeping over a grave. Ben asked one of the women what the occasion should be? She answered, "Ah, alas! Sir, we have lost our precious good Lawyer, Justice Randal. He kept us all in peace, and from going to Law. Certainly he was the best man that ever lived."—"Well," said Ben, "I will send you an epitaph for his tomb-stone;" which was,

" God works Wonders now and then:
Here lies a Lawyer, an Honest Man."

Ben was much in the right of it. However, I wish them all as much encouragement as those of their Profession find in Switzerland.

.. After I have said so much to the advantage of Amster-

dam, I must take the freedom to say that they have their ill customs and abuses there, as well as other places of the world. There are at least fifty Music-houses in Amsterdam, where all the flaming wickednesses are committed that you can easily imagine. Their *Long Cellar* is a tolerated Exchange for loose Women to ply in: every one of them pays three stivers for entrance at the door; and the place stands open from three in the afternoon till nine at night, at which time the Rake-bells and the Debauchees come there to pick and chuse, and make their execrable bargains.

After I left Amsterdam, the first considerable place I met with was Cleves, a city of Germany in the Circle of Westphalia, and the Metropolis of the Dukedom of Cleves, but subject to the Duke of Brandenburg since the year 1673. It is situate on the Rhine. The inhabitants there would persuade me to believe they were descended from those Saxons who made a conquest of England.

From Cleves I removed to Rhineberg, which is a small city, but strongly fortified; it stands in the Circle of the Lower-Rhine, at the distance of two miles from Wessel, and subject to the Elector of Cologne.

Thence I travelled through Dusseldorp to Cologne, which was once one of the first-rate cities in Germany; but the decay of Trade has reduced many of the inhabitants to very narrow circumstances. The Jesuit University there is the great support of the place, where there are usually 3000 Students.

From Cologne I rambled farther into Germany, and stayed some time in Mentz, which is an antient and a well-fortified City in the Circle of the Lower-Rhine. Here I was very curious to see the Rats-tower, which stands in the middle of the Rhine, where a Bishop of this place was devoured by an army of Rats, for his inhumanity to the poor.

I shall not here give the Reader the trouble to carry him any farther with me into Germany, in regard the remarks I have made upon the most considerable places will be more proper for the "History of my Travels."

Let it, therefore, be sufficient that, when I had gratified my curiosity, and spent my money, I returned to Rot-

terdam, and embarked for England, in company with Mr. Dawson (now living in York), and Mr. Christmas of Waterford. We had a long and dangerous passage, and, which was still worse, (setting out with a fair gale) I laid in no fresh provisions; so that, not caring to eat of the ship's diet, I thought I should have been quite starved before we landed in England; but, through the good Providence of God, we arrived safe at London, November 15, 1688. There I found dear Iris in health, and all my affairs in peace.

I was no sooner landed in England, but I was straight metamorphosed into a *Quaker*, and sensibly found this climate colder than in Germany. I was now so hungry, that fresh provisions made me eat abundantly; and, generally, every meal was from morning till night; for, after so long a *vacuum*, my stomach, like the horse-leach, was still crying, "Give, give!" And it was a merry world with me now, to be sure; for (as it formerly happened at my landing in New-England) it turned round wherever I went; so that for me now to contradict Copernicus's System, of the World's turning round, was to contradict my very senses. Neither was my *tongue* less affected than my *brain*; so that I spoke all by figures, that I hardly understood myself; and spoke a more unintelligible sort of jargon than the very Gypsies: for, if a thing pleased me, I should be ready to cry, "Steady." If I moved my quarters, I would cry, "'Bout ship:" and when I would know what news, I would generally cry, "How wind ye?" When I was weary, I generally used to say, "I was becalmed:" and when I met with any Friend I had not lately seen, I used to cry, "A sail! a sail!" When any thing went right, I straight cried "Starboard;" and when any thing went wrong, "Larboard" was the word. If I went abroad, it was "veering out;" and if I stayed at home, it was "casting anchor:" and when it thundered or lightened, I was still saying, "Let us go to prayer;" so true is that old adage, "He that would learn to pray, let him go to Sea."

The humour of *rambling* was now pretty well off with me, and my thoughts began to fix rather upon Business. The Shop I took, with the sign of the Black Raven, stood opposite to the Poultry Compter, where I traded ten

years, as all other men must expect, with variety of successes and disappointments. My Shop was opened just upon the Revolution; and, as I remember, the same day the Prince of Orange came to London.

So soon as I entered upon Business, I was all over infected with a new itch of *Printing*; and, I confess, I have indulged this humour something to excess.

The following Books, among many more, may serve to give the Reader a taste of what I engaged in :

"Heads of Agreement, assented to by the United Ministers."

"The Morning Exercises," published by the London Ministers.

Malebranche's "Search after Truth," which was made English by Mr. Sault.

Mr. Coke's "Detection of the Court and State of England."

"The Works of the Lord Delamere," published by consent of the Earl of Warrington.

Dr. Burthogg's "Essay on Reason, and the Nature of Spirits," dedicated to Mr. Locke.

"The Tigurine Liturgy," published by the approbation of six learned Prelates.

"Bishop Barlow's Remains, published from his Lordship's Original Papers, by Sir Peter Pet, Knight."

"The Life of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Brand."

"The Life and Death of the Reverend Mr. John Elliot, who first preached the Gospel to the Indians, in America."

"The Bloody Assizes, which contain the Trials and Dying Speeches of those that died in the West."

"Sermons on the whole Parable of Dives and Lazarus, by Joseph Stevens, Lecturer of Cripplegate and Lothbury Churches."

"The Tragedies of Sin; by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner."

Mr. Williams's "Gospel Truth."

Machenzie's "Narrative of the Siege of Derry."

Mr. Boyse's "Answer to Bishop King."

Mr. Shower's "Mourner's Companion."

Mr. Rogers's "Practical Discourses."

"Poems, written by Madam Singer," the Pindaric Lady.

"Mr. Baxter's Life."

"The History of the Edict at Nantes, translated by several Hands."—It was a wonderful pleasure to Queen Mary, to see this History made English, and was the only Book to which she ever granted her Royal Licence; and, for the rarity of it, I will here insert it:

"MARIE R.

"William and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, &c. To all our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition, and quality soever, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, greeting. Whereas our trusty and well-beloved John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of London, hath represented unto us that he is printing an English Translation out of French of 'The Edict of Nantes,' in Four Volumes, and that, in regard of the great costs and charges it hath already been, and will be to him, he hath humbly besought us to grant him our Royal Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof: We are graciously pleased to gratify him therein; and accordingly We do therefore grant unto him the said John Dunton our Royal Licence for the sole printing and publishing of the said Book for the term of fourteen years from the date hereof; strictly charging, prohibiting, and forbidding all our Subjects to reprint the said Book in whole or in part, or to imprint, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any copies or exemplaries of the same, or any part thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said term, without the consent and approbation of him the said John Dunton, his executors, administrators, or assigns, first had and obtained; as they, and every of them, offending herein, will answer the contrary at their peril. Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of our City of London, the Commissioners and Officers of our Customs, and all other our officers and ministers whom it may concern, are to take notice, that due obedience may be given to our Pleasure, herein signified. Given at our Court, at Whitehall, the 30th Day of June 1693, in the fifth year of our Reign. By her Majesty's command.

J. TRENCHARD."

I should prove tedious, or I would enlarge, for these be not the thirtieth part of those valuable Pieces I printed while I was in Trade. I give this account of my own Copies, that you may see their impudence who tell you I printed nothing but *trash*. But, Reader, "two of a Trade can never agree;" and there be men in the world who will call the first and best Book in the world *trash* (I mean the Bible), and therefore well may others be so called. Nor, indeed, is there any thing more usual amongst Booksellers, than to undervalue what does not agree with their own sentiments, or what they have not an interest in themselves. But, admitting that in the six hundred Books I have printed there might be some *trash*, I would fain know what Bookseller there is who has none in his Shop; yea, or what Gentleman or Divine is without it in his Closet. If Authors have *trash* in their heads, the World must endure the penance to have it in their houses and hands, so that the reflection is general.

The World may, perhaps, expect I should here say something of "*The Second Spira*." This Narrative was put into my hands by Mr. Richard Sault, the Methodizer, Dec. 26, 1692. Mr. Sault assured me, "he received the Memoirs, out of which he had formed the copy, from a Divine of the Church of England." He also confirmed the truth of it by a Letter and a Preface from the same Gentleman.

The Letter ran thus:—"Sir, I had yours with the Manuscript, and having compared it with the Memoirs I took, I think you have done me, and the case of that miserable Gentleman, a rigid justice."

In the Preface, the Divine says, that, "having examined the Piece, now it is perfected, with the original Notes and Papers, which I drew myself, I find the substance and material part very faithfully done; and I dare affirm that there is nothing material left out, nor are there any interpolations which are not genuine."

My way to publish the Copy being made so plain, I procured Mr. Bohun's Licence; but, so soon as it appeared in the World; the noise it made was more than ever I expected. Several Clergymen came to examine me about the truth of it, and I carried them to Mr. Sault,

who gave them the very same account I had received from him before; and Mr. Jekyl, whose acquaintance with Mr. Sault had been very intimate, told me, after coming from Mr. Sault, "that he believed the Narrative was true."

After all the evidence I have received of this matter; I have now quite altered my opinion of *Second Spira*; and shall deliver my thoughts with all the impartiality and the freedom I am capable. I really believe that Mr. Sault himself was the *Second Spira*, in regard that, a little before he wrote the Narrative, he was under the severest terrors of his own conscience; his despair and his melancholy made him look like some walking ghost; and I heard several such broken speeches as these fall from him, "I am damned! I am damned!" I remember he came one time to my chamber in the Poultry in this condition; and his complexion and his looks were quite altered, and his discourse ran all upon despair. After he was gone, dear Iris came to me, and said "she was very much afraid Mr. Sault would do himself some mischief." And the truth is, there is such deep despair in every page of the *Second Spira*, that it is hard to conceive how any man could write such a dismal narrative that did not himself feel what he there relates. This suspicion of mine is strengthened by some other circumstances; for he could never give us any particular account where Mr. Sanders lodged, from whom he received the Memoirs; and Mr. Sault, had the matter been true, must of necessity have had a correspondence with Sanders, that he might convey the manuscript to him for his approbation. Nay, farther, I have all the original Copy of *Second Spira* by me; and it is the opinion of my dear Friend Mr. Dixon, as well as mine, that the Letter and the Preface, which Mr. Sault pretended to receive from the Divine, are no more than counterfeits of his own writing, which any Gentlemen shall have the liberty to compare, for their own satisfaction, if they think it worth their while to call upon Mr. Larkin, at the Half-moon in Hand-alley. And, that I may not throw any reflections upon Mr. Sault, that want either proof or evidence, I shall here transcribe a Letter his Wife wrote to him at Cambridge, and which I have yet by me, written

with her own hand. The Letter shews that Mr. Sault had really been guilty of those unlawful freedoms which, in the married state, might very well sink him into melancholy and trouble of mind.

"Since, Mr. Sault, you are so obliging to promise to do any thing to convince me of your sincerity, I will propose to you two or three things that will do it, and assure me also that your esteem is what I could wish it, without which I can never think you have any true value or tenderness for me:—That you make me a solemn promise, to quit all other persons for me; acquaint me freely and unreservedly with all your affairs; account your interest and mine the same; and, in all things, as much as in your power, wish and promote whatever may make me happy in any respect. If this seems unreasonable to you; methinks it should not; after I have told you, these conditions performed on your part, I will refuse nothing that is in my power to gratify you. I am

"Your ever faithful, and tender Wife, SARAH SAULT."

To this Letter Mr. Sault's answer made a very free discovery of his *guilt*, with a great degree of penitence and sorrow. He freely owned, "Mrs. Sault had been one of the best of Wives, and that he would submit with all imaginable cheerfulness to her terms of amity. He hoped also they would be so happy in this life, and mind the great concerns of a better, that they should both of them meet in Heaven." But, notwithstanding this penitent Letter, and Mr. Sault's once saying he was vexed there was such a noise about the *Second Spira*—till of late, I as really believed the truth of *Second Spira*, as those Reverend Ministers who recommended it from the Pulpit to the perusal of their hearers; and the publication of it was one of the most innocent actions of my whole Life.

Now, Reader, what I have here said of the *Second Spira* being what I am willing to swear to, upon all the Bibles in the Queen's dominions; and if my credit appears hitherto unspotted and free, and not stained with base, little, and dishonourable actions; I hope I shall have that common charity in this affair which every one would be unwilling to be denied, were he in my circumstance. Yet the *Second Spira* did not meet with a more

inveterate enemy than a certain Bookseller, &c. who would fain have gone sharer with me in the Copy after it was printed; but now railing and detraction were the only methods he and some others could invent to ruin the reputation and the sale of it; though, alas! they fell short of their design, for in six weeks I had sold about thirty thousand of them. And all the revenge I shall take upon these and my other enemies is to forgive them; for, if *Second Spira* be a forgery, it is none of my making nor contrivance; nor is there a Bookseller in London would have refused the Copy upon the like information.

As to that person who dealt so basely with me, and exclaimed against the Book though he was so eager to be a sharer in it; I should not much wonder if he became a true subject for a *Second Spira* himself, if he considered his sham titles, or allowed his conscience a free parley. All that I can say further is this: that I have laid it fairly at the Methodizer's door, and that of J. Sanders, the Divine who gave him the information. If they will not vindicate themselves, I am not obliged to bear them company.

Thus, Reader, you see my innocence as to this Book, and how much I suffered (when formerly railed at for publishing of it) by the malice of some and ignorance of others; and therefore I thought it proper to set *Second Spira* in a true light, for I cannot run every where to answer slanderers.

Mr. Sault, the Methodizer, removed to Cambridge, where his ingenuity and his exquisite skill in Algebra got him a very considerable reputation. About six months ago he deceased there, and was supported in his last sickness by the friendly contributions of the Scholars, which were collected without his knowledge or desire; and my friendship to Mr. Sault, and the generous charity of those Cantabrigians, have obliged me to mention it as a monument of their gratitude.

Mr. Sault expressed a great deal of uneasiness under his narrow circumstances before his death; but never once mentioned *Second Spira* in his last sickness, nor of any terrors he had with respect to his future state; so that I hope he had made his peace with God, and went out of the world a sincere penitent. However, he was decently

interred in St. Andrew's Church in Cambridge; and his last offices were discharged by two worthy gentlemen; one of them is a Doctor of Physick, belonging to Trinity College, who visited Mr. Sault in his illness, and administered physic to him *gratis*.

Thus, Reader, you find (by my being imposed on in *Second Spira*) that I do not pretend to be more infallible than other people; and of six hundred Books I have printed, it would be strange if all should be alike good. But though, in my *unthinking age*, I have printed something I wish I had never seen (though of six hundred I know but of seven I am angry at); yet, where I have erred, it is from Heaven, and not from man, that I heartily ask forgiveness. I confess it was a bold saying of the great Montaigne, on his death-bed, "that, were he to live over his Life again, he would live exactly as he had done: I neither," says he, "complain of the past, nor do I fear the future."

I cannot say so; for, though I am but turned of my fortieth year, and have always devoted my time and travels to the knowledge of Countries, Books, and Men; yet, were I to correct the *Errata of my short Life*, I would quite alter the press. Would Time unweave my age again to the first thread, what another man would I be! But, as willing as I am to confess this, yet where I have *erred* with respect to Printing, I must cast the fault into the great heap of human error. I never printed a Book in my whole life, but what I had a just end in the publication. But, if others will not think so, I cannot help it. I must own, that, having printed a great many Books (and not reading through the twentieth part of what I print) some *Errors* have escaped my hand. But this is my misfortune, and not my crime; and ill success ruins the merit of a good meaning. However, the way to amendment is never out of date. Repentance is a plank we (Book-merchants) have still left, on which we may swim to shore; and, having erred, the noblest thing we can do is, to own it. He that repents, is well near innocent. Diogenes, seeing a lad sneaking out of a brothel, bid him "hold up his head, for he need not be ashamed of coming out, but of going in." And therefore, as I grow in years, I alter my opinion of things.

When I now print a Book, I put on my graver spectacles, and consult as well with my judgment as interest. When I first began to print, I had then seen but the outside of the world and men, and conceived them according to their appearing glister.

You know, Reader, Youth are rash and heedless : green heads are very ill judges of the productions of the mind. The first glance is apt to deceive and surprize. Novelties have charms that are very taking, but a little leisure and consideration discovers the imposture ; those false lights are dispelled upon a serious review, and second thoughts are wiser than the first. And this was my case with respect to ‘ The Second Spira ;’ ‘ The Post-boy robbed of his Mail ;’ ‘ The Voyage round the World ;’ ‘ The New Quevedo ;’ ‘ The Pastor’s Legacy ;’ ‘ Heavenly Pastime ;’ ‘ The Hue and Cry after Conscience.’ But, excepting these seven Books, I have nothing to repent of with respect to Printing : but for these, I heartily wish I had never seen them, and advise all that have them to burn them.

Thus have I freely confessed my *Errors in Printing* ; but as to *Bookselling* and *Traffick*, I dare stand the test, with the same allowances that every man under the same circumstance with me would wish to have, for the whole Trading part of my Life. Nay, I challenge all the Booksellers in London to prove I ever over-reached them, or deceived them, in any one instance. And when you come to that part of my *Life* that relates to the Auctions I made in Dublin, you will find that, in all the Notes I made for Dublin, I put the same price to every man. And would any Bookseller be at the pains to compare all my Notes together (though I exchanged with all the Trade), for every Penny he finds charged more to himself than to other men, he shall have Ten Pounds reward, and a thousand thanks into the bargain, for rectifying a mistake I never designed. But if, notwithstanding this hearty *Repentance for my Errors in Printing*, and scrupulous justice in *Trade*, I have still Enemies, it is no wonder ; better men than I have had them, as much undeserved.

I next reckon myself obliged, in gratitude, to draw the Characters of the *Authors* for whom I printed, &c. ;

and indeed my own *Life* would appear but a broken thread, unless I should set both *Men* and *Things* in as fair a light as I can, so far as they have come within the compass of my own sphere. And I shall begin with

Bishop *Barlow*, whose very soul was wrapt up in Books; and though he was well acquainted with Universal Learning, yet Casuistical Divinity was his peculiar province. There was nothing but peace and moderation in his principles, which gained him very great respect among the religious and temperate part of mankind. His *Life* and *Actions* were governed by Reason and Religion; and his whole behaviour was grave and serious, and well suited to the high post he maintained. He deceased when he was considerably up in years, and left an unblemished reputation behind him, which is more than every good man can do.

Mr. *Jay*, Rector of Chinnor (Oxfordshire), was a considerable Scholar, well read, and his behaviour was extremely courteous and civil. He delivered his Sermons without any dependence upon his Notes, and they were usually very warm and brisk. He was more concerned to advance the happiness and last interests of men, than to raise a dust in the Church of Christ, and to persecute those that dissented from him.

Mr. *Brandon*, Rector of Finchamstead (Berks), was a man of great Piety and sober principles. His Learning was very solid, and his Understanding quick and piercing; and his Charity deserves a monument of praise.

Mr. *Alkin*, Minister of Burton-upon-Trent, was a very worthy man, of great Piety and Moderation, and a good friend to Booksellers, in regard his Charity would not suffer a *Practical Piece* to lie long upon their hands.

Mr. *Barlow*, Rector of Chalgrave in Bedfordshire, has a considerable stock of Learning, and his style is very free and generous. He is a man, in some sense, of very great worth; but he has got a strange habit of borrowing Money, and deferring the Payment. I have now a Note under his hand for a sum of money, and once made a visit to Chalgrave purely upon that account, but was forced to return with a *Non est inventus*. If he is yet alive, and in circumstances, the money I freely lent him in London upon a great extremity may come pretty

near his conscience. Could he but have shook off some inclinations that hung upon him, he might have been a good and a great man.

Mr. *Stacy*, a Minister of the Church of England. He is a man very ingenious, and can perform well in Poetry, a quick Disputant, and a Critick in the Languages. His style is natural and easy. He wrote the "Epitome of the Whole Duty of Man." He is pretty well acquainted with the inclinations of the *Town Ladies*, witness his English "*Martial*;" yet he is chaste (to a Proverb), and has a peculiar respect for a man that is just in his dealings.

Mr. *Turner*, Rector of Walbleton (Sussex), a man of wonderful Moderation, and of great Piety. He always entertained a particular friendship and respect for Mr. Henry, deceased. His style was very easy and free. He wrote the "History of Remarkable Providences," in folio; and the "History of all Religions," in octavo. He was very generous, and would not receive a farthing for his Copy till the success was known.

Mr. *Hickeringil*, Rector of All Saints in Colchester. His Wit is excellent, of which he has given the World an undeniable specimen in his "Character of the Ceremony-monger." His humour is good and pleasant. He is *his own Lawyer*, the Treasury of Knowledge, the Oracle of Council, and his talent that way has been very serviceable to many. He is a man of a bold spirit. He wrote for me "The Divine Captain," and often did me the honour to invite me down to his noble Seat in Essex.

Mr. *Clerk*, Rector of Arkesden (in Essex), was a great Scholar; and his constitution was something tinctured with melancholy, which made him sedate and thoughtful. He laboured with great zeal and faithfulness to bring Sinners home to the Wisdom of the Just. His Sermons were always filled with an useful variety, which made them less tedious, and more profitable to the hearers.

Dr. *Horneck*. He was a man of that great *usefulness*, that none ever yet saw him without reverence, or heard him without wonder. I knew a Gentlewoman (who was a great frequenter of Plays, and had lived a very careless life) that was converted by his Sermons on Dives and Lazarus. I was often with Dr. Horneck, and had the

honour to receive several Letters from him, which I have now by me; so that I have great reason to lament his death, not only as he was a public loss (a long Fixed Star in the Firmament of the Church), but also on the account of some particular friendship I received from him (of which more anon); and I would to God, mine and the Nation's loss could be as easily supplied as lamented; for where shall we find such another as Dr. Horneck, "so devoted to the Ministry from the womb, so exemplary for Piety in his youth, such an enemy to Pluralities, such a Lover of Souls, such a constant Preacher, such a Reprover of Vice, such a learned Casuist, such a useful Writer, such an Encourager of Religious Societies, and, in a word, one who so denied himself, that rather than the Poor should want, he would fast himself?" We have a pious example to follow in Dr. Horneck; and all that ever knew him will readily own it. And if I should add, he was mortified to all worldly pleasures, and sensual satisfactions; I should say no more than what I find attested by his great Friend Richard late Bishop of Bath and Wells *. I cannot say I actually printed any thing for this eminent Divine; yet I may truly call him my Author; for, whilst he was preaching on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, the present Bishop of Gloucester† (at the request of Dr. Annesley, his Predecessor at Cripplegate) did me the honour to engage Dr. Horneck's promise that I should print the Sermons he preached upon that subject; and Dr. Horneck sent me a Letter (which I once shewed Mr. Ailmer), wherein he tells me he was transcribing these Sermons for the press, and that no other person should print them but me. So that I have great reason to respect the memory of Dr. Horneck; and it must be said that the Church of Westminster shewed the great kindness they had for him, by the care they took of his solemn Interment, and by that Monument they have since erected to his memory in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

* Bp. Kidder. He and his Wife were killed by the fall of a stack of chimneys during a high wind, in 1703, at Wells, where he resided. EDIT.

† Dr. Edward Fowler.

Mr. Stephens, late Lecturer of Cripplegate, was master of a noble genius, and a clean spirit of wit ran through all his conversation. The harmony of his own mind made him a great lover of the *Organ*. I remember he shewed me his own *coffin*, which he kept in readiness some years before he died, as a *memento* of his own mortality.

Mr. Wooly. He deserves the good character the world has given him. His Reason is fierce and cogent, his Style gentle and natural as his Mien and his Action without force or foppery; he thunders not along in a torrent of epithets, nor stuns the Audience with an equipage of words; but insinuates by easy and agreeable measures, and carries the day by persuasion rather than assault. Some of our Parsons are but a sacred sort of Drummers at the best; they beat violently upon the ear, speak as if they were at the head of an Army, and depend merely upon the Dial of Sound to waken the secure. Christianity has the fairest plea for itself when the mind is cool and sedate; he that thinks with calmness stands fairest for a discovery of the obligations of Religion. Were the cause bad at the bottom, harangue might be more needful; it is necessary the thoughts should be wrought up to a tumult, ere they will surrender and give their assent; but, where the jewel lies at the bottom of the stream, it is discovered best by keeping it unsullied from passion or surprize; and generally the good motions that are conjured up by force will fall flat again when the cause is removed; whereas we seldom part with those impressions which are made upon us in cool blood. I shall only add to Mr. Wooly's character, that he is an universal Scholar. He wrote for me "The Complete Library;" took the *private* Minutes that composed "The Secret History of Whitehall;" and all the subjects I engaged him in he performed to a nicety.

I shall add my old Friend Mr. *Samuel Wesley* to the list of these Conformists. He was educated upon charity in a private Academy, if we may take his own word for it in his late Pamphlet, which was designedly written to expose and overthrow those Academies. One would have thought that either gratitude, or his own reputation in the world, and among his Relations and

his best Friends, might have kept him silent, though, when a man is resolved to do himself a mischief, who can help it? But it is certainly so—*Apostata est osor sui ordinis.*

Mr. Wesley had an early inclination to *Poetry*, but he usually wrote too fast to write well. Two hundred couplets a day are too many by two-thirds to be well-furnished with all the beauties and the graces of that art. He wrote very much for me both in Verse and Prose, though I shall not name over the titles, in regard I am altogether as unwilling to see my name at the bottom of them, as Mr. Wesley would be to subscribe his own. Mr. Wesley had read much, and is well skilled in the Languages; he is generous and good-humoured, and caresses his Friend with a great deal of passion so long as his circumstances are any thing in order, and then he *drops* him; and I challenge the Rector of Epworth (for he is not yet "*My Lord*," nor "*His Grace*") to prove I injure him in this Character; for that he was once *glad* of my Friendship, none can question that reads the following Letter (of which I have the Original still by me):

"DEAR BROTHER, *Epworth, July 24, 1697.*

"It has been neither unkindness to you, with whom I have traded and been justly used for many years, much less unthankfulness to Mr. Rogers, for I shall own my obligations to that good man while I live, which has made me so long neglect answering your several Letters; but the hurry of a remove, and my extraordinary business, being obliged to preach the Visitation Sermon at Gainsborough, at the Bishop's coming thither, which is but just over. Besides, I would fain have sent you an Elegy as well as an Epitaph, but cannot get one to my mind, and therefore you must be content with half your desire; and if you please to accept this Epitaph, it is at your service, and I hope it will come before you need another Epithalamium. I am

"Your obliged Friend and Brother, S. WESLEY."

I could be very *maggoty* in the Character of this *Conforming Dissenter* (for so this Letter shews him to be); but, except he further provokes me, I bid him Farewell till we meet in Heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for, human frailties excepted, I believe

Sam Wesley a pious man. I shall only add, the giving this true Character of Parson Wesley is all the satisfaction I ever desire for his *dropping* an old Friend. I shall leave him to struggle through life, and to make the best of it; but, alas!

"He loves too much the Heliconian strand,
Whose stream 's unfurnish'd with the golden sand."

I do not speak this out of prejudice to Mr. Wesley; for to forgive a *slight* is so easy to me, it is scarce a virtue. But this *rhyming* circumstance of Mr. Wesley is what I learn from the Poem called "The Reformation of Manners," where are these words:

"Wesley, with Pen and Poverty beset,
And Blackmore, vers'd in Physick as in Wit;
Though this of Jesus, that of Job may sing,
One bawdy Play will twice their profits bring:
And had not both caress'd the flatter'd Crown,
This had no Knighthood seen, nor that no Gown."

Among my *Dissenting Authors*, I shall begin with Dr. *Annesley*, a man of wonderful Piety and Humility. I have heard him say, that "He never knew the time he was not converted." The great business and the pleasure of his life was, "to persuade sinners back to God from the general apostacy;" and in the faithful discharge of his Ministry he spent fifty-five years. He had the care of all the Churches upon his mind, and was the great support of Dissenting Ministers, and of the Morning Lecture. His Nonconformity created him many troubles; however, all the difficulties and disappointments he met with from an ungrateful world did never alter the goodness and the cheerfulness of his humour. And what an ingenious Author has said of himself, in a different case, was true of the Reverend Doctor:

"A slave to Sickness, and to Pains a prey,
I keep my humour, cheerful still and gay."

I might enlarge upon his Charity and the usefulness of his life, was not the World so well acquainted with them. I reckon it the great happiness of my life that I had him for my Father-in-Law. I shall only add, that we should have some zeal to fill up the vacant spaces in

the Church of God, *militant* first, and *triumphant* afterwards; then how happy must Dr. Annesley be, who produced much fruit for Heaven! I heard him say, "he has had twenty-five children." Dr. Manton baptizing one of them, and being asked how many Children the Doctor had, he returned this answer: "that he believed it was *two dozen*, or a quarter of a hundred;" which reckoning of children by *dozens* was a thing so very uncommon, that I have heard Dr. Annesley mention it with a special remark. After his decease, Mr. Williams preached his Funeral Sermon, and Mr. De Foe drew his Character, which I published; and the Reader may meet with it in the Collection of that Author's Works.

Dr. *Bates*, a man well known and much esteemed among the politer sort of mankind. He was the best Orator of the age; and all his Writings shew that he had a rich and a living Fancy, which he knew to moderate with the temperance of his judgment. His Style is wonderfully fine, and discovers a very noble genius. He never discoursed but he always charmed. The late Archbishop Tillotson had a high value for him; and the Lord Chancellor Finch and the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham were his good Friends. Neither Honour nor Interest could ever engage him to desert his principles. Upon the return of King Charles, he had the offer of a Deanry, and afterwards might have had any Bishoprick in the Kingdom; but he refused them. He deceased at Hackney in 1699.

Dr. *Jacomb*, sometime Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, was a man of great temper and judgment; His Sermons and his Life were all of a piece. His principles were moderate, and did not throw him upon extremes. After his Ejection in 1662, he took refuge in the Family of the Right Honourable and Pious Lady, the Countess Dowager of Exeter; in this Family he deceased, March 27, 1687; and his Library was sold for £.1300 afterwards.

Dr. *Owen* was a man of great Piety and Learning, and a shining Ornament of the University of Oxford, where he was Vice-Chancellor for several years. Mr. Wood himself, after he has plentifully discharged his venom, will freely own, the Doctor was a person "well

skilled in the Tongues, Rabbinical Learning, Jewish Rites and Customs; and that he had a great command of his English Pen, and was one of the most genteel and fairest Writers that appeared against the Church of England."—When he was laid aside at Oxford, he was invited over into New England, to preside over Harvard College; but King Charles thought fit to stop him.—The last stage of his life was spent in London; and, after a considerable time of labour and usefulness, he deceased on St. Bartholomew's-day, 1683; and his remains were interred in that known place* near the Artillery-ground, where there is a Monument erected to preserve his memory, with a Latin Epitaph; on which is engraved his coat of arms.

Dr. *Singleton* was a considerable Scholar, a solid Divine, truly pious, and of great modesty. There was a peaceful serenity that always governed in his countenance. He had abundance of good-humour, that made both himself and those he conversed with very easy. His understanding was clear, and his fancy very brisk; but his reason and his modesty would not suffer it to grow enormous. He made very little bustle in life, was not pushing, and appeared always content.

Mr. *Baxter* was a man well versed in Polemical Divinity, and the modern Controversies, that were then managed with a great deal of warmth and concern. His humour was something morose and sour, which perhaps may be imputed to the many bodily afflictions he laboured under, as well as to the troubles and disturbances he met with in the world. He has writ more than most men can read in a life-time. The Honourable Sir Henry Ashurst was his great and good friend, and never dropped him under the blackest circumstances of his life. I shall refer the Reader for a particular account of this great Man to the "Abridgement of his Life" by the Rev. Mr. Calamy.

Mr. *Williams* is a rich man, and preaches very well. As for his "Gospel Truth," the world is not altogether agreed about it; but as for his forwardness to all charitable offices, and works of that nature, he deserves a peculiar character. His life is wholly governed by an interest superior to his own; and those that deny

* Bunhill-Fields.

this, should have good evidence for what they say. His very complexion and his countenance have nothing but good-humour in them. I might add (from my own experience) that he will rather lose his *debts*, than do his *Debtors* a diskindness. I know there are many of a quite different opinion; but they should be very cautious that common report, ill-nature, and the spleen, do not make them unjust to the merits of any man. But this being so ticklish a point, I shall leave it, and desire the world would take a fairer draught of Mr. Williams's Character from the living Original.

Mr. *Boyse*, now living in Dublin, is a great Scholar, and a very smart Disputant, and the World has seen a specimen of his talent that way in his "Answer to Bishop King." His Discourses are well furnished with thought, and the method of them is accurate and clear. His humour is very agreeable, but something inclined to too much thoughtfulness and melancholy.

Mr. *Shower* is a very popular Preacher, and delivers himself from the Pulpit in terms that are easy and intelligible. His voice is very small and shrill upon occasions, which he often raises, to carry home such matters as are more important. His design is not so much to please, as to make religious impressions upon his Hearers: and his public labours have obtained so well, that he has a large Vineyard to dress and prune. He has travelled very much, and had the happiness to be well acquainted with the famous *Turretine*, who has made himself well known to the Learned World.

Mr. *Rogers* (Assistant to Mr. Shower) is a popular Preacher and a true Friend. He was once under trouble of mind, and published an excellent Discourse upon that subject. His conversation is very pleasant and diverting: he discourses with a great deal of freedom and sincerity, and it is much if he does not make as many friends as are the persons that know him. He is very generous and undesigning, and is nothing of the humour with those Authors, who either turn themselves into *Half-Booksellers*, or else insist upon such terms for their *Copy*, as that an *Impression* will scarce answer the prime cost. Mr. Rogers preached the Funeral Sermon of dear *Iris*, which was afterwards made public, and met with considerable success.

Mr. Burgess is a very solid Divine. His Discourses are always well furnished with *substance*; and he knows how to make them *fine* enough when he pleases. Were it not for some little Comedy, and too much freedom of expression, he might well be reckoned one of the first-rate Preachers of the Age. Mr. Burgess is well known; and every body can tell you some story or other of him, though they never regard the truth of it: if it be but comical enough, they can throw it at his door.—Tom Brown (that incorrigible Sinner) deserves the *birch* much better than the *bays*, for exposing Mr. Burgess; but, alas! the Meeting and the Playhouse, the Temple of God and the Synagogue of Satan, stand too *near* to have any good harmony betwixt them.

Mr. Silvester is a man of wonderful Piety and Humility. His Discourses are all filled with the life and spirit of Christianity; the nature and design of which is so little understood among the greatest part of mankind. He has so much of Heaven in his own mind, that the whole stream of his conversation runs that way. His judgment is very clear, and his notions and his thoughts are surprising and uncommon. His principles are very moderate. Mr. Baxter had a particular friendship for him; and I could name some great men of the Church of England that have a high value for him, and converse very frequently with him.

Mr. Howe is deservedly esteemed the greatest man among the Dissenting Ministers; and may not I add of the Age he lives in? He is well skilled in most of the European and Oriental tongues. He is universally read in History; a judicious and acute Philosopher, and a solid Divine. His genius is large and generous, which gives him a noble capacity for those vast reaches and fathoms of thought, which the grovelling part of mankind are altogether unacquainted with. His Discourses are all of them masterly performed; their method is clear and accurate; and it is grown natural to him to talk beyond the reach of common Hearers: some shall sit and only see and hear him, whilst those that understand shall be, if I may be allowed to say so, supremely pleased. His style is usually reckoned rough and obscure; yet he talks at a significant rate, and commonly

plunges so deep into the very bowels of his subject, that common capacities cannot *dive* after him ; their thoughts swim on the surface, whilst he labours out of sight, and wades beyond their depth. Yet I will make bold to say, that his style is unalterable for the better ; for, should you endeavour to make it run in an obvious way, without pain and uneasiness, you would destroy the strength and the beauty of thought, and leave nothing of Mr. Howe in it. His principles are full of moderation and peace ; and he is more concerned for the peace and safety of the Universal Church, than for any particular subdivision of it. My dear Iris took a great delight in reading Mr. Howe's "Blessedness of the Righteous *," and she read it six times over, knowing it was a lively survey of the Holy Land. She discerned in that description the draughts of a great hand and a sublime spirit. The truth is, whoever converses with Mr. Howe's Writings will find his thoughts dwell with great intenseness upon the World and the Life to come, that his remove may be his happiness and his choice, which, alas ! is no more than a matter of necessity upon the greater part of mankind. He finds the present *composition* cannot always be kept together ; and that to contend with Death is but to struggle with what is purely impossible. He has been often heard to say, that "he esteemed it a great mercy to a good man, if God would give him leave to die." But may Heaven yet allow him a greater length of usefulness ; for, when he dies, we may well say, "that the only Man in an Age that understood himself is going : " for, to conclude his Character,

"The secret springs of Truth he nicely knows,
And prodigally as the Sun bestows ;
Directed by his leading light, we pass
Through Nature's rooms, and tread in every maze.
A throng of Virtues in his breast repose,
Which, single, would as many Saints compose."

Mr. Doolittle. He once kept a private Academy in Mugwell-street, and is a man of considerable learning and usefulness. He endeavours to do good in a plain

* See her Funeral Sermon, preached by Mr. Rogers, p. 130.

way, and delivers himself with a great deal of affection and concern. He is very constant and laborious in his Master's work; and his Practical Treatises, especially his book "On the Sacrament," have been very successful among the ignorant part of mankind; he makes it his great business to instil the first principles of Christianity into Youth, which will be their happiness while they live, and their peace and comfort when they die.

Mr. *Pomfret* is a man of great eminence and piety; he preaches with abundance of warmth and zeal, and more action than is usual. His behaviour is very civil and obliging, and in all the offices of Charity he is the first man. He has been a great Traveller, which renders his conversation very pleasant and diverting.

Mr. *Slater* is a plain practical Preacher, which has made him very popular in the City; he has laboured a long time to turn Sinners from their ignorance and folly, and to settle them in their right minds. I printed several Books for this pious and reverend Author, and most of them sold extraordinary well.

Mr. *Nathaniel Vincent* was an early proficient both in learning and piety. He was admitted at Oxford when eleven years old, and at the age of eighteen went off Master of Arts. He preached many years in Southwark; his diligence in his studies was almost to excess, and his humility all along was the shining ornament of his life; his principles were very moderate, but they would not suffer him to conform in 1662. He was interred in the New Burying-place*; and on his tombstone are these lines:

"Though dead I lie, I speak to you that live;
Your Heart, your All, be sure to God you give.
Immortal Souls to benefit and save,
I have thus made a Pulpit of my Grave."

Mr. *Jenkyn* was an affectionate Preacher, and very popular. His natural temper was a little inclined to too much warmth. He met with very hard measures upon the account of his Nonconformity, and died in *Newgate* in 1684. The King would not allow him so much as a

* In Bunhill Fields, London.

little living breath, though the Physicians assured his Majesty, "that his life was endangered by his close confinement."

Mr. *Richard Adams* was an eminent Divine, of a peaceful spirit, entirely devoted to the service and the glory of God. He was a great ornament to the Ministry, and so self-denied, that, being fixed with a Congregation that was very poor, there were no proposals of advantage made to him that could tempt him to leave his Flock. He was concerned in the "Supplement to Mr. Pool's English Annotations," and wrote the "Expositions of the Epistles to the Philippians and the Colossians."

Mr. *Thomas Watson* was a Divine of great eminence, and his Ministry was attended with wonderful success. His piety and his usefulness made him well known in the City, and gained him an universal respect from all persons of sober principles. The Reverend and learned Bishop Richardson had a very high value for him.

Mr. *William Cooper*. He was a nice Critick in the tongues, a very considerable Philosopher, a smart Disputant, and well versed in controversy. He was universally read in History, and had a peculiar genius for Latin Poetry. He was Chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, Mother to the Princess Sophia of Hanover, on whom the succession to the Crown of England is lately settled. He was several years in her family, and had free conversation with the Foreign Envoys that were sent there, and was deservedly esteemed a first-rate Politician.

Mr. *Edward Veal* is an universal Scholar; and I suppose Mr. Samuel Wesley *, Rector of Epworth, can say nothing to the contrary. He is a man of great piety and usefulness, and his principles are very moderate. He was concerned in preparing for the press the Posthumous Works of the Reverend Mr. Stephen Charnock.

Mr. *Henry Hurst* was well known at Oxford for a quick and ingenious Disputant; and Mr. Wood himself cannot but own, he was a learned and a religious Nonconformist. He was domestic Chaplain to the Earl of

* Father of John and Charles Wesley, the two celebrated Founders of the Wesleyan Methodists. EDIT.

Anglesey for several years ; and preached with very good success and approbation in the City.

Mr. *Woodcock* had the universal character of a learned man. He was a quick Disputant, and well furnished for all the kinds of Academical Exercises. Towards the conclusion of his life he was Assistant to Dr. Bates at Hackney.

Mr. *Milward*, a man of peace and moderation, a sound Divine and Practical Preacher. I do not know that he has made any thing public, except a Sermon in the "Morning Exercise," &c. upon "Loving our Neighbours as ourselves," which is a perfect transcript both of his principles and his practice.

Mr. *John Oaks* was a man of great piety, and his conversation was unblemished. His humour was constantly bright and gay ; and he recommended Religion to the approbation of others by a cheerful innocence, which is usually attended with better success than that unprecribed severity, and religious sourness, which is much too common. He was violently seized in the Pulpit, and silenced in the midst of his work ; which to himself might be a comfortable, but to others a very awful and a preaching Providence. He was succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Daniel Williams, whose character I have drawn before.

Mr. *David Clarkson*, B. D. The substance of his character, drawn by the incomparable Dr. Bates, is this : " He was a man of sincere godliness and true holiness, which is the divine part of a Minister. When deprived of his public Ministry, he gave himself wholly to reading and meditation, whereby he obtained an eminent degree of sacred knowledge, and was conversant in the retired parts of learning, in which many who are qualified to preach a profitable Sermon are unacquainted. Humility and modesty were his distinctive characters wherein he excelled. In his conversation, a comely gravity mixed with an innocent pleasantness were attractive of respect and love. His breast was a very temple of peace, and his temper seemed to be always calm and undisturbed ; his language was neither neglected nor gaudy and vain, but judiciously suited to the Oracles of God."—Mr. Baxter tells us, " he was a Divine of extraordinary

worth for solid judgment, healing moderate principles, acquaintance with the Fathers, great ministerial abilities, and a godly upright life." It was his great honour to have been concerned in the education of Dr. John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had a high value for him so long as he lived.

Mr. *Richard Mayo*, a man of great piety and sincerity. His labours in the Ministry met with abundance of success, and his memory is precious at Kingston to this day; his natural temper was very open and innocent. Mr. Nathaniel Taylor succeeded him.

Mr. *Vincent Alsop* was a man of great worth and piety. He had a flowing fancy, and his wit was excellent, of which his "Antizozzo," and his "Melius Inquirendum," are living testimonies. Mr. Wood might as well have told the world that Mr. Alsop was born blind, as that "he was no way qualified for any performance where Wit was requisite, either by the natural bent of his own genius, or by any acquired improvements." His Discourses were informing, and discovered a great depth of judgment. He was late Pastor of a considerable Congregation in Westminster; died very suddenly in 1703; and is succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Calamy.

Mr. *Richard Steel*, a very valuable and useful man. He was a great Scholar, and pursued his studies with close application. He was well qualified for the Ministry, and all his Discourses discovered abundance of accuracy and fine thought. He met with very hard measures upon the account of his Nonconformity. He was seized once by a warrant, and his Almanack taken from him, where he kept his Diary, which was not written very fair; and they made all the malicious comments upon it that their envy would suggest.

Mr. *Thomas Brand*. He once designed for the Law, but afterwards applied himself to Divinity. His principles were very moderate, and he was very zealous to promote the knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; he was one of the brightest ornaments of his function which the age afforded. Dr. Annesley brought me acquainted with this generous good man; and I must own (to his eternal honour) that he gave more Practical Books to the Poor, than all my Customers besides.

Mr. Lukin, a very eminent man, one that burns with devotion, and the zeal of doing good. He is an ornament of the Ministry; and his Discourses dwell upon Jesus Christ, his Sacrifice, his Natures, and his Offices; which are the richest themes of the Everlasting Gospel. What he preaches is first wrought upon his own mind, and then delivered with a spiritual warmth, and from an inward perception of all he says. He is very humble, and appears to be nothing in his own esteem; and those that enjoy his conversation must either be better, or much the worse for it. I printed 10,000 of his "Practice of Godliness."

Mr. Thomas Lye was a man of great worth and piety; but his talent, and indeed the genius of his mind, was peculiarly turned for Catechetical Exercises. His method in them obtained so much among Children, that, as I have heard his worthy Friend Mr. Goldsmith say, they usually made it their *choice* to be catechized. He published "An Explanation of the Assembly's Catechism," which he wrote whilst he lived in Clapham, and gave several hundreds of them away; by this means he was an useful instrument to spread the knowledge of Christianity among the Youth.

Mr. Lobb. He was a person of a piercing judgment in all points of Controversial Divinity. He could state a Theological Question with admirable clearness and acuteness; and knew how, in a controversy, "to cleave," as we say, "a hair." He was (I had almost said) an invincible Disputant; his conquests are as many as were his contentions with any Adversaries of the truth. All the pieces I printed for him seem well meditated, and furnished with a force of thought and expression not commonly met with in others; for he had formed a system of notions to which he was always constant, never writing any thing inconsistent with his principles, which, with his exact and succinct style, rendered the whole judicious. As for the rest of his Character, his life was so pure (that though some blamed him for going so often to Court in King James's reign) his very enemies could never prove him guilty of an ill thing; and both Churchmen and Dissenters did equally love him. In Controversial Divinity he used soft words, but hard arguments;

and laboured more to shew the truth of his cause, than the spleen. I shall only add, he brought me acquainted with that learned Gentleman, Dr. R. Burthogg, and was my constant Friend to the day of his death.

Mr. *Vink*. He was a profound Casuist, a Practical Preacher, and a person most able and dextrous in the expounding of Scriptures. He was concerned in the "Supplement to Pool's Annotations," and was one that could as well reach and fathom the difficult places of Scripture as any Divine whatever. In a word, Mr. Vink was a most Orthodox Christian, and had thoroughly digested the whole Body of Divinity, and could fluently (and yet rationally) deliver his notions without the least hesitation.

Mr. *Trail*. He is pious and learned, and counts it no prophaneness to be polished with human reading. He is a very affectionate Preacher; beats upon his *Text*, not the *Cushion*; making his Hearers, not the Pulpit, groan. He is a Scribe instructed to the Kingdom of Heaven, like unto a man that is "an householder, that bringeth out of his treasure things new and old." He is an able Disputant; but is a man of too much sincerity to desire Conferences out of a principle of vanity. To conclude his character, he is (besides his admirable genius and great learning) a person of extraordinary judgment, which always governs the heats of his imagination, and makes even his silence considerable.

Mr. *Quick* is a man of acute parts, and a great Master of the French Tongue, which was a considerable help to him in compiling his "Synodicon." His genius is much superior to the generality of Preachers; and his Discourses are well methodized, and discover a considerable depth of thought.

Mr. *Hammond*, a Dissenting Minister of great worth and eminency. He wants nothing but to be more known, to make him more esteemed. He is now sunk very much under age and infirmity; and yet the venerable Remains of what he once was appear in all his Discourses. His style is above the common rate, and his humility and good-humour are very remarkable. He lived at Taunton for many years, and is now a Preacher in Town.

Mr. *Ness*, a man of considerable Learning, but labours

under some unhappiness in his style. He has wrote many Practical Treatises; published a "Church History," in 8vo; and "An Exposition on the whole Bible." He wrote for me "The Life of Pope Innocent XI." of which the whole impression sold off in two weeks. His conversation is both pleasant and informing; he continued to preach privately in the *darkest* times.

Mr. *Barnard*, a man of good estate, and so preaches purely to promote the happiness of men. He is a great Master at Catechetical Exercises, which are his peculiar province. His *charity* is very large; he is constantly giving away great numbers of Practical Books.

Mr. *Albyn*, once an eminent Minister in the West. He was a holy, humble, mortified man, of great leaping and usefulness; but his character is so well known, that there is no necessity to enlarge. I printed some "Sermons" of his (sent to me by his Friend Mr. Hamlyn), which obtained very well.

Mr. *Ben Bridgwater*. He was of Trinity College in Cambridge, and M. A. His genius was very rich, and ran much upon Poetry, in which he excelled. He was, in part, Author of "Religio Bibliopolæ." But, alas! in the issue, Wine and Love were the ruin of this ingenious Gentleman.

I next make room for a man of another character; and room must be made; for here comes Mr. *Keach*, mounted upon some Apocalyptic Beast or other, with Babylon before him, and Zion behind him, and a hundred thousand Bulls and Bears, and furious Beasts of Prey, roaring, ramping, and bellowing at him, so hideously, that, unless some kind Angel drop from the clouds, and hacks and hews very plentifully among them, he must certainly be torn as small as a Love-letter. This warlike Author is much admired amongst the Anabaptists; and, to do him right, his thoughts are easy, just, and pertinent. He is a Popular Preacher, and (as appears by his awakening Sermons) understands the humour and necessity of his Audience. His Practical Books have met with a kind reception; and I believe his "War with the Devil," and "Travels of True Godliness," (of which I printed ten thousand) will sell to the end of time.—These have all of them written for me either more or less.

The next labour that lies upon me is, to draw, as concisely as I can, the Characters of my Lay-Authors, who have either furnished out Originals, or translated for me.

Lord *Delumere*, a very great man, and one that deserved well of his Country. He asserted the English Liberties with a noble zeal; and never carried his point by noise and tumult, but by prudence and the strength of argument. He was a Christian as well as a politician, though he made no bustle in the Church; for his Principles had nothing in them but moderation and peace. His "*Posthumous Works*" give a better Character of him than I can do. They shew he was well acquainted with the World, and how little he expected from it; and they discover a very generous concern for Posterity, and the great interest of Religion.

Sir *Peter Pett* was a Virtuoso, and a great Scholar, and Fellow of the Royal Society. He was well accomplished for conversation, because of his natural fluency and the fineness of his Wit.

James Tyrrel, Esq. Grandson to the famous Bishop Usher. He deserves a better character than I am able to give him. He knows, perhaps, the English Constitution better than any man of the Age. His "*Bibliotheca Politica*" is argument enough of his sufficiency that way. At the instance of Sir William Temple—Mr. Salisbury, Mr. Harris, and myself, put him upon writing his "*General History of England*;" which though it was ten months longer in the Press than we expected, yet he was so much *disinterested* in the matter, that we had no reason to complain. The first Volume was so well received, that he had encouragement enough to proceed upon a second. He is an accomplished Gentleman, an impartial Historian, and his principles are very moderate.

Dr. *Kerr*, a man of great piety and universal learning. Philosophy is his peculiar province, and, perhaps, there are but few in this Age of a greater depth in Divinity and Philosophy than himself. His thoughts are free and noble; and he is neither tied to the old pedantry of the Schools, nor over-fond of our new discoveries, where the reason and the evidence of Truth is insufficient, of which he is a very capable judge.

Dr. Miller, a Scotsman, a great Traveller, well skilled in Physic and the Mathematics. His genius is rich and noble; he writes much, and to very good purpose, and knows to translate the French incomparably well. His principles are moderate, and his modesty very remarkable.

Edward Coke, Esq. was a Gentleman of great learning and sobriety; and was something addicted to a melancholy sullenness. He deserved to have this said of him—that he was the most impartial Historian of the Age; one who would not be biassed by any interest or party to convey down the matters of fact to Posterity under any disguise and false glosses.

Tom Brown is a good Scholar, and knows to translate either the Latin or the French incomparably well. He is enriched with a noble genius, and understands our own Tongue as well, if not better, than any man of the age. The “Poems” he has written are very beautiful and fine, but the urgency of his circumstances will not allow him time enough to lay out his talent that way. After all, I cannot but say that his Morals are wretchedly out of order; and it is extreme pity that a man of so fine parts, and so well accomplished every other way, should spend his time upon a few romantic Letters, that seem purely designed to debauch the Age, and overthrow the foundations of Religion and Virtue.

Mr. D’Urfey has but a low genius, and yet some of his Farces would make a body laugh. He has written considerably in his time, and there are few Authors have been more diverting. Yes, D’Urfey,

Thou canst play, thou canst sing,

To a Mayor, or a King,

Tho’ thy luck on the Stage is so scurvy;

Such a Beau, such a Face,

Such a Voice to disgrace,

Such a Mien—’t is the De’il, Mr. D’Urfey.

Mr. Ridpath is a considerable Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages. He is a Scotsman, and designed first of all for the Ministry; but, by some unfortunate accident or other, the fate of an Author came upon him. He has written much; his style is excellent; and his humility and his honesty have established his reputation. He scorns to receive a farthing of *Copy-money*, till

he knows what numbers are sold off. He was very fortunate in engaging in "The History of the Works of the Learned," which was *originally* my own thought; and the first I published under the title of "The Athenian Supplement," and the next under that of "The Complete Library." He writes "The Flying Post," which is highly valued, and sells well; but, if the merits of an Author must be determined according to the success of his Works, the greatest Genius of the age would suffer by it. It was this ingenious Gentleman that invented the *Polygraphy*, or *Writing Engine*, by which one may, with great facility, write two, four, six, or more copies of any one thing upon so many different sheets of paper at once. This Writing Engine is likewise attended with this advantage, that, being moved by the *foot*, while the *hand* guides the Pens, it keeps the whole body in warmth and exercise which prevents many of the usual inconveniences of a sedentary life, besides the time which the engine saves in dispatch.

Mr. *Daniel De Foe* is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. His conversation is ingenious and brisk enough. The World is well satisfied that he is enterprising and *bold*; but, alas! had his prudence only weighed a few grains more, he would certainly have wrote his "*Shortest Way*"* a little more at *length*.

There have been some men in all ages, who have taken that of Juvenal for their motto:

"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis."

Had he written no more than his "True-born Englishman," and spared some particular Characters that are too vicious for the very Originals, he had certainly deserved applause; but it is hard to leave off when not only the itch and inclination, but the necessity of writing, lies so heavy upon a man. Should I defend his good-nature and his honesty, and the world would not believe me, it would be labour in vain. Mr. De Foe wrote for me the "Character of Dr. Annesley, and a "Pindaric in honour of the Athenian Society," which was prefixed to the History of it. And he might have asked me the question,

* "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," 1702; which, being complained of in the House of Commons, was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. EDIT.

before he had inserted either of them in the Collection of his Works, in regard he writes so bitterly against the same injustice in others.

Mr. *Fuller* is not only a *Villain*, but he is known to be so. He has something *peculiar* in his face, that distinguishes him from the rest of mankind. However, he has been such a *mystery of iniquity*, that the World had much ado to unriddle him. His looks are so honest and innocent, that you would think it was impossible that any mischief should be lodged in his heart. He has told the World, in the "History of his Life," that Mr. Baldwin and I did improve his "Narrative of the *sham* Prince of Wales," on purpose to make it sell; which is the most formal lie I have met with, in regard the *Copy* was printed off before we saw it. In the same "History of his Life," he pretends to make public *every roguery* he committed; but says nothing of his carrying Mr. Hayhurst and myself to Canterbury, and several other places, in quest of some "State Letters" which were never in being, and of the great sum he is yet indebted to us upon that account; so that, if *his penitence* and *his confession* be in the same condition, they neither of them signify a farthing.

Mr. *Gildon* is well acquainted with the Languages, and writes with a peculiar briskness, which the common *hacks* cannot boast of, in regard they want the life and spirit, and the same liberty and extent of genius. He was always very just in the engagements where I had any concern, and his performances were done as well as the *designs* would admit. He wrote "The History of the Athenian Society," which contained the just merits of that cause.

Mr. *Philips*, a Gentleman of good learning, and well born. He will write you a *design* off in a very little time, if the gout, or claret, do not stop him. He translates "The Present State of Europe, or the Monthly Mercury," incomparably well, which is one of the finest Journals of the kind the World has ever seen. I was once concerned in it, but had the misfortune to drop it.

Mr. *Jones*, Author of "King William's Life," with cuts, and printed for Mr. Sprint in Little-Britain. He is honest and good-natured, and writes very well. He

designed for the Ministry; but began to teach School, and from that employment he turned Author, and Corrector for the Press. He brought me acquainted with Esquire *Coke*, whose "Detection of the Court and State of England" met with very good success.

Dr. *Burthogg*, a man of great learning, and well skilled in Speculation, for which his genius was naturally turned. His "Essay on the Nature of Spirits," dedicated to Mr. Locke, is, to me, a master-piece of the kind. Mr. Lobb was his great Oracle.

Mr. *Bradshaw*, the best accomplished hackney-author I have met with. His genius was quite above the common size, and his style was incomparably fine. You could propose to him no *design* within the compass of Learning, but he knew to go through with it. He designed for the Ministry till he had finished his studies; and then fell off, something like Tom Brown, though the comparison be a little too mean for him. He wrote for me the "Parable of the Magpyes," and many thousands of them sold. I had once fixed him upon a very great *design*, and furnished him both with money and books, which were most of them Historical and Geographical; but my Gentleman thought fit to remove himself, and I am not sure that I have seen him since. In a little time after was published the first Volume of "The Turkish Spy;" and so soon as I saw it, the very style, and the manner of writing, convinced me that Bradshaw was the Author. This gave me a little fresh uneasiness to find him out, and one day I met his Wife in Gray's-Inn. At first sight she was almost *dumb-founded*, but I was as civil to her as my nature would suffer me. I asked after her Husband, and she gave me this account, "that Dr. *Midgely* had engaged him in a Work which would take up some years to finish." She added, "the Doctor gave him forty shillings a sheet; twenty shillings a sheet he received, and the other twenty went to pay off some old arrears betwixt him and the Doctor." Dr. Midgely owned to me he was well acquainted with Mr. Bradshaw, and said, "he was very ingenious, but unhappy, and something indebted to him." After this, I had no more intelligence of Mr. Bradshaw; but the "Turkish Spy" was for some years published Volume after Volume; so

that it is very *probable* (for I cannot swear I saw him write it) that Mr. William Bradshaw was the Author of the "Turkish Spy." Were it not for this *discovery*, which was never made known before, Dr. Midgely had gone off with the honour of that performance. If Mr. Bradshaw be yet alive, I here declare to the world, and to him, that I freely forgive him what he owes both in Money and Books, if he will only be so kind as to make me a visit. But I am afraid the worthy Gentleman is dead, for he was wretchedly overrun with melancholy, and the very *blackness* of it reigned in his countenance. He had certainly performed wonders with his pen, had not his poverty pursued him, and almost laid the necessity upon him to be unjust.

Mr. *Settle* has got himself the reputation of being a good Poet; and perhaps he knows the *Art*, at least, as well as his Brethren of the Quill. His Latin Poem, dedicated to the Princess Sophia, has shewn he is a man of Learning. His "Character of a Popish Successor" has deservedly given him the name of a Wit, and most of his Plays have been acted with great applause. Mr. Dryden found him smart enough, and could have wished himself safe out of his hands. But, alas! after all, when I see an ingenious man set up for a mere Poet, and steer his course through life towards that Point of the Compass, I give him up, as one pricked down by Fate for misery and misfortune. It is something unaccountable, but one would incline to think there is some indispensable Law, whereby Poverty and Disappointment are entailed upon Poets. Mr. Oldham was something of the same mind, when, writing about his own inclinations that way, he tells his Friend,

" While silly I, all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my hopes and all my vigour lose
In service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse;
For gainful Business court ignoble Ease,
And in gay trifles waste my ill-spent days.

A little farther :

Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding hopes to win;
But, when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare saving share.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade,
 And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
 Oft have I tried (Heaven knows) to mortify
 This vile and wicked lust of Poetry :
 But still unconquer'd it remains within,
 Fix'd as an habit, or some darling sin.
 Nay (Heaven forgive me !) when I say my prayers,
 I scarce can help polluting them with verse.

Homer himself was but a blind Beggar ; and Ovid,
 when his Father whipped him for making verses, could
 not but reply in verse,

Parce, precor, Genitor ; posthac non versificabor.

And that pregnant instance which his Father urged upon
 him was ineffectual :

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

However, his Muse gave him but cold comfort in banishment,
 and among the snows of Scythia.

Our own Cowley, if I mistake not the story, could not
 purchase himself so much as a little House with a small
 Garden to it, when he made his retreat from the world.
 However, we are well assured that his Muse and he had
 frequently very warm quarrels between them.—I would
 not allege all this to dissuade any noble Genius to pursue
 this Art as a little pretty Divertisement ; but where it is
 made the very Trade of life, I am pretty positive the
 man is in the wrong box. Mr. Settle may wonder at this
 sober lecture of prudence and good management ; but I
 must ask his pardon, if I think it is a little to the purpose.

Mr. Shirley (alias *Dr. Shirley*) is a good-natured Writer
 as I know. He has been an indefatigable Press-mauler
 for above these twenty years. He has published at least
 a hundred bound Books, and about two hundred Sermons ;
 but the cheapest, pretty, pat things, all of them pence
 apiece as long as they will run. His great talent lies at
Collection, and he will do it for you at six shillings a
 sheet. He knows to disguise an Author that you shall not
 know him, and yet keep the sense and the main scope entire.
 He is as true as steel to his word, and would slave off his
 feet to oblige a Bookseller. He is usually very fortunate in
 what he goes upon. He wrote "Lord Jeffreys's Life" for
 me, of which six thousand were

sold. After all, he subsists, as other Authors must expect, by a sort of Geometry.

The Pindaric Lady in the West, alias *Philomela*, alias *Madam Singer**, who obliged the Athenian Society with variety of inimitable Poems, and for whom I printed a "Collection, written upon several occasions;" and whenever I take them up,

In vain, alas! in vain my fate I shun;
I read, and sigh, and love, and am undone:
Circean charms and Female Arts I prove,
Transported all to some new World of Love.
Now my ears tingle; and each thick-drawn breath
Comes hard, as in the agonies of Death!
Back to the heart the purple rivers flow;
My swimming eyes to see, my feet unlearn to go;
In every trembling nerve a short-liv'd Palsy reigns,
Strange fevers boil my blood, yet shudder through my veins.

To write plain English, she has certainly the richest genius of her Sex; and, to convince the Reader of it, I shall only refer him to her "Paraphrase upon the Canticles," and the "Fable of Phaeton," which he may meet with in the "Collection" I have mentioned. She knows the purity of our Tongue, and converses with all the briskness and the gaiety that she writes. Her style is noble and flowing, and her images are very vivid and shining. To finish her Character, she is as beautiful as she is witty:

And here and there she innocently slays
With an unaiming dart;
And none resist her, when with skill
She levels at a heart.
Bright wonder of her Sex, with ease she wields
Vast thoughts; and more refin'd,
And greater far, than e'er were yet
Grasp'd by a Female Mind.

Mr. Pitts. He was a Surgeon in Monmouth's Army, and was, in part, Author of "The Bloody Assizes." He is a mere Angel of a man; and where is the lady that can resist his charms? "There's nose, there's eyes, there's complexion!"—Well, if all this fails, I will never trust

* Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, better known by the name of her future husband Mr. Thomas Rowe. She died Feb. 20, 1736-7. EDIT.

Physiognomy again. An Author too, as sure as Infallibility. See how he bites his nails, and scratches his head, and twirls his fingers—all mortal symptoms of the plague of writing.

I shall next give the Reader a prospect of *Artemisa* (who obliged the Athenian Society with many curious Questions) &c. Her aspect is composed of mirth and modesty; she has sweetness and enterprize in her air, which plead and anticipate in her favour. Her Wit and Virtues are wrote legibly in her face; and this *short-hand* will give you a juster idea of her worth than the circumlocution of words. Her eyes bespeak her the wonder and envy of her sex, only with less rhetorick than her tongue:

Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sings:
Her Eyes are Stars, her Mind is every thing.

Her Effigies and her Character are the same; she is all that she looks, and it would drain any wit but her own to raise the piece to a level with her desert. She is a constant hearer of Mr. Taylor, and is a very charitable Lady; but, the *Athenians* having prevented me in her Character, I shall not blemish the colours with an unmasterly hand.

Robert Carr. A small Poetical Insect, like *Bays* in every thing but writing well; an odd mixture of lead and mercury; as heavy and dull as an old Usurer, and yet as unfixt and maggoty as *Parson Grubb*; still changing, displeased, unquiet, uneasy, a perfect contradiction to himself and all the world. He wrote "An Antidote against Lust;" and has nothing but his chastity to recommend him.

Mr. *Ames*, originally a coat-seller; but had always some yammerings upon him after Learning and the Muses. He has almost written as many pretty little pleasant Poems as Taylor the Water Poet. You might engage him upon what Project you pleased, if you would but conceal him, for his *principles* did never resist in such cases. I printed a Poem for him, under the title of "The Double Descent." At that time the French talked big, of invading England; and we were making ready for a Descent upon their Coasts. Wine and Women were the great bane of his life and happiness. He

died in an Hospital : but I hope he was truly penitent ; for a little before his decease, he said to me, with a great deal of concern, " Ah, Mr. Dunton ! with what another face does the World appear, now I have Death in view ! "

I have now finished an Original of Gratitude to my Authors, and have done it with all the impartiality I was capable.

I am now to entertain the Reader with the PROJECTS I have engaged upon ; for I have been sufficiently convinced that, unless a man can either think or perform something out of the old beaten road, he will find nothing but what his Forefathers have found before him.

A Bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success. I remember Mr. *Andrews*, a learned and ingenious Scotsman of this age, has offered me several Translations, and told me " they would certainly sell ; the substance of the Book was so and so, and could not miss." He added, " I had printed *more* than any other, and yet none had printed *less*." This was sharp enough, I confess. However, it is a difficult matter to attack a man in his own Science. I have, it is true, been very plentifully loaded with the imputation of " Maggots," &c. And what is the reason ? Why, because I have usually started something that was new ; whilst others, like *foot-pads*, ply only about the high roads, and either *abridge* another man's Book, or one way or other contrived the very life and soul out of the *Copy*, which perhaps was the only subsistence of the first Proprietor. I once printed a Book, I remember, under the title of " Maggots ;" but it was written by a Dignitary in the Church of England *. However, I am willing to submit myself, and to stand or fall by the impartial judgment of the Reader ; for,

My first Project was, " The Athenian Gazette." The human Mind, though it has lost its innocence, and made shipwreck of the image of God ; yet the desire of Knowledge is undestroyed. Mankind are sunk, as it were, into shadows and darkness, and now and then they see some glimmering apparition of Truth ; but yet, though

* By the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Rector of Epworth ; see p. 163. EDIT.

it be as glorious, it is fleeting as a vision. The Soul is also as much jilted and juggled with a walking kind of happiness, which is promising enough, but always unperforming. Thus the Human Understanding and the Will being under penal banishment from Truth and Goodness, and yet tantalized with the appearance of both, the Soul must suffer under a world of uneasiness and pain; for, what misery more exquisite than when the Faculties and their Objects are divorced? Now under this condition, what *Project* could be more agreeable, than that which promises, at least, to open the avenues, raise the Soul, as it were, into Daylight, and restore the knowledge of Truth and Happiness, that had wandered so long unknown, and found out by few? This was the great design of our English *Athens*, which was a thought entirely (if you will forgive me the vanity) of my own creation.

As the Athenian Society had their first meeting in my brain—so it has been kept ever since religiously *secret*. But I will now oblige the Reader with a true discovery of the *Question-Project*, and of the several persons that engaged in it.

I had received a very flaming injury, which was so loaded with aggravations, that I could scarce get over it. My thoughts were constantly working upon it, and made me strangely uneasy; sometimes I thought to make application to some Divine, but how to conceal myself and the ungrateful wretch, was the difficulty. Whilst this perplexity remained upon me, I was one day walking over St. George's Fields, and Mr. Larkin and Mr. Harris were along with me; and on a sudden I made a stop, and said, "Well, Sir, I have a thought I will not exchange for fifty guineas." They smiled, and were very urgent with me to *discover* it; but they could not get it from me. The first rude *hint* of it was no more than a confused idea, of concealing the *Querist*, and answering his Question. However, so soon as I came home, I managed it to some better purpose, brought it into form, and hammered out a *Title* for it, which happened to be extremely lucky, and those who are well acquainted with the Grecian History may discover some peculiar beauties in it. The inhabitants of Athens were mighty fond of being

called *Athenians*, in regard they fancied the title did distinguish them from the rest of mankind, whom they styled *Barbarians*, which is well known to those that are conversant with their writings; and from them the Romans received the same custom, which indulged their humour of fancying themselves the only refined part of the world. It is very easily discovered that the Holy Spirit, in the Sacred Writings, seems, for wise reasons, to sooth the vanity of these Athenians; for, when St. Paul was to defend himself in their Areopagus, or Court of Darkness, he gives them no higher title than that of *Ἀσπίς*, *Admaïci*. However, the honest Reader that knows nothing of criticism may see the reason why this Project was intituled "The Athenian Gazette," if he only turns to Acts xvii. 21. When I had thus formed the design, I found that some assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on, in regard the *Project* took in the whole compass of Learning, and the nature of it required dispatch. I had then some acquaintance with the ingenious Mr. Richard Sault*, who turned Malebranche into English for me, and was admirably well skilled in Mathematicks; and over a glass of wine I unbosomed myself to him, and he very freely offered to become concerned. So soon as the design was well advertised, Mr. Sault and myself, without any more assistance, settled to it with great diligence; and Numbers 1 and 2 were entirely of Mr. Sault's composure and mine. The Project being surprizing and unthought of, we were immediately overloaded with *Letters*; and sometimes I have found several hundreds for me at Mr. Smith's Coffee-house in Stocks Market, where we usually met to consult matters.

"The Athenian Gazette" made now such a noise in the world, and was so universally received, that we were obliged to look out after more members; and Mr. Sault, I remember, one evening came to me in great transport, and told me, "he had been in company with a Gentleman who was the greatest prodigy of Learning he had ever met with." Upon inquiry, we found it was the ingenious Dr. Norris, who very generously offered his assistance *gratis*, but refused to become a stated Member of *Athens*. He was wonderfully useful in sup-

* See page 157.

plying hints; for, being universally read, and his memory very strong, there was nothing could be asked, but he could very easily say something to the purpose upon it.

In a little time after, to oblige *Authority*, we altered the title of "Athenian Gazette" into "Athenian Mercury."

The undertaking growing every week upon our hands, the impatience of our Querists, and the curiosity of their Questions, which required a great deal of accuracy and care, did oblige us to adopt a third Member of *Athens*; and the Reverend Mr. *Wesley* being just come to town, all new from the University, and my acquaintance with him being very *intimate*, I easily prevailed with him to embark himself upon the same bottom, and in the same cause. With this *new addition* we found ourselves to be masters of the whole design, and thereupon we neither lessened nor increased our number. The success of *Athens* growing so very considerable, Mr. *Brown* and Mr. *Pate* began to ape our design, in a Paper they intituled "The Lacedemonian Mercury," which immediately interfered with us, under a title which, it is true, was pretty and pertinent enough. Upon this, I was resolved one way or other to blow them up, in regard it was both ungenerous and unjust to interlope upon a man where he has the sole right and property, for the Children of the Brain are as much ours as those we beget in lawful wedlock.

I first of all advertised, "that all the Questions answered in 'The Lacedemonian Mercury' should be answered over again in our 'Athenian Mercury,' with *amendments*; with the Life of Tom Brown*, the chief Antagonist." This news startled them pretty much. At that time I was altogether unacquainted with Mr. Brown; however, one evening he comes to me with all the civility imaginable, and desires to take a glass with me. I sent for my *Athenian Brethren*; and we went to the Three Cranes, where we discoursed the matter with him at large. But Mr. Sault, being a Gentleman of courage, and a little inclined to passion, was going to draw upon Mr. Brown, for an uncivil reflection; upon which Mr. Brown cried *Peccavi*, and promised very faithfully "that he would never meddle any more with The Lacedemo-

* See page 179.

nian Mercury." And though they had not dropped it, yet the flaming wickedness, and the blasphemy that was in it, would have ruined the design.

A little after this, was published "The new Athenian Comedy; containing the Politicks, Œconomicks, Tacticks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pneumatics, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Pragmaticks, Dogmaticks, of our most learned Society." This Play was a poor performance, written, however, on purpose to expose us, but failed so far in the design of it, that it promoted ours. There was nothing of wit through the whole of it; and the Reader may take notice that Mr. *Settle's* genius was quite run out towards the conclusion of the Third Act, and could not carry it an inch farther. There was, indeed, something very pretty in the Author's quotation out of Juvenal towards the bottom of his Title-page, which "Farnaby's Rhetorick" might help him to, if he was unacquainted with the original. The lines were these, which methinks have a peculiar reference to my humour, and the History of my Life :

—Ede quid illum

*Esse putes? Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos :
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schoenobates, Medicus, Magus : omnia novit
Atticus esuriens : in Cœlum, jussus, ibit.*

The Earl of — was once pleased to frown upon "The Athenian Mercury," and forced us into silence. But, when men are pleased to make personal application, (for the offence was only taken at a question that was sent us, of "a Father that had two Daughters"), it is a sign there is a sore place, else they would never wince for the matter. However, Captain *M—al* procured us liberty to proceed, and had twenty-five guineas for that service. I have waded through these and many other difficulties with this *design*; and nothing could discourage me, when my cause was so great and good.

"The Athenian Mercury" began at length to be so well approved, that Mr. Gildon (whose character I gave before*) thought it worth his while to write "A History

* See page 181.

of the Athenian Society," to which were prefixed several Poems written by the chief Wits of the Age (*viz.* Mr. Motteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, &c.; and, in particular, Mr. Tate (now Poet Laureate) was pleased to honour us with a Poem directed to the Athenian Society, in these words :

"The warmth your beams produc'd you must excuse;
 Your commendation first inspir'd my Muse :
 Your friendly praise supports her feeble wing :
 You both invite, and teach her how to sing ;
 And while by Art your charming Numbers move,
 Her wood-wild notes instruct her to improve.
 Censure, in this attempt, can only say,
 That I my debt of thanks too poorly pay ;
 That from your bounty I my tribute raise,
 And but return the product of your praise.
 Yet mortals thus to sacred Altars go,
 With presents which the Gods did first bestow :
 We treat them from the stores which they dispense,
 Not to requite, but shew our grateful sense.
 To sing your toils let abler Bards aspire,
 While I at distance silently admire.
 How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
 If Wit and Learning here those charms renew
 That Art's Admirers once to Athens drew !
 If thither conquering Rome for knowledge sought,
 What miracles have you for Britain wrought,
 Who Athens home to us at your own charge have brought !
 Aspiring Lewis' self must yield to you
 In that sole praise which he can call his due ;
 Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
 Which cheaply your compendious Book supplies.
 This difference, too, your preference secures,
 His aim was Glory, Public Good was yours ;
 For, while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
 Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.

N. TATE."

In the "History of the Athenian Society" is inserted another Poem, in which the ingenious Author is pleased to say,

"When first the spreading fame, the rumour run,
 That Athens had another World begun,
 And clear'd the gloomy shades of Ignorance,
 And form'd new sparkling orbs —
 This soon employ'd each tongue; all ears, all eyes,
 Were full of Athens, and the enterprize.

Mr. Richardson concludes his Panegyrick upon the Athenian Society with these words :

“The chain of Causes, and their order, shine,
And clearly shew they 're fram'd by Hands Divine.
Ye great Unknown, this you have aim'd at now ;
And though coy Nature flies our searching view,
Yet many, who long dead in ignorance lay,
Now speak and think, reviv'd by your bright day.
Go on : Learning and solid Truth advance ;
They 're noble subjects for such noble pens.
Let your Opposers trifling jests pursue ;
They write for Minutes, but for Ages you.”

The Pindaric Lady * was pleased to compliment our Athenian Project in this manner, viz.

“And now methinks I rise,
But still the lofty subject baulks my flight,
And still my Muse despairs to do great Athens right ;
Yet take the zealous tribute which I bring,
The early products of a Female Muse,
Until the God into my breast shall mightier thoughts infuse ;
When I with more command and prouder voice shall sing.
But how shall I describe the matchless men ?
I 'm lost in the bright Labyrinth again.”

Mr. *Swift* †, a Country Gentleman, sent an Ode to the Athenian Society ; which, being an ingenious Poem ‡, was prefixed to the Fifth Supplement of the Athenian Mercury.

Many other persons did also *rhyme* in the praise of our Question-Project ; but it would tire the Reader to insert half the Poems that were sent us on that occasion. Our Athenian Project did not only obtain among the populace, but was well received by the politer sort of mankind. That great and learned Nobleman the late *Marquis of Halifax* was once pleased to tell me, “that he constantly perused our ‘Mercuries,’ and had received great satisfaction from very many of our Answers.”

The late *Sir William Temple*, a man of clear judgment and wonderful penetration, was pleased to honour me with frequent Letters and Questions, very curious and uncommon. In particular, that about the *Talismans* is his.

* Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Rowe. See p. 185.

† Afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

‡ See this Poem in Swift's Works, by Nichols, 1808, vol. XVI. p. 23.

The Honourable *Sir Thomas Pope Blount*, when he resided in Town, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and given me particular thanks for my Athenian Project; and, the last visit I made him, he told me the Athenian Society was certainly the most useful and informing design that had ever been set on foot in England.

Sir William Hedges was pleased to tell me "he was so well pleased with the '*Athenian Mercuries*,' that he would send several complete sets into the Indies, to his Friends; and that he thought the publick, and himself in particular, so much obliged to me, that I should be always welcome to his House; and that he would serve me to his utmost with reference to my Trade."

I could mention many more *honours* that were done me, by *Sir Peter Pett*, and several others, whose learning and judgment the World has little reason to question.

Our "*Athenian Mercuries*" were continued till they swelled at least to Twenty Volumes folio; and then we took up, to give ourselves a little ease and refreshment; for the labours and the travels of the mind are as expensive, and wear the spirits off as fast, as those of the body. However, our Society was never formally dissolved; only Death indeed (the common fate of mankind) has taken off our dearly beloved brother, Mr. Richard Sault. However, our Triumvirate is not only supplied, but the number increased by a new election of Nine Members, all masters in their several faculties; so that the World will shortly hear from *New Athens*, in a supplementary way to the performances of the *Old*.

And now that I have made a true narrative of *Old Athens*, I shall present the Reader with the Platform now drawn up by the Members of the *New*.

The Old Athenian Volumes a while ago growing quite out of print, a choice Collection of the most valuable Questions and Answers, in Three Volumes, have lately been re-printed, and made public, under the title of "*Athenian Oracle*;" two of which I dedicated to the most illustrious and magnanimous Prince, *James, Duke of Ormond*, Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. These two volumes I presented to his Grace with my own hand;

and if any thing could make me vain of the Athenian Project, it would be the generous reception his Grace gave to each of the Volumes. I have no need here to shew the reason of this Dedication; for his Grace's fame is improved already to an undoubted immortality. His courage, conduct, and success in War, have raised him as far above the reach of flattery, as above all parallel. He has waded through blood and battles, and has freely ventured his Life and Fortunes in the great cause of Liberty and Religion; and now at last we cannot but applaud the judicious choice of our Gracious Queen, in making him the Guardian of a Kingdom which owes so much to his Family, and where his presence is as acceptable as it is necessary. And therefore, as the Duke of Ormond is Patron of Learning as well as of Arms, the Athenian Society thought they had a natural right to his Protection; and they found it in so ample a manner, that his Grace not only honoured each Volume with his own perusal, but was pleased afterwards to mention to some Lords the great satisfaction he took in the Athenian Oracles that had been presented to him. And may his Grace live long, the great encouragement of Arms and Arts!

The Copy of these Three Volumes I sold to Mr. *Bell*, in Cornhill, and is all (as appears by our articles) that he has any right to; and much good may his success do him, for it is thought he will get above a Thousand Pounds by it. But though I was so unfortunate "to beat the bush for another to catch the bird;" yet *Athens* has a kind of immortality, and, like a King or Queen of England, *never dies*. "The Athenian Oracle" being my darling Project, I have, in my articles with Mr. *Bell*, reserved the *sole right* of continuing of it, to myself and to my heirs for ever; and, in prosecution of the same method, the Members of *New Athens* have laid the plan of Three Volumes, to succeed the *Old*.

The First, to be intituled "Athenæ Redivivæ; or, the new *Philosophic* and Miscellaneous Oracle;" which will be purely a *Philosophic Miscellany*, where we shall entirely throw off the rules and the pedantry of the old way, and think anew both for the World and ourselves. For this Volume we are well furnished already, with some

Thousand Questions, sent to *Old Athens*, which were thrown by through the impatience of other Querists.

The Second Volume shall come abroad under the title of "*Athenæ Redivivæ* ; or, the *Divine Oracle* ;" and to be a Directory for Tender Consciences, and contain all the uncommon cases proposed to the Athenian Society by persons under trouble of mind, or otherwise communicated to us from other Divines. This Volume we intend to make the very Crown of all our other Labours ; in regard they are the best of Friends that are so to the great interests of the Soul.

Our Third Volume is to be made public under the title of "*Athenæ Redivivæ* ; or, the *Secret Oracle* ;" which is to answer the nicer Questions which were privately sent to the Athenian Society by the masked Ladies and Town-Sparks.

We were always much obliged to the secrecy and faithfulness of Mr. *Smith*, the Coffee-man, who has read much, and his judgment is sedate and good. His house is appointed to be the Meeting-place for *New Athens*, and thither our Querists must direct their Letters. So that the Athenian Project does now, Phoenix-like, flourish in its own ashes ; and I do not fear but these Three Volumes of *New Athens* will please as well as the *Old* ; for they will contain as great variety of nice and curious Questions (digested under these several classes), and are absolutely necessary to perfect the *Question-Project*. And therefore if my honoured Mother (Madam *Jane Nicholas* *) will be so kind as to lend me Two Hundred Pounds to carry on this *New Oracle*, I doubt not by

* Madam Jane Nicholas, Dunton's rich Mother-in-law, was a considerable Benefactrix to the Town of St. Alban's, by her will dated 14 October, and proved 18 December 1708. Her bequests were to take effect within a year after the decease of her daughter Sarah Dunton without issue, who is recorded to have been buried in the Abbey Church 21 March 1720. Among other things she bequeathed to the Minister of the Parish *5l. per annum* for ever for preaching an annual Sermon, which my good friend James Brown, Esq. has heard more than once. She desired to be buried in the Abbey Church ; and directed that the Annuities she had left might be expressly engraven on her Tomb-stone, that the memory thereof might not be lost, but preserved for future ages. It was a wise provision ; but, like many other testamentary directions, never attended to, for there appears not the smallest vestige of any of the Family through the whole Church. EDIT.

Christmas next (humanly speaking) to pay all I owe in the world, and to make such handsome provisions for my dear Wife as is requisite for a woman of her fortune.—Thus I have given the Reader a full account of the *Plays* upon which *New Athens* are proceeding.

A second Project of mine, which was set on foot by the *Old Athenians*, and lately published by the *New*, is intitled “The Athenian Spy; or, the Secret Letters of Platonic Courtship between the Athenian Society and the most ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms; with the Form of solemnizing Platonic Matrimony, invented by the Athenian Society. To which is added, their Amorous Quarrels on the Disputable Points relating to Love and Wedlock.—The Copy of an Act, to provide Maids with Husbands.—As also a Method for unmarried those that are unequally yoked. Published to direct the Bachelor and Virgin in their whole Amour.” This Athenian Spy will be continued to several Volumes; and the Reader may meet with their various subjects in the Preface to the First Volume.

Madam *Singer* (one of the Ladies privy to this Correspondence) being fully satisfied there was nothing but innocence (or a Platonic Courtship) designed, in one of her Letters to me she inclosed the following Letter, directed to Iris:

“Your Servant, Madam;—for I knew as well as could be, you would have a *feminine itch* to break it open. Women will meet the Devil rather than not see him. Mr. Dunton is at Tunbridge, it seems—yes—and lies there all night too. Come, never cry for the matter; but call for a candle, and put on your night-dress, and go to bed, and divert yourself with one pretty dream or other. ’Twere better by half than to stand reading this simple Letter—not that there is any hurt in it; you need not be jealous—for, unless your Spouse be a very Angel, you may keep the *kind Philosopher* to yourself for me. Therefore, dear, sweet Lady, seal up the Epistle again, and send it away for Tunbridge to-morrow morning so soon as you are come down the stairs. And so I wish you good night, Madam; soft sleep and kind visions attend you. And now I will give you the slip, and steal

away very sullenly to Tunbridge, with more news than perhaps Philaret expects."

This ingenious Letter (with one inclosed in it directed to myself) Philomela sent to Iris while I was at Tunbridge: and, I might add, the *News* she sent me in this Letter was the discovery her Father made of our Correspondence, which was so very innocent, that my dear Iris (in my absence) returned her the following Answer to her Letter:

"DEAR MADAM,

August 27, 1695.

"You was not mistaken when you believed I should break open your Letter. It is a freedom we Women take that are blessed with such obliging Husbands as I have. I read it, took your advice, and sent it that night for Tunbridge; went to bed, and diverted myself with the thoughts of that pure and virtuous Friendship which was begun between Philomela and Philaret. I was much concerned at that unhappy accident which threatened the putting a stop to it; for I ever esteemed Platonic Love to be the most noble, and thought it might be allowed by all; but some wise persons are afraid lest the *Sex* should creep in for a share. Here was no danger; for, though Nature and Art have done their utmost to make Philomela charming to all (her Wit, &c. being beyond most of her sex); yet Philaret having for many years given such testimonies of a conjugal affection, even to excess (if such a thing can be), that I fancied their friendship might have been honourably continued to the end of Time. I hope what difficulties they meet with at their first setting out, will heighten their friendship, and make it more strong and lasting. So wishes

"Your humble servant, ELIZABETH DUNTON."

A Third Project of mine, for the promotion of Learning, was a Monthly Journal of Books printed in London and beyond Sea, which was chiefly extracted out of "*The Universal Bibliothek*, and *Journal des Sçavans*;" and it first appeared under the title of "A Supplement to the Athenian Mercury," but was afterwards called "*The Complete Library*." This *design* was carried on about Ten Months, when Monsieur *Lecrose* interfered with me, in a Monthly Journal, intituled "*The Works of the Learned*;" upon which I dropped my own design, and

joined with Lecrose's Bookseller in publishing "The Works of the Learned;" but, Lecrose dying, it was discontinued, though the same design, under the same title, is yet on foot, and managed by several hands, one of which is the ingenious Mr. *Ridpath*, of whom I have already given some short account under the Character of that Author*.

Another Project (which I wrote myself, and published a year ago) was intituled "The Post Angel; or, Universal Entertainment."

"Only that Angel was straight gone, even so
(But not so swift) the morning glories flow;
Quick Post, that with a speedy expedition
Flies to accomplish his divine commission.
God's winged Herald, Heaven's swift Messenger;
"Twixt Heaven and Earth the true Interpreter." COWLEY.

These six Verses were thought proper for the Title of "The Post Angel;" which contained, 1. The remarkable Providences of Judgment and Mercy that happened Monthly. 2. The Lives and Deaths of the most eminent Persons that died every Week.—3. A New Athenian Mercury; resolving the most Nice and Curious Questions proposed by the ingenious of either Sex.—4. A Poetical Project, under four general Heads; viz. First, Poems on the most remarkable Passages throughout the whole Bible. Secondly, A Panegyrick on Virtue. Thirdly, A Satire on Vice. Fourthly, A new System of Philosophy. All in Verse.—5. The Gentleman's Library; or, Essays on all manner of diverting subjects.—6. An honourable Challenge betwixt myself and a Cambridge Scholar.—7. The Public News, containing so much (relating to Church and State) as informed the Reader how the World went at home and abroad.—8. A Character of Books published every Month, with an Account of those in the press, and going to it.

This "Post-Angel" owed its rise to a dream; and, by the assistance I had from my learned Friends, and the Correspondence I settled in divers parts, I made good the Eight Parts of my Journal; which meeting with good success, I continued to write it myself for eighteen Months. *Incognitus* and *Fido* (in their "Poems on the

* See page 179.

Birth and Design of "The Post-Angel") are pleased to say many fine things of this undertaking; but I am so sensible of my great imperfections, that I take what they write was more to shew the fineness of their Wit, than the merit of my performance. However, since the *design* of this "Post-Angel" was a Divine improvement of every remarkable occurrence, it was much the sale had not daily increased; but, finding that of making many Books there was no end (and my health at this time calling me to Tunbridge-Wells), I surrendered my Project of the "Post-Angel" to a Society of Clergymen. But this change of the Author was attended with such ill success, that the "Post-Angel" was forced to fly away in the Printer's debt. Those that desire a larger account of this "Angel-Project" must consult my Preface to the "Post-Angel" for January 1701.

My Fifth Project has been preparing for the press for these Ten Years, and is intituled "The New Practice of Piety;" writ in imitation of Dr. Brown's "*Religio Medici*; or a System of Uncommon Thoughts, extracted from the Experience of Forty Years."—"May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" Acts xvii. 19.) This "New Practice of Piety" is written by the Athenian Society, and will be dedicated to our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne. To render this Book the more acceptable to the curious Reader; if any ingenious Querist has conceived in his own mind (or met in his reading with) any new or uncommon Thoughts, if he will send them to Smith's Coffee-house, directed to the Athenian Society, they shall not fail of a place in this *nice Undertaking*.

My Sixth Project was, "The Challenge, sent by a Young Lady to Sir Thomas —, intituled *The Female War*; wherein the present Dresses and Humours of the Fair Sex are vigorously attacked by Men of Quality, and as bravely defended by several Ladies." In this Challenge (or Female War) there was an absolute freedom of speech allowed by both Sexes, which was given and taken without the least offence. The whole encounter consists of several Challenges, in which the Ladies attack the Men with such strength of reason, and wit, and gaiety, that they generally come off with victory.

My next Project was intituled "The Post-boy robbed of his Mail; or, the Pacquet broke open, containing Five Hundred Letters that were taken from several Posts, discovering the Secrets of Men and Women of all Ranks and Qualities." The Club of Gentlemen supposed to have been concerned in this Frolick, make Remarks upon the Letters as they break them up. This Project obtained so well, that both Volumes are now out of print. It is true there are many unwary and prophane expressions scattered through these Volumes, so that I am heartily sorry I had any concern in them: but the Author sent the Copy to the press as he wrote it off, and in regard I had no suspicion of him, I did not peruse the Letters till it was past time to alter them. I do not think the same reason will justify either the Author or myself, upon which our modern Play-writers build so much—that, because there is wickedness in the Life, the Representation should be so too. However, the Project in general was very well approved, and will in few months be re-printed, and severely corrected, with a large number of Additional Letters, by *New Athens*.

My Eighth Project was a design to expose Vice, intituled "The Night-walker; or, Evening Rambles in search after Lewd Women, with the various Conferences held with them*."

My last Project (amongst many that I shall leave unmentioned) was intituled "The Merciful Assizes; or, A Panegyrick on the late Lord Jeffreys' hanging so many in the West."—You must know, Reader, in the Book intituled "The Bloody Assizes" (of which I sold above six thousand) the Lord *Jeffreys* is made a very cruel man; but in this *New Project* I wholly change the scene, and turn the *Bloody Assizes* into a *Merciful Assizes*.

* Dunton's greatest Project was intended for the extirpating of lewdness from London; a scheme highly creditable to the Schemer, had it been practicable. Armed with a Constable's staff, and accompanied by a Clerical companion, he sallied forth in the evening, and followed the wretched Prostitutes home, or to a Tavern, where every effort was used to win the erring Fair to the paths of virtue; but these, he observes, were 'perilous adventures,' as the Cyprians exerted every art to lead him astray, in the height of his spiritual exhortations.

But let none be surprized that I make Jeffreys the subject of a Panegyrick; for there is a witty Author has defended "The Bloody Nero;" and of late a learned Gentleman has published "An Apology for the Failures of Dr. Walker;" and with the same design that these Gentlemen writ, do I venture to praise that *non-such Man*, George Lord Jeffreys. This Panegyrick on the cruel Jeffreys was so well accepted, that my Friend Mr. George Larkin was pleased to explain the Project by an *ingenious Poem*, which is prefixed to the Book itself, and is as follows:

"*To my Friend the Author, upon his surprizing Book, intituled 'The Merciful Assizes; or, A Panegyrick upon the late Lord Jeffreys, for hanging so many Hundreds in the West.'*"

"A Panegyrick! and on Jeffreys too!
My Friend, what is 't you undertake to do?
Bless me! thought I: can there within our Isle
Be found a Man to praise a Wretch so vile!
Through what Alembick was 't you did distil
A Panegyrick from a theme so ill?
That actions the most vile that e'er was done,
Or perpetrated underneath the Sun,
Should thus the subject be of Jeffreys' praise,
Is that which does my admiration raise.
This daring task since you have undertook
(And justified your Title by your Book)
Shews you that great Elixir have obtain'd
(So often sought for, but scarce ever gain'd).
Which, by a secret taction, as we 're told,
Transmutes the basest metals into Gold:
For you must needs know Nature's mystic powers,
That from a Dunghill can extract such Flowers.
Go on, my Friend; for, since you've got this flight,
Let none despair to wash the Blackmoor white.

G. LARKIN."

Thus have I given a brief account of the *Projects* I formerly engaged in; and whether they give me the title of *Maggot*, or Promoter of Learning and Virtue, is left to the candour and judgment of the honest Reader.

About this time I was put in possession of a considerable Estate, upon the decease of my Cousin Carter. And now the Master and Assistants of the Company of Sta-

tioners began to think me sufficient to wear a Livery; and in the year 1692 they honoured me with the Cloathing. My Livery-Fine upon that occasion was Twenty Pounds, which I paid; and the year following, Mr. *Harris*, my old Friend and Partner, and about fifty more of the Liverymen, entered into a *Friendly Society*, and obliged ourselves to pay Twenty Shillings a man yearly to the Renter-Warden, in regard that honour was usually once a year attended with a costly Entertainment to the whole Company. But, as I have given an eternal farewell to Trade (which is an accident I could not then foresee), I reckon my *Friendly Brethren* are all so generous as to release me of this obligation.

The first year I wore the Livery, Sir *William Ashurst* being then Lord Mayor, I was invited by our Master and Wardens to dine with his Lordship. We went in a body from the Poultry Church to Grocers' Hall, where the entertainment was very generous, and a noble *Spoon* he sent to our Wives. To speak the truth, I do not think Sir William Ashurst ever acted a little or a mean thing in his whole life.

The World now smiled on me. I sailed with wind and tide, and had humble servants enough among the Stationers, Booksellers, Printers, and Binders: but especially my own Relations, on every side, were all upon the very height of love and tenderness; and I was so caressed almost out of my five senses, that I thought there was no such Villain in Christendom as a *Summer-Friend*; but, upon riper experience, I have had very notorious reason to alter my sentiments of this matter; and so soon as "my Estate returns out of Egypt," I will publish "The Trencher Snakes, &c.; or, A true Character of my Summer Friends, &c."

The surest Friend I have found in my confinement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an *embroidered Waistcoat*, presented me by Mrs. *Anne Godfrey*; it has stuck to me in all weathers, and I could almost grow superstitious over the very ruins of it. Neither am I less careful to preserve that *Filigree Case* presented to Iris by the same hand.

However, I have all imaginable reason to be thankful to the goodness and the care of Providence. I had my

length of prosperity as well as other men ; nor am I yet such a *forlorn hope*, but my Sun may rise again, and chase these shadows in which I am now a Wanderer. And I have always entertained a very grateful sense of the goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smiled on me so long as dear Iris lived ; and indeed ever since my Life has been no more than a *waking Dream*.

And now, making a considerable figure in the Company of Stationers, the Right Honourable the *Earl of Warrington* did me the honour to send me a Letter (the original of which I have still by me) in behalf of Mr. *Humphreys*, desiring all the interest I could make, to procure him the Clerk's place to the Company of Stationers. Upon my reading the Earl's Letter, I did all that lay in my power to get Mr. Humphreys chosen Clerk, though by the majority of voices it was carried against him. However, the many civilities I received from the Company of Stationers for the fifteen years I traded amongst them do oblige me, out of mere gratitude, to draw the Characters of the most eminent of that profession in the Three Kingdoms ; whom I take to be, First,

Mr. *Richard Chiswell*, who well deserves the title of "Metropolitan Bookseller of England," if not of all the World. His *Name* at the bottom of a Title-page does sufficiently recommend the Book. He has not been known to print either a bad Book, or on bad Paper. He is admirably well qualified for his business, and knows how to value a Copy according to its worth : witness the purchase he has made of "Archbishop Tillotson's Octavo Sermons."

Mr. *Awnsham* and Mr. *John Churchill*, two Booksellers (and Brothers) of an universal Wholesale Trade. I traded very considerably with them for several years ; and must do them the justice to say, that I was never concerned with any persons more exact in their accompts, and more just in their payments. They are both so well furnished for any *great Undertaking*, that what they have hitherto proposed they have gone through, with great honour to themselves, and satisfaction to Subscribers ; of which their printing "Camden's Britannia," and the publication of "A New Collection of Travels," lately

come abroad, are undeniable instances. "Sir Richard Blackmore's Poetical Works," and "Mr. Locke's Essay," have received no small advantage by coming abroad through their hands; and, to finish their Characters, they never starve an undertaking, to save charges. In the "New Collection of Travels" before mentioned, though they make about a Hundred and Fifty Sheets, and Fifty Cuts, more than was promised, yet they ask their Subscribers no advance.

Mr. *Thomas Guy*, in Lombard-street. He makes an eminent figure in the Company of Stationers, having been chosen Sheriff of London, and paid the Fine; and is now a Member of Parliament for Tamworth. He entertains a very sincere respect for English Liberty. He is a man of strong reason, and can talk very much to the purpose upon any subject you will propose. He is truly charitable, of which his Almshouses for the Poor are standing testimonies.

Mr. *Thomas Parkhurst* (my honoured Master) is the most eminent Presbyterian Bookseller in the Three Kingdoms, and now chosen Master of the Company of Stationers. He has printed more Practical Books than any other that can be named in London. He has met with very strange success; for I have known him sell off a whole impression before the Book has been almost heard of in London. He is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, a good Master, and very kind to all his Relations; and (which is an argument of something in him above the common rate of mankind) he is a great Admirer and constant Hearer of the Rev. Mr. John How.

Mr. *John Laurence*, an upright honest Bookseller. We were neighbours some years, and Partners in printing the late "Lord Delamere's Works," "Mackenzie's Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry," and "Mr. Baxter's Life" in folio. He has something in him that will not suffer him to break his Word, which is altogether as good security and dependence as his Bond. When Mr. Parkhurst dies, he will be the first Presbyterian Bookseller in England. He is so exact in Trade as to mark down every Book he sells. He is very much conversant in the Sacred Writings; and Son-in-law to the late Rev. Mr. *Roswel*, so deservedly famous for the De-

fence he made at his Trial in Westminster-Hall, upon which occasion the Honourable Sir Henry Ashurst, bart. was his great and good Friend.

Mr. *Robinson*; a man very ingenious, and of quick parts. His Religion has not destroyed the goodness of his humour, for his temper is always easy and unruffled. He was very hospitable to the Sons of the Prophets, in setting on the *great pot* for them. Dr. Bates made choice of him for one of his Booksellers. He published "The Conformist's Plea for the Nonconformists;" and is Dr. Edwards's Bookseller.

Mr. *Brabazon Ailmer*; a very just and religious man. I was Partner with him in Keith's "Narrative of the Proceedings at Turners' Hall;" and so had an opportunity to know him. He is nicely exact in all his accompts, and is well acquainted with the mysteries of his Trade. He printed "Bp. Tillotson's Works," so many of them as came abroad in his life-time. He published "Dr. Barrow's Works;" and has been as often engaged in very honest and very useful *designs* as any other that can be named through the whole Trade.

Mr. *Samuel Manship* is Mr. Norris's Bookseller; and so long as he can turn Metaphysicks into Money, he is like to be continued.

Mr. *Andrew Bell* is one who manages the common business of life with very good success. He had the good fortune to strike in with my proposal of the "Athenian Oracle," and I am heartily glad he has found so much life in the *ashes of Old Athens*. So far as I have had any concern with him, I have found him not only just, but grateful.

Mr. *Nathaniel Crouch*. I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies at *Collection*. He has melted down the best of our English Histories into Twelve-penny Books, which are filled with Wonders, Rarities, and Curiosities; for, you must know, his Title-pages are a little swelling. I have a hearty friendship for him; but he has got a habit of *leering* under his hat, and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of 'Second Spira.'

Mr. *Edward Brewster* was Master of the Company of Stationers when I was made a Liveryman. He has a

considerable estate, is very humble, and his usual appellation is "Brother." He is a man of great piety and moderation. He printed "The Practice of Piety," "Doctrine of the Bible," and other useful Books.

Mr. *Samuel Smith*, Bookseller to the Royal Society, deals very much in Books of a Foreign growth, and speaks French and Latin with a great deal of fluency and ease. His Shop is very beautiful, and well furnished. He was one of those I invited to the Funeral of my Apprenticeship. His Partner, *Benjamin Walford*, is a very ingenious man, and knows Books extraordinary well.

Mr. *Leigh* and Mr. *Midwinter* are in topping business, and no way inferior to their known Predecessor for justice and industry, &c.

Mr. *John Taylor* deals very much, and is very honest. He is industrious and obliging, and his principles are moderate.

Mr. *Thomas Bennet**; a man very neat in his dress, very much devoted to the Church; has a considerable trade in Oxford, and prints for Dr. South and the most eminent Conformists. I was Partner with him in "Mr. Lecroze's Works of the Learned;" and, I must say, he acted like a man of conscience and honesty.

Mr. *Wiat*, if *Trim Tram* have any truth in it, is an honest and ingenious Bookseller; but, indeed, it is character enough for him, that he was Mr. Robinson's Apprentice. He prints Mr. *Dorrington's* Books. However, a Bookseller is not always accountable for the Errors and Bigotry of his Authors.

Mr. *Robert Clavel* is a great dealer, and has deservedly gained himself the reputation of a just man. Doctor Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, used to call him "The honest Bookseller." He has been Master of the Company of Stationers; and perhaps the greatest unhappiness of his life was his being one of Alderman Cornish's Jury †. He printed Dr. Comber's Works, &c.

Mr. *Henry Rhodes* has got a considerable estate, his Copies having met with good success. He had the good fortune to print the Eight Volumes of "The Turkish

* Bp. Atterbury preached his Funeral Sermon, and has given him a high character. See it in *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. III. p. 709.

† See before, page 86.

Spy," "The Great Historical Dictionary," and "The present State of Europe," which has been continued to Fourteen Volumes; and the longer it has been published, it has been the better received. Mr. Harris and myself brought Mr. Rhodes into this "Monthly Mercury;" but we lost by it five months successively, which made me a little apprehensive of that design, and I thereupon threw up my interest in it for five pounds.

Mr. *Hawes*. This honest Brother has done me justice at St. Alban's, and I will endeavour to do him justice here. He has been a very cordial promoter of "The Reformation of Manners," and prints many useful Pieces for those Societies. He has printed several Treatises of Devotion, which have been dispersed at a cheap rate. He was concerned in making public Mr. Norris's "Ideal World." He is just in Trade, and knows his Business very well.

Mr. *Timothy Goodwin*. He prints "The Votes of the House of Commons;" and published Dr. Wellwood's "History of an Hundred Years." He is esteemed a very honest man; and what he engages upon is either very useful, or very curious. Mr. William Rogers, Mr. Harris, and myself, were once Partners with him in publishing some "Dying Speeches;" and I observed a more than ordinary openness and justice in his dealings. He is very exact and punctual in Trade. He is Dr. Sherlock's Bookseller; and printed "Archbishop Tillotson's Works" in conjunction with Mr. Ailmer.

Mr. *Daniel Brown*. I have always thought there is an unusual sweetness that reigns in this man's countenance; he is very humble, and I believe him a good man. He is a sincere lover of the Established Church; and yet his principles are moderate enough.

Mr. *Waltho* is very punctual in his payments, and very nicely just. Civility is a part of his nature, and he never makes any advantage of another man's ignorance. He is kindly disposed to those who are unhappy, and has never overlooked me at my lowest ebb. He prints and deals much in Law Books.

Mr. *William Hartley*; a very comely, personable man. He deals much, and has his Shop well furnished with ancient Books that are very valuable. He prints many

excellent Translations, and has a good acquaintance among learned men, amongst whom I would reckon the ingenious Mr. *Abel Boyer*. He is one that does not forget any favours done him, but will watch his opportunity to be grateful.

Mr. *Samuel Sprint* senior thrives much in Trade, and is punctual and honest. He has been very fortunate in several engagements. He printed "Mr. Fox of Time," "Mr. Doolittle on the Sacraments," and was engaged the same way for Mr. Steele, and other eminent Authors; so that it is easy to know what success he has had in the world.

Mr. *Shermerdine* is a man of very quick parts. I have heard him say he would forgive any man that could *catch* him. His Shop is usually well furnished with valuable Books; out of which I once made a very choice Collection. He understands his Trade to a nicety (and talks much to the purpose, if one could but *trace* him). He will give as much for a Library as any man whatsoever; and I think he learned this generous quality from his Master *Hussey*, who once gave me seventy-five pounds for a parcel of Books, that I thought I had purchased too dear at sixty.

Mr. *John Nicholson*. His talent lies at *Projection*, though I am thinking his "Voyages and Travels" will be a little *posthumous*. He is usually fortunate in what he goes upon. He is a man of good sense; for I have known him lay the first rudiments and sinews of a *design* with great judgment, and always according to the Rules of Art or Interest. He purchased part of my Stock, when I threw up all concerns in Trade; and I ever found him a very honest man.

Mr. *Nicholas Boddington*. By an industrious management he has gathered a good estate, and makes a considerable figure in the Parish where he lives. He deals much in Bibles, Testaments, and Common-Prayer Books. He purchased "Mr. Keach's Travels of true Godliness" of me, and deals much in the Country; but to have done with him, he has the satisfaction to belong to a very beautiful Wife.

Mr. *Kettleby*. His sign is "The Bishop's-head," and indeed he is pretty warmly disposed that way. He

has been an eminent Episcopal Bookseller these many years. He prints for Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, Dr. Scot, and other eminent Clergymen.

Mr. *Mortlack* has been Master of the Company of Stationers, and the most indefatigable Shopkeeper I have known. He is very exact in Trade. He was much assisted by the friendship of the great Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, and printed most of his Works. He is now pretty much up in years; speaks slow, but speaks seldom in vain.

Mr. *Wotton*; a very courteous obliging man. His Trade lies much among the Lawyers. He is so just to his word, that, if he was immortal, it would be altogether as good dependence as his bond. I hear he is a rising man; and I am heartily glad of it, for the goods of this life can scarce fall into the hands of one who is better disposed to use them well.

Mr. *Roper* rises in the world; and his behaviour, methinks, is extremely obliging. He prints "The Post-Boy;" "The Life of King William," "The Annals of Queen Anne," and several excellent Abridgments. I have formerly been a Partner with him, and have found him very just in Trade, and very true to his word.

Mr. *Hussey*. He is a downright honest man, and has always a large stock of Books that are very scarce. He is a man of moderation, and my good Friend.

Mr. *Bosville*, at "The Dial" in Fleet-street. He is a very genteel person; and it is in Mr. Bosville that all qualities meet, that are essential to a good Churchman, or an accomplished Bookseller.

Mr. *Richard Parker*. His body is in good case; his face red and plump; his eyes brisk and sparkling; of an humble look and behaviour; naturally witty; and fortunate in all he prints, and is universally known and beloved by the Merchants that frequent the Royal Exchange.

Mr. *Harper*. I believe him an honest man, and a warm votary for High Church. He printed "Mr. Wesley's Life of Christ," and makes a considerable figure in the Stationers Company.

Mr. *John Salisbury* was a desperate Hypergorgonic Welshman. He would dress as it were in print, only

to have the Ladies say, "Look what a delicate shape and foot that Gentleman has!" He was a silly, empty, morose fellow. He had as much conceit, and as little reason for it, as any man that I ever knew. He was the first that printed "The Flying Post," and (to the grief of his Author) did often fill it with *stolen Copies*. He went to law with the Company of Stationers (to keep himself from the Livery); would hector the best man of the Trade; but now lies, as *hush* and quiet as a body would wish, in the New Burying-place.

Mr. *Dorman Newman*. He published "*Mercurius Reformatus, or The New Observator*." He was once a considerable Dealer, but has been unfortunate. He is a man of excellent parts; a famous Casuist; and, since his misfortunes, is turned Preacher. We served seven years to the same Master; and, to do him justice, he was always kind and obliging to me. His usual appellation was, "Dear Brother." I had many fine things to hold forth on this subject; but, I know not how it comes to pass, on the sudden they are all lost again, like Friends in a crowd.

Mr. *Samuel Crouch*. He is just and punctual in all his dealings; never speaks ill of any man; has a *swing*-ing soul of his own; would part with all he has to serve a Friend; and that's enough for one Bookseller.

Mr. *Nowel* is a first-rate Bookseller in Duck-lane; has a well-furnished Shop, and knows Books extraordinary well, which he will sell off as reasonably as any man. I have always reckoned him among our ingenious Booksellers.

Mr. *George Sawbridge*. He was the greatest Bookseller that has been in England for many years, as may sufficiently appear by the estate he has left behind him; for (besides that he was chosen Sheriff of London, and paid his Fine) he left behind him four Daughters, who had each of them for their portions ten thousand pounds a-piece. And, if Mr. *Awnsham Churchill* (his Apprentice) continue to thrive as he has begun, he will be as rich as his Master in few years.

Mr. *George Sawbridge*. He succeeds his Father in the Trade, and prints many valuable Copies. He has good

skill in Military Discipline, and makes a very handsome figure in Captain Robinson's Company *.

Mr. *Tracy*, on London Bridge. His Religion is not confined to the Church, any more than the Shop. His behaviour in his Family is grave and exemplary; his devotion constant; his care over his Household is tender and impartial; and to his Servants he seems a Father rather than a Master.

Mr. *Blaire*. He is a substantial, honest Citizen; devout and religious, without making a Trade of it, or, as some of his neighbours in a too literal sense, making "a gain of godliness."

Mr. *Wellington*. He is industrious and indefatigable in his calling; has the intimate acquaintance of several excellent Pens, and, therefore, can never want Copies; and trust him for managing and improving them. He has a pretty knack at keeping his word; and I expect to see him Master of the Company at least, if not a *gold chain* about his neck, before he dies.

Mr. *Tooke*, near Temple-bar. He is descended from the ingenious Tooke, that was formerly Treasurer. He is truly honest, a man of refined sense (or could never have been related to *Ben Tooke*), and is unblemished in his reputation.

Mr. *More*. I once travelled with him to Brentford, and found him a true Lover of the present Government. He is a very conscientious man, punctual to his word in the smallest matters, courteous and affable in his conversation, and is ready to do every one what good he can; and, Reader, I must say there is no virtue I would wish in a Friend but I find it in Mr. More.

Mr. *Smell*. He is a man so well known in the Stationers Company, that it is character enough to name him. In days of yore he has been *something*; but the case is so altered, it were well now if I could call him *nothing*.

Mr. *Martyn*. He was Printer for many years to the Royal Society. He managed all his affairs with discretion, was a thriving man in his Trade, and made a very pious end.

Mr. *Starkey*. I formerly knew him in Fleet-street, and we renewed our acquaintance in Amsterdam. He

* In the Trained Bands of the City of London. EDIT.

would talk well upon any subject, and had good-nature in his very looks. He printed a Book relating to Government, that forced him to leave his country. He was a brave asserter of *English Liberties*, to his last breath.

Mr. Blake. He is the *Father* of the Company of Stationers for age and experience. He is a fair-conditioned man, very obliging to all his Customers, and loves to do business without making a noise of it.

Mr. William Miller. His person was tall and slender; he had a graceful aspect (neither stern nor effeminate); his eyes were smiling and lively; his complexion was of an honey colour, and he breathed as if he had run a race. The figure and symmetry of his face exactly proportionable. He had a soft voice, and a very obliging tongue. He was of the sect of the Peripateticks, for he walked every week to Hampstead. He was very moderate in his eating, drinking, and sleeping; and was blest with a great memory, which he employed for the good of the Publick, for he had the largest *Collection of stitched Books* of any man in the world, and could furnish the Clergy (at a dead lift) with a printed Sermon on any text or occasion. His death was a public loss; and will never be repaired, unless by his ingenious Son-in-law, *Mr. William Laycock*, who, I hear, is making a general collection of *Stitched Books*; and, as *Mr. Miller's* Stock was all put into his hands, perhaps he is the fittest man in London to perfect such a useful undertaking.

Mr. Lownds, in the Strand. He was *Dr. Horneck's* Bookseller for many years. He printed his "Great Law of Consideration," his "Sermons of Judgment," and "Discourse on the Sacrament," intituled, "The Crucified Jesus," &c.—*Mr. Lownds* was a sincere, honest Dealer; and had this peculiar to himself, that he was never much concerned (except for the Death of his pious and learned Author) for the things that he could not help; for he did all he could to prevent a *grievance*, and then he acquiesced in the Divine Pleasure.

Mr. Gilliflower. Both his eyes were never at once from home; for one kept house, and observed the actions of men, while the other roamed abroad for intelligence. He loved his Bottle and his Friend with an equal affection. He was very tetchy upon some occasions: yet

thriving was part of his character. He printed "L'Estrange's Æsop," "Lord Halifax's Advice to his Daughter," and many excellent Copies.

Mr. Thomas Cockril senior. He was always up to the ears among great persons and business (perhaps engaging for a Third Volume); yet I will do my rival that justice, to say he was a very religious charitable man. The printing the "Morning Exercise," and "Charnock's Works," brought him into great credit. He was a member of Dr. Annesley's Church for many years, and was his true and generous Friend to the day of his death. Mr. Nathaniel Taylor was his particular Friend, and preached his Funeral Sermon, in which he gave him an extraordinary character.

His kinsman *Mr. Thomas Cockril* is a living transcript of his Uncle's virtues and public spirit.

Mr. Benjamin Alsop. He was a first-rate Bookseller for some years. But see the rambling fate of some men; for, Ben being a wild sort of a Spark, he left his Shop to get a Commission in Monmouth's Army; and, as Ben told me in Holland, had the Duke succeeded, he had been made an Earl, or a Baron at least; *i. e.* "If the sky had fell, he had caught a lark." I succeeded Captain Alsop in his Shop in the Poultry; and had lived there to this very hour, had I found any pleasure in noise and hurry.

Mr. Lee, in Lombard-street. Such a Pirate, such a Cormorant, was never before. Copies, Books, Men, Shops, all was one; he held no propriety, right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known; and the Booksellers, not enduring so ill a man among them to disgrace them, spewed him out, and off he marched for Ireland, where he acted as *felonious-Lee* as he did in London. And as *Lee* lived a thief, so he died a *hypocrite*; for, being asked on his death-bed, if he would forgive Mr. C—— (that had formerly wronged him), "Yes," said Lee, "if I die, I forgive him; but, if I happen to live, I am resolved to be revenged on him."

Mr. Saunders. He lived in the New Exchange, and had the honour to be personally known to very many of the Nobility and Gentry of the first rank in England; and there was scarce a Bookseller in London but had a

kindness for him. If any hated him, it was the Fair Sex, for his living so long a Bachelor; but they might excuse him, for he was too busy to think of Love, and too honest to marry for Money. I discovered a Thief that had robbed his Warehouse, for which he became my Friend to the day of his death.

Mr. Freeman, by Temple Bar. He is of a courteous affable nature, and very obliging to all he has to do withal; and I found (by that small correspondence I have had with him) he was bred, as well as born, a Gentleman.

Mr. Benskin. He had no great estate to begin the world with, but his Stars have been very kind. He makes a considerable figure in Trade, and has a general knowledge in Books. He is a fair Dealer, and a true Son of the Church; but has little charity for censorious men, be they of what party they will.

Mr. Hodgson. He "calls a spade a spade;" and is so just in his dealings, that I verily think (were it not discretion) he would never think a thought whereof he would avoid a witness. His Word is his Parchment, and his *Yea* his Oath, which he will not violate for fear or gain. He has good success in his Trade; and, having an honest design in every thing he does, dares publish that to the World which others would keep as a secret.

Mr. Hugh Newman. He served his time with Dorman Newman, and is nearly related to him. He is of a cheerful facetious temper, and much admired by the Scotch Gentry. He has not, indeed, the politeness of a Courtier, but an honest bluntness that better becomes him. He really merits that respect which his friends pay him; and whenever he marries (I so much desire his welfare) I wish he may meet with a Wife that will "look well to the ways of her Household," Prov. xxxi, 27.

Mr. Crook, by Temple Bar. He was well acquainted with Mr. Hobbes, and published many of his Books. He got a good estate by his Trade; and was a man of extraordinary sense, which he had the happiness of being able to express in words as manly and apposite as the sense included under them.

Mr. Pero. My attempting his character will be to his prejudice, for Sir F—— would not chuse an ordinary

man for his Bookseller. For sense, wit, and good humour, there are but few can equal and none that exceed him; and all these qualities are accompanied with great humility.

Mr. Knaplock. He printed "Mr. Wesley's Defence of his Letter, &c." and then, to be sure, he is no Dissenter. However, he is a very sober, honest man; and has not one spot in his whole life, except it be the printing that malicious and infamous pamphlet.

Mr. Bonwick. I do not think there is an honest man in London, or one that is more zealous for the Church. He served his time with Mr. Benjamin Tooke, and we find all the wit and loyalty of his ingenious Master exemplified in his life and practice.

Mr. Philips. He is a grave modest Bachelor, and it is said is married to a single Life; which I wonder at, for, doubtless, Nature meant him a conqueror over all hearts, when she gave him such sense, and such piety. His living so long a Bachelor shews his refined nature, and how much he loves mortification in himself and others. And whoever considers the many offers he had of Marriage, will be ready to think he has so much chastity, as scarce to sin in desire.

Mr. Marshal, in Newgate-street. He will be well used for his *ready money*, but (where he loves) is a Friend both to soul and body.

Mr. Child. He is one of a generous and open temper, an easy and free conversation, with abundance of wit, and *nice* reasoning above most of his Brethren; and less could scarce be expected from one that had been a Partner with the ingenious *Swall*.

Mr. Tonson. He was Bookseller to the famous Dryden; and is himself a very good judge of Persons and Authors; and as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody.

Mr. Benjamin Harris, in Gracechurch-street. He has been a brisk asserter of *English Liberties*, and once printed a Book with that very Title. He sold "A Protestant Petition" in King Charles's Reign, for which

they fined him five hundred pounds, and set him once in the Pillory: but his Wife (like a kind Rib) stood by him, to defend her Husband against the mob.—After this (having a deal of mercury in his natural temper) he travelled to New-England, where he followed Bookselling, and then Coffee-selling, and then Printing, but continued Ben Harris still; and is now both Bookseller and Printer in Gracechurch-street, as we find by his “London Post;” so that his conversation is general (but never impertinent), and his wit pliable to all inventions. But yet his *vanity* (if he has any) gives no alloy to his wit, and is no more than might justly spring from conscious virtue; and I do him but justice in this part of his character, for, in once travelling with him from Bury fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion that I had ever met with.

Mr. Yates. He has met with losses as well as myself; yet, when his Stars were the most unkind, he was still as honest as ever; and, being always just in his dealings, he now (like the Sun just come from behind a cloud) shines brighter and fairer than ever. Some men are only just whilst the World smiles, but when it frowns they act such little tricks, as renders their virtue suspected; but Yates ever preserved his integrity, and is the same good man under all events.

Mr. Bateman. There are very few Booksellers in England (if any) that understand Books better than Mr. Bateman; nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge. He is a man of great reputation and honesty, and is the Son of that famous Bateman who got an Alderman’s estate by Bookselling.

Mr. Halsey. He is one of a good judgment, and knows how to bid for a saleable Copy, or had never printed the “Athenian Spy.” He is now in the bloom and beauty of his youth; and his great ingenuity and knowledge of the learned Languages have justly entitled him to the friendship of *Athens*. He is a constant Shopkeeper, and his close application to business does render him the growing hopes of his Father’s Family.

Mr. Knapton. He is a very accomplished person; not that thin sort of animal that flutters from Tavern to Playhouse, and back again; all his life made up with wig

and cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition;—but a person made up with solid worth, brave, and generous; and shews, by his purchasing "*Dampier's Voyages*," he knows how to value a good Copy.

Mr. *Burroughs*, in Little-Britain. He is a very beautiful person, and his Wit sparkles as well as his eyes. He has as much address and as great a presence of mind as I ever met with. He is diverting company, and perhaps as well qualified to make an Alderman as any Bookseller in Little-Britain.

Mr. *Walwyn*. He is a person of great modesty and wit, and (if I may judge by his "*Poems*") perhaps the most ingenious Bard (of a Bookseller) in London. Dryden (without condescending) might call him "*Brother*." His mind is none of those narrow ones, who know one thing, and are ignorant of a thousand; but, on the contrary, it is so very large, that, although it cannot be said Walwyn knows every thing equally well, yet it is most certain he can give an excellent account of all things. And, for forming of Titles, commend me to Herbert Walwyn; for I could give an instance in which he exceeded a Club of Wits in that nice affair.

Mr. *Batersby*. He printed "*The Infant's Lawyer*," and "*Ars Clericalis*," and has purchased other Copies that have sold well. He is scrupulously honest; he never abridged another man's Copy, or purchased his Author by out-bidding. And his way of traffick is all above-board; for as soon as his tongue is allowed to speak (for there is a small *embargo* upon it) he betrays the faults of what he sells. And should a *child* be sent to his Shop, he would not take a farthing more than the price.

Mr. *Sare*. His face is full of a certain briskness, and mixed with an air very sweet and agreeable. He has a large stock of good-nature and charity, in which lies his chiefest excellency; courage and justice make up the other part of his character. He prints for Sir Roger L'Estrange, Dr. Wake, and other learned men, and has obliged the Age with many curious pieces.

Mr. *Speed*, in Exchange-alley. He has the honour to print for Sir William Dawes, Dr. Smith, and other eminent Churchmen. He is a very modest quiet man, and

never insinuates his merit by any other means than the pious things he speaks or prints.

Mr. Joseph Collier. He was my Fellow Apprentice for many years, and I shall say nothing of him but what I know to be true. He has a great deal of Learning, a discerning Judgment, is pleasant in his conversation, sincere in his Piety. He writes an excellent hand, is an accurate Accomptant, and justly merits the honour the Company of Stationers did him in chusing him their Treasurer*.

Mr. Mount, on Tower-hill. He is not only moderate, but has a natural antipathy to all excess. He hates hoarding, either Money or Goods; and, being a charitable man, values nothing but by the use of it, and has a great and tender love for truth. He deals chiefly in Paper and Sea-Books, and is a hearty friend to the present Government.

Mr. Evets, at the Green-Dragon. He is exceeding good-natured, free from envy and vanity. He is very cheerful and pleasant in conversation, but not talkative; yet has a sudden way of repartee, very witty and surprising. It was in this house that the beautiful Rachel gave me that fatal wound, mentioned in page 47. And I shall ever acknowledge the generous civilities I received from Mr. Evets (and his predecessor the Widow *Widdows*), during the continuance of that youthful amour.

Mr. Keble, in Fleet-street. He is a very ingenious, modest, humble man; and has learnt to live much in a little time. He printed that useful Book called "A Week's Preparation for the Sacrament," and other excellent Books of Devotion. In his Copy, intituled, "Rules in the Church of England," you are directed to the "Common Prayer" for every hour of the day; and as Mr. Keble has chiefly printed Religious Books, so he loves serious Piety wherever he finds it. Whilst others wrangle about Religion, he endeavours to practise it.

Mr. Bragg. He was formerly a Bookseller, and is now a *Publisher* in Ave-Mary-lane. He has been unhappy, but his Soul is too great to be crushed under the weight of adverse storms; yet, at the same time, Benjamin

* He held that important Trust from 1702 till 1724. EDIT.

Bragg is of a soft, easy, affable temper; and, having learned the Art of Publishing, and being just in his Dealings, is like to have constant employment.

Mr. *Malthus*. He midwived several Books into the World, aye! and that of his own conceiving, as sure as ever Young Perkin was his who owned him! He made a shew of a great trade, by continually sending out large parcels. But all I can say of his industry is, he took a great deal of pains to ruin himself. But though Mr. Malthus was very unfortunate, yet I hope his Widow (our new *Publisher*) will have all the encouragement the Trade can give her; for she is not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and herself free from all that pride and arrogance that is found in the carriage of some Publishers.

Mr. *John How*. He was a Bookseller for many years, and now follows the Trade of Printing. He printed the "Case" relating to my second Wife, which will be inserted in the Sixth Stage of my Life, revised and corrected. Mr. How is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks; which, in spite of the High-flyers, has given him an honest character. He is a true lover of his Queen and Country, and, I believe, would be as willing to sacrifice his Life and Fortune for the good of either, as the *Honest Countryman*, or *Master Tutchin* himself. He was a great sufferer in King James's reign, and has had the fate of being a Traveller; but, being an honest man at the bottom, he is blessed wherever he goes. He is now settled in Gracechurch-street; and, being a great Projector (as we see by the "London Spy," and the "Observator," &c.), is like to increase apace.

Mr. *Nutt*. We went joint Partners in the Parliament Lottery; and a prize of ten pounds *per annum* falling upon my Ticket, it renewed our friendship. Upon a long experience of Mr. Nutt, I find him to be a just Paymaster, and a good Publisher. Mr. Nutt was originally a Printer, and lived with Mr. Jones in the Savoy for many years; and has always had the character of being very discreet and obliging, and now gives as great content to those that employ him as any Publisher whatsoever.

Mr. D—ton. He is happy in a very beautiful Wife, and she in as kind a Husband ; they have lived so happily since their Marriage, that, sure enough, the Banns of their Matrimony were asked in Heaven. As Mr. D—ton may value himself upon his beautiful choice, so

That bright Soul which Heaven has giv'n his Spouse
Makes all her charms with double lustre shine :

And, therefore, as the ingenious Hopkins once said in another case,

“ Makeauteous D—ton with the first advance,
Charming at every step, with every glance ;
Sweet as her temper paint her heavenly face ;
Draw her but like, you give your piece a grace.
Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For so his Venus fam'd Apelles drew.
But hold—to make her most divinely fair,
Consult herself, you 'll find all beauty there.”

Mr. Small. He was once a Rising Sun in Trade ; but his Sun is set in a Cloud, and he is now reckoned amongst the unfortunate. He was owner of a great deal of Wit and Learning, and, perhaps, had he not *known* it, had still been as thriving as ever. He was much admired for all his Projects (especially that of Dupin) ; and even the first blossoms of his youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood ; while he was but an Apprentice in Cornhill he could out-wit most other Booksellers ; and when he traded for himself, he could find none to surpass him but himself alone :

“ But here, John Dunton, is thy skill confin'd,
Thou canst not paint his nobler Soul and Mind ;
No pen the praise he merits can indite ;
Himself, to represent himself, must write.”

Mr. Horn. He printed for Dr. Scot, and has a right to several excellent Copies. When I traded with him, I ever found him a very ingenious, honest, reserved person ; and that is all I shall say of him.

Mr. Shrowsbury. The morning of his life was clear and calm, and ever since his whole life has been a continued series of honesty ; then no wonder he printed for Judge Hales. He merits the name of “ Universal Book-

seller;" and is familiarly acquainted with all the Books that are extant in any Language. He keeps his Stock in excellent order, and will find any Book as ready as I can find a word in the Dictionary. He is a great ornament to the Stationers Company, and may justly be called *Venerable* for his heavenly aspect, wherein gravity and sweetness are well compounded. I shall only add he is a constant frequenter of Sturbridge Fair (where Mr. Blagrove and he once made me free), and perhaps is the only Bookseller that understands *Fair-keeping* to any advantage.

Mr. Ballard. He is a young Bookseller in Little-Britain; but is grown man in body now, but more in mind.

" His looks are in the Mother's beauty dress'd,
And all the Father has inform'd his breast."

Mr. Smith, in the Strand. He was born with auspicious Stars, has made several auctions with good success, and increases daily both in fame and riches.

Mr. Smith, near the Royal Exchange. His fair Soul is tenant to a lovely and well-proportioned Body; his eyes are clear and shining, his brow proclaims fidelity, and his whole frame of face and favour is a most perfect mixture of modesty and sweetness; he has all the advantage of mind and body, and an honest birth (being Son to that eminent Bookseller *Mr. Ralph Smith*), conspiring to render him a happy person.

Mr. Brome, in Ludgate-street. His Father printed for Sir Roger L'Estrange; and the Son has met with a "Snake in the Grass," and other Copies that have sold as well. He is a genteel man in his garb, a prudent man in his actions, and a thriving man in his Shop; and had he lived in the Primitive Times, he had been one of the eminent Booksellers of that age, as he has the honour to be so in this.

Mrs. Tacy Sowle. She is both a Printer as well as a Bookseller, and the Daughter of one; and understands her Trade very well, being a good Compositor herself. Her love and piety to her aged Mother is eminently remarkable; even to that degree, that she keeps herself unmarried for this only reason (as I have been informed)

that it may not be out of her power to let her Mother have always the chief command in her house. I have known this eminent Quaker for many years; have been generously treated at her house; and must do her the justice to say, I believe her a conscientious person. If any blame me for being thus charitable, I cannot help it; for I cannot think it a piece of Religion to anathematize from Christ all such as will not subscribe to every one of my articles; but am conscious to so many *Errors*, speculative and practical, in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others; for, since Christ's Church is not limited to any nation or party (as is owned in "Robert Barclay's Apology," &c. which Mrs. Sowle once presented to me), I do believe sincerity and holiness will carry us to Heaven with any wind and with any name. At least, I have so much charity as to think all those persons go to Heaven, whether they be Churchmen, Presbyterians, or Quakers, &c. in whom I see so much goodness and virtue as is visible in the life and conversation of Mrs. Sowle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harris. She is the beautiful Relict of my worthy Friend Mr. *John Harris*. Her most remarkable graces are, Beauty, Wit, and Modesty. So pretty a fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar guest. He shewed the value which he set upon her mind, when he took care to have it so nobly and so beautifully lodged. And to a graceful carriage and deportment of body there is joined a pleasant conversation, a most exact justice, and a generous friendship; all which, as myself and her *She-friend* can testify, she possesses in the height of their perfection. She printed my "Panegyrick on the Lord Jeffreys;" "The Great Historical Dictionary;" "The Present State of Europe;" and other Copies that have sold well.

Mr. Harding. Without flattery, he deserves to be called a very courteous man; of a lovely proportion, extremely well made, as handsome a mien and as good an air as perhaps few of his neighbours exceed him; so that his body makes a very handsome tenement for his mind. I came acquainted with him at Sturbridge Fair; and, having dealt with him several years, I find him to be a very honest man, an understanding Bookseller, and a

zealous Church-of-England-man, yet, to do him justice, he is no bigot to any party.

Mr. George Swinnock. He was Son to the famous Swinnock, that published several Practical Books; and was my Fellow Apprentice for many years. There were many exemplary virtues that shined very bright in his Seven Years' Apprenticeship. He had abundance of excellent humour. He thought that day lost in which he did not oblige. He was master of his Trade, and had his Father's Library to begin the world with; but, like the Sun, in the morning he appeared gay and dancing, to set in a cloud. He was very devout in the primitive way of serving God, and was never wrought up to any bigotry in unnecessary opinions. Mr. Parkhurst was his true Friend in all his afflictions, and shewed it particularly in his last moments.

Mr. Hancock. He is my old friend and acquaintance; and I may say of him, as King William said of Mr. *Carstairs*, "I have known him long, and I know him thoroughly, and I know him to be a truly honest man." He printed for that pious and famous Divine Mr. Thomas Brooks, and I have seen the fourteenth edition of one of his Books; so that he got a considerable estate by Bookselling; and both he and his aged Father before him had the character of being two fair Dealers.

Mr. Ralph Symson. He is one whose piety and virtue has measured the chains of Providence, and accordingly makes a due estimate of all occurrences. He is a person of great integrity, and much respected by all that know him. He printed some "Essays of Sir William Temple;" and, being very industrious, is like to be rich in a few years.

Mr. Gwillim, in Bishopsgate-street. He was originally a Clasp-maker, but is now a Bookseller. He understands the *just prices* of most Books; and, though he is resolved for a while, will go as *low* as it is possible. He printed "The whole Duty of Woman," "Mr. Larkin's Visions of the World to come;" keeps Bristol Fair every year, and is a very thriving man.

Mr. Thomas Simmons, formerly of Ludgate-street. He as well as his Father, printed for the famous Baxter, and was a most accomplished Bookseller. His conjugal vir-

tues have deserved to be set as an example to the primitive age : they approach so near to *singularity* in ours, that I can scarce speak of his love to his Wife, without a satire upon many others. If any difference is, it is who of the two shall be most obliging ; so that, if all be true that I heard of them, I am ready to conclude they are a pair of Angels sent below to make Marriage amiable in their persons. And lastly, if I consider Mr. Simmons as a Father, how tender is he of his Children ! He takes care to form the mind of his Daughters by the principles of Virtue, and to set out his Sons in the fair way to Heaven ; and none are too great to follow this pious example, for it is the duty of Parents, from the highest to the lowest, to see their Children brought up in the fear of God.

Mr. *Raven*. He is my Brother both by sign* and trade, and I do him no wrong if I call him the pattern and standard of Wit and Loyalty. He has the true art of governing himself and family ; and, in a word, my Brother Raven is whatever a sober man and a good Bookseller ought to be. He is also a nice Disputant, and can dress his thoughts in very neat language.

I saw him on his Counter, where he sate,
 Busy in controversies sprung of late ;
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well.
 His grave aspect had more of Heaven than Hell ;
 Only there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.

Mr. *Harrison*, by the Royal Exchange. His person is of the middle size ; his hair inclines to a brown, but his care and concern for his Family will soon change it into a white, at once the emblem of his innocence and his virtue. His temper is easy and agreeable ; and his piety and devotion as unaffected, and yet as remarkable, as his love to the Church of England—the true Church of England, not those tumours and wens that grew upon it, and pretended to be not part, but all of it, in the late bad times. And less than this could scarce be expected from an Apprentice that had served seven years with Mr. *Samuel Crouch*.

Mr. *Fox*, in Westminster Hall. He is a refined Poli-

* Danton's Sign was the *Black Raven*. EDIT.

tician, without what some will say it is impossible to be so, and that is—*Dissimulation*. When affronts are offered him, he does not (as others) dissemble them; but, like himself, only scorn and conquer them. And to his knowledge in Trade, he has joined no vulgar erudition, which all his modesty is not able to conceal.

Mr. *Coggan*, in the Inner Temple. He is so cautious and wise, that he is noted for it through the whole Trade, and is often proposed as an example to persons of hot and imprudent tempers. He has a piercing wit, a quick apprehension, and is as well a judge as a seller of Books.

Mr. *Pool*, near the Royal Exchange. He is a little fellow, but is a man of a great spirit, by which we see a brave soul may be lodged in a small tenement. His Religion is all of a piece; he is just, as well as devout; and is so stiff in his way of worship (which is that of the Church of England) that he will scarce consent that the least pin of the Episcopal Building should be taken out, for fear the whole Fabrick should be dissolved.

Mr. *Baker*, by Meroers Chapel. His stature is of a just proportion; his body erect and active; of a delicate constitution, yet so strong withal, as if Nature had designed him to be the strife of Mars and Venus.

Mr. *Bever*, in Fleet-street. He had ever the character of being a very merciful, just, and peaceable man, never intermeddling with State Matters. He is a constant hearer at St. Dunstan's Church; and I doubt not, as his charities are free and large, "the blessing of him that is ready to perish will come upon him;" neither are any of his virtues blemished by vanity or affectation, for he is liberal from a principle of conscience, and humble to the last degree. I shall only add, he has a large acquaintance amongst the Lawyers, and is himself a very thriving man.

Mr. *Pawlet*, in Chancery-lane. He is related to him that printed that excellent Book called "The whole Duty of Man." But, alas! the Uncle is dead, and the Cousin is dead. For the Pawlet that is yet living, he is a man of a generous temper, and lives in the World like one that is much above it.

Mr. *R. Basset*, in Fleet-street. I shall not speak of the wit and parts of this young man; but of that remark-

able fortitude that shines so bright in his countenance. It is true, fighting is not his trade; yet he can wear his courage upon occasion as handsomely as a Gentleman does Learning; for he knows how to approve both his Loyalty and Valour, and I really believe would be as *liberal* of his blood as his money, for the preservation of our dear-bought new-recovered Liberties.

Mr. *Davis*, in Cornhill. His Loyalty sits like his Charity, easy and free, and yet steady and unmoveable; and being set on the pinnacle of Trade (for he lives near the Royal Exchange), every thing he sees informs him.

Mr. *Eliphal Jay*, in Cheapside. He was my Journeyman for near a year; and I shall give him a true Character. He is my good Friend, and has shewn me a particular respect ever since he lived in my Family. His gravity, justice, sweetness, and moderation, soften the greatest enemies of his name and person; and there is nothing in nature that hates him besides the Devil and a Jacobite. He is also happy in his Relations. His aged Father is consummate in all sorts of Piety. His Brother (the Apothecary) is a zealous promoter of the Reformation of Manners; and for my Friend Eliphal, his whole Life is but a "Practice of Piety;" or rather, a passage to a better. We also find a singularity in *his Name*; for there are only two Booksellers of it in the whole World; *viz.* Eliphal Jay in London, and Eliphal Dobson in Dublin.

Mr. *Jonathan Greenwood*. He served his Apprenticeship with Mr. Cockril, and had the character of being a very diligent servant. When he married, it was neither for beauty nor riches; so that he is a rare example of conjugal love and chastity. By the wise management of his domestic affairs, he not only gained the affections of his Man (*Chandler*), but of all that knew him. He was a great instance of self-denial in his words and looks; and never was any conversation better tempered, for he knew how to be familiar, without making himself cheap. He was a member of Dr. Annesley's Church, yet had a larger soul than to confine his charity to one party. His Father was a Divine of the Church of England, but loved and valued the Image of God wherever he found it; and for his Son Jonathan, he was so well loved by

the Moderate Conformists, that he had a considerable trade amongst them ; yet Mr. Greenwood was far from a Temporizer, and ever chose rather to be good than great. But I see it is neither Piety nor Diligence gives a man any constant title to the goods of Fortune ; for, though he had contracted a large acquaintance (and had Dr. Annesley's friendship, who helped him to "Mr. Allen's Heart-work," and other saleable Copies), yet he concluded trading at last with as small a pittance of the World as he had to begin it : so that the chief thing he has left to boast of is, a virtuous Wife, and several small Children. But he still deserves the love and esteem of all good men, for the worst that can be said of him is, "There goes a poor honest Man ;" which is much better than, "There goes a rich Knave."

Mr. *Dancer*. He was formerly a Binder, but is now a noted Bookseller in Fleet-street. He is an honest, reserved man, and a professed enemy to prodigality. He thinks a good dish of meat looks full as well at his own table, with his Wife and Son, as at a City Tavern. It is true, after dinner, he can drink a *Good Health to our Gracious Queen* ; but thinks it is an odd expression of his Loyalty, to pretend (as some in such cases) to stand by her with Life and Fortune so long, till they can neither go nor stir. In a word, Nat Dancer is a very sober industrious Man, and never admires either that Loyalty or Hospitality which seems troubled with the Dropsy, consisting in nothing but a skin-full of liquor.

Mr. *Isaac Cleave*, in Chancery-lane. He is a very chaste, modest man. He counts all public boasting of his virtue but so many *penances* before the people ; and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him. He is religiously sober in his own Family, and amongst his Neighbours ; and, if we follow him to Church, we shall there find him making a covenant with his eyes. And if such fine things may be said of his Chastity, what might I say of his Justice, Humility, Patience, &c. would my room allow it ? However, I shall add this to his Character, that he has the honour to be well known to Lawyers of the first rank, and has printed several "Eminent Trials."

Mr. *Peter Parker*. This Bookseller lives by the Royal

Exchange. His principles keep him entirely firm to the Interest and Religion of the Church of England; and he had ever the character of being a Fair-dealer. Mr. Guy and he were many years Partners in printing the "Bible" at Oxford, and contracted a remarkable friendship. Mr. Parker having got a good estate by his Trade, he was so generous to leave it to Mr. *Nelmes*, that had been his Apprentice; but the unfortunate *Nelmes*, attempting to get an estate too soon, came to an untimely end.

Mr. *Hubbald*, in Duck-lane. He has been unfortunate, and so I think is every body one time or other. If we eye his carriage to his rich Uncle, we shall find how his courage and wisdom carried him with an unwearied course through both Hemispheres of Prosperity and Adversity; compassing, as I may say, the whole Globe of both Fortunes; so that, if we look upon Frank *Hubbald*, we may all learn that no Cross is too heavy for a Christian Resolution, nor any difficulty too hard for Honesty to conquer.

Mr. *Lindsey*. Many and conspicuous were the prognosticks of a true piety that shined forth in the early dawn of his life. He understands Religion, and loves it; and whilst he was but an Apprentice was a great example of a constant unaffected devotion. He was born to a good estate; and, having traded a few years, grew weary of Printing, and is gone to a Country-seat to prepare for Heaven.

Mr. *Newborough*. His zeal for the Church is the most eminent quality in him, and so perfumes the actions of his whole life, that it makes him whatever is just and merciful. He is zealous to suppress debauchery; and as he endeavours to reform others, so he is as zealous to promote piety in himself. In a word, he is a thoughtful, just man, and knows how to encourage a good Author; for none can think that the "Supplement to the Historical Dictionary," written by the learned *Collier*, is made at a small charge.

Mr. *Harrison*, in Chancery-lane. He is a Man free from faction, noise, and anger: not so weak as to give such an advantage as any must have who contends with one that is stark blind—as how much better is he that is

passionate. He is a diligent man in his Shop, a kind Neighbour, and a religious Master, teaching his Servant better by his own example than all the Tutors in both Universities.

This is also the Character of *G. Conyers*, in Little Britain.

Mr. *Bilingsley*, by the Royal Exchange. He had ever the character of being a very honest, religious Man, and (if I do not mistake) was a constant Hearer of Mr. Watson for many years. But, for what reasons I could never learn, he has been disturbed in his mind, and very near distraction; but I hear he is thoroughly recovered, and sets an extraordinary example of Piety, Moderation, Temperance, and all other Christian virtues. He was happy in having a Wife and Son that understood his Trade; so that, during his long indisposition, his Shop was still managed to the best advantage.

Mr. *Turner*, near Lincoln's Inn. He prints the "History of Man," and other good Copies; and has an excellent character amongst Booksellers, Stationers, and Printers. He has a due respect for the Clergy, and is himself a true Son of the Church; but, whatever his own opinions are of smaller matters, he thinks well of all whom he knows not to deserve the contrary, though they differ from him; and well of none for being of his Party, unless they have other merits to recommend them. He is a man of a general charity (as all true Sons of the Church are); and, if he continues to thrive as he has begun, he will be Alderman Turner in a few years. Yet the fortunate blood that has filled his veins has not swelled his heart; for he is still as humble as ever, and is such a master in the art of obliging, as if he thought the only thing valuable in riches is the power they give to oblige.

Mr. *Sprint* junior. His worthy Father was characterized in p. 209. Mr. John Sprint does *patrizare*. He has a ready wit, a great deal of good-humour, and is owner of as much generosity as any man of the Trade. There is an humble sweetness in all his actions; and, to render him the more agreeable, this *brave soul* of his has the happiness to live in a very beautiful *tenement*, and it had been pity it should have lived in any other. In a

(if I have a right notion of John Sprint), he is the *honestest man* in the Stationers' Company, and may out compliment be called "a very accomplished Book-seller." His Father, finding him a sober, religious person, made him a Partner in his Trade; and they are now printing three great and useful Books, intitled "The Story of the Bible, with Cuts;" "Le Grand's Body of Cosmography;" and "Gwillim's Heraldry, with great Implements."

I shall next characterize my honest Friend Mr. *John Harris*, which is an epithet so deservedly due to his story, that I do not think there is a Bookseller in London but what will own him as just a Man as they ever were. His little body (as Cowley calls it) was a sort of *cat's paw*; but what Nature denied him in bulk and height, she gave him in wit and vigour. He had a Genius (as is seen by his "Poem on the Lord Russell"); was very active in Trade. Honesty was his distinguishing character. His Friend Mr. Larkin being asked "Who was the honestest Bookseller in London?" returned this extempore answer:

"Of all honest Booksellers if you'd have the marrow,
Repair to King John, at the sign of the Harrow."

The same person would often say, "John Harris was not upon *the account civil*;" he might have said, *on the account religious*; for in our Ramble to Oxford (which Wesley improved to a Poem) I had a special mission to try his virtue, and I found him almost the man that would be honest without looking after. Harris and I were Partners in "Coke's Detection;" "The Secret History of Whitehall;" "Leibourn's Panmalogia;" and in Thirty other valuable Books; and always found myself as safe, or rather more secure, in his hands than I was in my own.—From the day I left my shop in the Poultry, I put *all* I printed into John's Warehouse, and found him always ready to even accounts, and discharge his trust to a half-farthing. We were as true as Guy and Parker, for absolute confidence in one another; and our Friendship (like theirs) increased so fast, that an even thread of endearment run through all we did.—In the year 1697, I gave Mr. Harris the

Copy of Iris's Funeral Sermon, intituled "The Character of a Good Woman;" and thought all kindness done to him was the same as done to myself. But all human things are given to change; and therefore, after a long experience of one another, we entered into Articles of Friendship, that so (by a Marriage of Souls) our Friendship might be immortal. I do not wonder that we had this particular friendship for each other; for we were not only constant Partners in Trade, but were engaged together in our very Apprenticeship by a reciprocal participation of good offices, which was the effect of a deep-rooted and strong sympathy. The agreeableness of humour united first our souls, and taught us the mysterious lessons of Platonic Love. We saw each other, and were straight inspired with sacred inclinations. My eye no sooner fixed on his, but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his soul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another. So that now our friendship was become sacred to us, and our joys and sorrows were mutually interchanged. Our joys and griefs were still the same; no prosperous or adverse fortune could ever change our minds, to warp us either to flattery or contempt; but with an even mind we still sustained the different accidents of human life. But, alas! "the dearest Friends must part;" for the same day he welcomed me home from Dublin, he was seized with his old distemper the Phthisick, &c. which ended his life in a few days. His kind and obliging Wife persuaded him to go to Kingsland, in hopes the air would recover him; but the last sands in his life were run, and there was no turning the Vital-glass. He received the Sacrament a little before he died; expired with great serenity of mind; and I do not fear but my Friend Harris is gone to Heaven.—At the same time Mr. Harris removed to Kingsland, I was seized with a fit of the Stone, so that I could neither visit him in his sickness, nor perform the last office of love to his dead body. However, to shew my respect for his memory, I have here given his true Character; and pr'ythee, John,

Take this short-summon'd, loose, unfinish'd Verse,
Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Hearse;

From my sick thoughts thou canst no better crave,
 Who scarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
 Ah! happy Friend, would I for thee had died!
 Ah! would I had thy fatal place supplied!
 Yes, dear John Harris, my esteem for thee
 Was equal to thy worth and love for me.
 Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
 For sure we had the same—'twas very thine.
 'Twas thy dear Friendship did my breast inspire,
 And warm'd it first with a poetic fire,
 But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire:
 So pure, but not more great, must that bless'd Friendship
 prove,
 (Could, ah! could I to that wish'd place and thee remove)
 Which shall for ever join our mingled souls above.

Mr. *Newton* is full of kindness and good-nature. He is affable and courteous in Trade, and is none of those Men of Forty whose Religion is yet to chuse; for his mind (like his looks) is serious and grave; and his Neighbours tell me "his understanding does not improve too fast for his practice, for he is not religious by start and sally, but is well fixed in the faith and practice of a Church-of-England-man—and has a handsome Wife into the bargain."

Mr. *Herrick*. He is a tall handsome man, deals much with the Lawyers, and has the good luck to be opposite neighbour to Mr. Sare. He neither neglects the business of life, nor pursues it too close; and has every body's good word. He is well skilled in the Doctrine of the Christian Faith, and can discourse handsomely upon the most difficult Article in Religion. His attendance at Church is devout and constant; yet his zeal has nothing of phrenzy and passion (which is too common in this age); he manages with prudence and decency in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keeps within the bounds of Religion and Reason.

Mr. *Pitts*. He was an honest man every inch and thought of him; and had his "Atlas" succeeded, or *M——ls* been a stranger to him, had died worth Twenty Thousand Pounds; and it could not have fell into better hands, for he took as much delight in doing of good, as if he had no other errand in the World. He had fathomed the vast body of Learning, and in every several

part of it was Master; nor did his conversation alone relish of his learning and piety; for, during the *unfortunate* part of his life he wrote "The Cry of the Oppressed;" "An ingenious Discourse of Fairies;" and almost completed "A Catalogue of English Writers," after the method of "Crow's Catalogue." His wit and virtues were writ legibly in his face, and he had a great deal of sweetness in his natural temper. Mr. Pitts had a great honour for Dr. Annesley (though himself a Churchman), and told me, "that, in his greatest distress, the Doctor had been kind to him, and that he believed there was not a more generous man in the whole world."

Mr. *Place*, near Furnival's Inn. His face is of a claret complexion; but himself is a very sober, pious man. He is very just in his dealings, and has studied the duty of every relation; so that his example spreads, and recommends the practice of Christianity.

Mr. *Bernard Lintott*. He lately published "A Collection of Tragic Tales, &c." by which I perceive he is angry with the World, and scorns it into the bargain: and I cannot blame him; for D'Urfey (his Author) both treats and esteems it as it deserves — too hard a task for those whom it flatters, or perhaps for Bernard himself, should the World ever change its humour, and *grin* upon him. However, to do Mr. Lintott justice, he is a man of very good principles; and, I dare engage, will never want an Author of *Sol-fa* so long as the Play-house will encourage his Comedies.

Mr. *Samuel Buckley*. He was originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing. He is an excellent Linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues, and is master of a great deal of Wit. He prints "The Daily Courant," and "Monthly Register" (which, I hear, he translates out of the Foreign Papers himself). But I shall not enlarge in his Character (for I never knew him); but will venture to say, as to his morals, he is, or should be, an honest man*.

Mr. *Richard Wilkin*. He is a Bookseller of good reputation, and is scrupulous in doing the least injustice; neither was he less accomplished in the art of Obe-

* Mr Buckley will be much more fully characterized hereafter.

tience whilst he was an Apprentice, than that of Government since he has been a Master. He is devout at Prayers, and reverent and attentive in hearing; and is not only a true Son of the Church, but also a resolute Champion in behalf of the Hierarchy, as well remembering that prophetic apophthegm of James I. "No Bishop, no King!" And, to convince us of the great respect he bears to the pious memory of Charles I. he has lately published "Several Evidences which have not yet appeared in the Controversy concerning *Εὐὸν Βασιλεὺν*, produced in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe."

Mr. *Southby*. He had the happiness to find a Wife of a good fortune; but, meeting with disappointments in Trade, he retired to a Coffee-house in Foster-lane; but no misfortunes have made honest Southby forget the duties of a Husband, the ties of Friendship, or the doing justice to those he dealt with. He printed for Mr. Smithies and other eminent Churchmen; but it was not his luck to get an estate by Authors; and I wish he may get it by Coffee, as I believe he would, did the Booksellers of London give him that generous encouragement as his fair-dealing amongst them deserved.

Having given a Character of the most eminent Booksellers in London and Westminster, I shall next (for method sake) proceed to the *Auctioneers*; and I will begin with the famous Mr. *Edward Millington*. He commenced and continued Auctions upon the authority of Herodotus, who commends that way of sale for the disposal of the most exquisite and finest Beauties to their *Amorosos*, and further informs the World, "that the sum so raised was laid out for the portions of those to whom Nature had been less kind;" so that he will never be forgotten while his name is *Ned*, or he a man of remarkable Elocution, Wit, Sense, and Modesty—characters so eminently his, that he would be known by them among a thousand. Millington (from the time he sold Dr. Annesley's Library) expressed a particular friendship to me; and was so much concerned at my present misfortunes, that (meeting me one day in Bartholomew-close) he offered to go to St. Alban's on purpose to make me (as he expressed it) happy again in my dear Wife.—To

conclude his Character : He was originally a Bookseller, which he left off, being better cut out for an Auctioneer. He had a quick wit, and a wonderful fluency of speech. There was usually as much Comedy in his "Once, Twice, Thrice," as can be met with in a modern Play. "Where," said Millington, "is your generous flame for Learning? Who but a Sot or a Blockhead would have money in his pocket, and starve his brains?" Though I suppose he had but a round of jests, Dr. *Cave* once bidding too leisurely for a Book, says Millington, "Is this your 'Primitive Christianity?'" alluding to a Book the honest Doctor had published under that title. He died in Cambridge, and I hear they bestowed an Elegy on his memory, and design to raise a Monument to his ashes.

I might proceed to those other ingenious Auctioneers, Mr. *Cowper*, Mr. *Hooke*, Mr. *Kinsey*, Mr. *Bullard*, Mr. *Axe*, &c.

I might also characterize the honest (*Mercurial*) Women, Mrs. *Baldwin*, Mrs. *Nutt*, Mrs. *Curtis*, Mrs. *Mallet*, Mrs. *Croom*, Mrs. *Grover*, Mrs. *Barnes*, Mrs. *Winter*, Mrs. *Taylor*. And I must not forget honest old *Bennet*, that loud and indefatigable promoter of the "Athenian Mercury."

But I will stop here; for it would be tedious and unconscionable to go through all Cheapside, Paul's Churchyard, Little Britain, and Duck-lane, to describe every Man, Woman, and Sucking-child, Bookseller, Auctioneer, Stitcher, Hawker, &c. — This in general may suffice for an impartial character of that honourable and honest employment, as far as my own observations give me in London.

I shall next present my Reader with a short account of what *the Country* affords of this nature; and I will first begin with

Mr. *Thomas Wall*, in Bristol. His character resembles that of *Old Jacob*, being a plain, but sincere-hearted Man. He is well accomplished for his Trade, which is very considerable. He was first a Goldsmith, but made an exchange of that way for this of Bookselling. He is a sure Friend, and extremely civil; I have dealt very much with him, and for those two years that I kept Bristol Fair, I was treated very kindly at his house.

Mr. Bishop, in Exeter. He is a firm adherer to the Established Government, and a declared enemy to Popery and Slavery. He is a man of strict justice, deals much, and thrives of his Trade.

Mr. Gyles, in Norwich. He evens yearly with those he is concerned with, which may be a serviceable hint to the Booksellers in London. The pious and learned *Dr. Collings* was his great friend. He has met with very good success in his way; but the Booksellers in the Country cannot, in a settled way, either ruin or enrich themselves so soon as those in London; in regard they have not the temptation, nor indeed the opportunity, to print much. But this is no more applicable to *Mr. Gyles* than to any other so far out of Town. He is an honest man; I know him to be so.

Mr. Hildyard, in York. He is the topping man in that City, and not only a just, but an ingenious man.

Mr. Minshull, in Chester, is a man of good sense, very courteous to strangers (as myself have lately experienced), and manages his Trade with a great deal of prudence. But I have done this man a better justice in my "*Dublin Scuffle* *," than my designed brevity will admit of here.

Mr. Butler, in Worcester, has been a rising man some time, has a brisk Trade, and pays well. He is both an humble and religious man.

Mr. Keblewite, in the Isle of Wight, has a good Trade, considering the place; but that is not his whole dependence. He has been twice Mayor of the Town; and is not only rich, but a grave and discreet Churchman.

Mr. Richards, in Nottingham, pursues his Business very closely, and is a person of great integrity. I dealt with him two years, and found him a good paymaster.

Mr. Clements, in Oxford, is a thriving man, and has a quick return of Trade. He acts always with a great deal of caution, which is extremely necessary in the composition of a Bookseller.

Mr. Hicks, in Cambridge, deals much in modern Books. He is a very honest man, and was extremely civil to me when I kept Sturbridge Fair.

* "*The Dublin Scuffle*," which will be fully noticed in a future part of this Volume, was published in 1699. EDIT.

Mr. Clayton, in Manchester. He was Apprentice to Mr. Johnson of the same Town; but, his Master thinking it necessary to be a knave, and as the consequence of it to walk off, so Mr. Clayton succeeds him, and has stepped into the whole business of that place, which is very considerable; and, if he have but prudence, he may thrive apace.

Mr. Knox, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Fallenge. I shall dispense with myself as to their Characters; for I could never see through a Scotsman in a little time.

Mr. Norman. He is a middling squat man, that loves to live well, and has a Spouse who understands preparing good things as well as the best lady in Ireland. He has a hole in his nose, occasioned by a brass pin in his nurse's waistcoat, which happened to run in it; and, for want of a skilful hand to dress it, the hole remains to this day, and yet without disfiguring his face. He invited me to his house when I made my Auctions in Dublin; and, when I came, gave me a hearty welcome. I found Mr. Norman an excellent Florist (and he has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his Garden is the most excellent of its kind). He is a very grave, honest man, understands his Trade extraordinary well, and has the honour to have been Master of the Booksellers' Company in Dublin.

Mr. Ray. He is slender in body; his head rather big than little; his face thin, and of a moderate size; a smooth tongue, and voice neither deep nor shrill. His countenance is ever intermixed with joy and sweetness. He is a courteous man in his Shop; and, being both Printer and Bookseller, has got a good estate in a few years. He is the best situated of any Bookseller in Dublin.

But I shall leave Mr. Ray, to ramble to Castle-street, where *Eliphal Dobson* with his wooden leg startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *Crepitus Ossium*, which I have heard some of our Physicians speak of. Mr. Dobson is a great Dissenter, but his pretence to Religion does not make him a jot precise. He values no man for his starched looks or supercilious gravity, or for being a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, &c. provided he is sound in the main points, wherein all good men are agreed.

I might proceed to other Country Booksellers, and give you Epithets and Characters suitable for them all, and take in the rest of the Irish and Scotch Booksellers; but, for want of room, I must beg their patience till I come to the *Sixth Stage* of my Life, and there I shall meet them again by wholesale; but, though I cannot descend to particulars now, yet I will so far *lump* their Characters as to say, that of Three Hundred Booksellers now trading in Country Towns, I know not of one Knave or a Blockhead, amongst them all.

And now, Reader, having in these sheets given you the Character of the chief Booksellers in the Three Kingdoms, I hope you will pardon me if (in the last place) I allow *myself* a Character amongst the rest.

It is true, Cowley says,

“The voyage Life is longest made at home.”

However, from that small acquaintance I have with myself, I may venture to say, as to my Birth, I account it no small honour that I descended from the Tribe of Levi; and I find an ingenious Author of this opinion, who says, “I reckon it amongst the felicities of my life to have been a Prophet’s Son*.” And, if you have faith to believe a Poet, their Children

“Do all breathe something more than common air†.”

We see this eminently verified in the present Archbishop of Canterbury‡, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England§, and in a late Lord Mayor of London; who are all, as I have been informed, Sons of the Clergy.

And as it is a peculiar honour to descend from the Tribe of Levi; so it is often seen there is a largeness in the souls of Ministers’ Children beyond the narrowness of other Men. “The Honourable Society of Clergymen’s Sons” do every year, in a literal sense, “set on the great Pot for the Sons of the Prophets||,” and, at the same time, make such a noble provision for Widows and fatherless Children as exceeds all Examples of that kind,

* See “The Character of a Good Woman,” p. 125.

† See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy

‡ Dr. Thomas Tenison.

§ Sir Nathan Wrighte.

|| See the Sermon on 2 Kings iv. 38; printed for Mr. Robinson.

So that I think myself more honoured in having a Minister for my Father, than if he had been a Duke.

From this account of my Birth, I proceed to a description of my Person, which is *so so*. However, two of the Fair Sex have been tempted to take it "for better, for worse;" and I do not hear they ever repented their bargain, for I am very *uxorious* by my natural temper, and can passionately doat on a Wife that has but one obliging quality.

Having given this account of my Person, I shall next tell you with what Soul it is acted. This House of mine is filled with a *rambling* Tenant, and, being born to travel, I am ever pursuing my destiny; so that you may call me "a Citizen of London and of the World:" yet, wherever I come, I love to be guessed at, not known, and to see the World unseen; and for this reason I am now learning "The Art of living *Incognito*." I must here (to my mortification) reckon myself among the number of *Scribblers*, for my present income would not support me, did not I stoop so low as to turn Author; but I find it was what I was born to, for I am a willing and everlasting Drudge to the Quill, and am now writing "A Farewell to Trade." My constant sickness and debts have rather made me an Author than Soldier of Fortune; and therefore I am very thankful to that kind Muse which assists the unfortunate: for, could I not compose a few sheets for the press, I might now starve; for it is not two years' rent of my whole Estate will repair the damage I received by the late storm; and therefore as I now scratch my head for a living (and, with the threadbare tribe, live in rhyme), it is a comfort I am wholly at the mercy of that kind *Samaritan* the Rev. Mr. Wesley, who, being a man of true compassion and goodness, will never stain his Cloth, &c. for he knows in a few years "I shall pay him all, and every body else, to a half-farthing.

So that you see, Reader, a *scribbling* destiny is part of my present character, and what I can no way avoid; and what little service they do themselves that (like *She-Furies*) screw up justice to the pitch of an injury, and that for what they have treble security.—And so much for my Birth and Destiny.

As to my Religion, it is the same you find in my *Idea*

of a *New Life* ; and, let my enemies say what they please, I will never alter it. I never matter abuses when I cannot avoid them ; and therefore it is, in the midst of reflections, my countenance never changeth : for I know whom I have trusted, and whither Death can lead me ; and, being not so sure I shall die as that I shall be restored, I outface Death with the thoughts of my Resurrection. "If I am found dead upon the spot, what matters it? for, not being able to govern events, I endeavour to govern myself." And I am advanced already so far in this rare art, that, I hope I may say, "just censures I deserve not, and unjust I contemn;" and therefore it is strange I have one Friend in the world, for folks do not love to hear of their faults, and I am downright, and call "a spade a spade;" and dare, when I meet a *Foe*, defend myself with a brighter weapon than a quill. It is true,

"I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword;"

and can take satisfaction in rhyme, when the affront is given in Verse. But I am no great Friend to a *paper-duel* ; for, being come from behind the Counter, sure my estate will maintain a Sword, or where is the honour of being Heir to **Sampsil*? However, if any *Foe* or *Coxcomb* (for they are synonymous terms) should *draw* upon me, in Ink or Steel, I am ready to fight him at two weapons (which is enough for a trial of skill): yet, I will do myself that justice to own, I had rather sleep in a whole skin.

I also own, I am very rash in my actions ; and scarce ever did any thing (save taking two women "for better for worse") but I repented of, one time or other. I have a great deal of mercury in my natural temper, for which I must have allowance ; but the best men are the most charitable, and no man, if he considers himself, will blame that in me which I cannot help : but, abating this only fault, (though I say it myself) I am as fit to make a *Friend* as any man I know ; for when my Friend falls to decay, I am ready to rejoice (I ask his pardon) that I have an opportunity to convince him that I loved in earnest ; and though it were impossible he should ever requite me, while I have any thing, my Friend shall have

* The name of a Manor which was the property of his Wife's Mother. EDIT.

all. Nay, I have this peculiar to myself, that I love a Friend better for being poor, miserable, or despised: I confess this looks a little satirical on my *Summer-Friends*, but is so great a truth, that I can prove it by several persons now living in London.

So much for my Birth, Person, Temper, Religion, and Friendship. As to my *Trade*, I ever had an ungovernable itch after Printing; yet, all my Printers will own, I have ever been strictly just: in six hundred Books I have printed, I never swerved from the price agreed on, or made any Printer call twice for money; which practice I learnt from my honoured Master. I have twenty times in Trade restored the over-seen gain of a mistaken reckoning; and, being haunted with a scrupulous mind, have often paid a sum twice over, for fear of doing wrong; and I appeal to Mr. Wild in Dublin, to Mr. Wilkins in Boston, to Mr. Larkin in London, and even to Sam^l Wesley himself, for the truth of this scrupulous justice.

But, as scrupulous as I am in Trade, I was never wanting to my belly, nor a *wretch* to my back; and am the same enemy to Prodigality, as I am to a sneaking temper. And I think I am right in this part of my character, for Solomon says, "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour."—To sum up my character in few words: I love travelling, do not love fighting; love Valeria, do not love money; love my friend, do not fear nor hate my enemy; love writing, do not love starving; love fair-dealing, had rather be called Fool than Knave; let people laugh while I win; can be secret if trusted (or woe be to Parson Grub); am owed more than I owe, and can pay more than that; make my word as good as my bond; will not do a foul thing; can live in a cell till I pay my debts, and bid the world go whistle.

Now, whatever the Reader thinks (or my Enemies may say against me), all that know me will own this is the "True Character of *John Dunton*." I write not this out of vain-glory, but as a necessary vindication of my life and actions against the abuses of such vipers that (sneakingly) injure my reputation.

Thus have I added my own Character to the rest of the Booksellers; for it had been an unpardonable fault, to pretend to know every one I conversed with a few moments, and not *know myself* with whom I have conversed so long. Besides, it is using them as I use myself; and that I did not remark their *faults* as I have my own is, that they concealed them from me.

There are many more eminent Booksellers in London and Westminster; but they must excuse my overlooking them, in regard I have not so particular a knowledge of them as to do justice to their *character*. However, I have here given a brief account of the lives and characters of the chief Booksellers in the Three Kingdoms, &c.; and I have done it with all the candour and impartiality that my conversation, &c. amongst them would admit of.

Having characterized the most noted men of my own Profession; perhaps those Printers, Stationers, and Binders, &c. of London, that I dealt with, may expect a character from me; and if any of my acquaintance deserve it, it is these men; for, when I was warmly engaged in Trade (and generally thought to be a *rising sun*), there was nothing but "Your humble servant, Sir," from the Printers, Stationers, and Binders, in London. They all put in for a share in my friendship, which was then reckoned a little necessary, in order to carry on the common design of life; for I dealt for several hundreds yearly, and cleared with all the Trade every six months; and, I must confess, there seems to be some sense of Gratitude remaining in them at this day; and upon that account they may justly expect to find their own names in a "Life" with which they have had so very great concerns.

In the year 1689 I had no less than thirty Printers, &c. that traded with me; and seeing the Printers, &c. in London are more generous to Debtors than other men, I will draw their *pictures in little*, but will draw them so much to the life, that their friends may know them at first sight. And here I will not, like Sam Wesley*, fling dirt in the face of my old Friends; but will treat the Printers, Stationers, and Binders of London, with

* In his "Satire upon the Dissenters."

all the respect that either gratitude, or their honest dealings with me, deserves.

I will begin with the *Printers*, in regard they seem to be a fundamental article in our Trade: and the Printers I chiefly employed were,

Mr. *Edward Jones*, in the Savoy. His soul is enriched with many virtues; but the most orient of all are, his large charity, his remarkable justice in trade, and great kindness to his aged mother. He has got a noble estate *by Authority*; and is deservedly famous for printing "The True News," and publishing "The London Gazette."

Deputy *Collins*. He is a composition so made up of justice and industry, that other Printers may imitate, but cannot exceed. He is a moderate Churchman; a sincere friend; and so expeditious in dispatch of business, that he printed more sheets for me in ten days than some others did in twenty.

Mr. *Roberts*. He was master over himself; when he had a storm in his heart, he made all fair-weather in his face. He would look big, but I never found he was passionate, proud, or vain. However, he had this particular in him, that he never broke his word to a Bookseller. In twenty Books that he printed for me, he never disappointed me once, or exacted two-pence; so that what he left to his Widow will wear well, for it was every penny honestly gotten.

Mr. *Milbourn*. He was no starter, having lived forty years in the same house in Jewin-street. He has done his duty in all relations, but most eminently in that of a Husband. Those rays of conjugal love, which are diffusedly scattered in other men, were all concentrated in Thomas Milbourn. He was fairly married to four Wives (for the good man had been shoeing the horse round), and was a tender Husband to all. He was free from flattery and affectation; and, being a nice Conformist, the best Churchmen did copy from him. His whole life was religiously tuned; but it made the sweetest music in the close, for he was patient under all his weakness, and wholly resigned to the will of God. He had a dutiful Child in Mrs. Onley, and was very happy in his Daughter Bruges. But he is gone to his long-home, and "the eye that hath seen him shall see him no

more." He died in his 74th year; and, having learnt all could here be taught him, he is gone to Heaven to see more.

Mr. *Astwood*. He was my near Neighbour and intimate Friend for many years. He printed for me near sixty books, and was constantly engaged in the "*Athenian Mercury*." If he had any failing, it was that of a little passion; but it was over in a word speaking; and, to make amends, he was almost perfect in Charity, Friendship, Humility, Justice, and every other virtue. What I speak is from the long intimacy I had with him. But I need not enlarge; for, since the death of his Son (Mr. *John Astwood*) he seems no longer to have any commerce with the world, and hath nothing so familiar as a life that is (by his retreat from London to a country village) as it were buried in death.

Mr. *Larkin* senior. He has been my acquaintance for 20 years, and the first Printer I had in London. He is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his stars have not been kind to him (he having had great losses) yet he has borne all with a great presence of mind. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. He is a particular Votary of the Muses, and I have seen some of his Poems that cannot be equalled. He formerly wrote "*A Vision of Heaven*," &c. (which contains many nice and curious thoughts); and has lately published an ingenious "*Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing*," which will immortalize his name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself. I ever thought my acquaintance with Mr. Larkin a special blessing; for, like the glow-worm (the emblem of true Friendship), he has still shined to me in the dark. In a word, Mr. Larkin is sincerely my Friend, and was ever so, from the first moment I saw him; and, which makes me respect him the more, he is the only Friend in the world of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise. So that Mr. Larkin is my *alter Ego*, or rather my very self in a better Edition. And, to sum up his character in nine words, "*What ever he does, is upon the Account Civil.*" Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same name and

trade with himself; and four Grandsons, which (humanly speaking) will transmit his name to the end of time.

Mr. *Leibourn*. He was formerly a Printer in London; and since has been a famous Author. He has, perhaps, done as much honour to the Mathematicks, as most persons you can name. There is something masterly in all he writes. As to his "*Cursus Mathematicus*," and his "*Panarithmalogia*," they will never be equalled.

Mr. *Grantham*. He swells not, like *L*—— his Neighbour, with looking big; but is courteous and affable to all; holding courtesy so main an ornament of a thriving Printer, as that he loaths any thing that is proud or starched. He is one that thinks what he does, and does what he says, and foresees what he can do before he promises; so that I have found his "if I can" is more than another's assurance. He is just and punctual in all his dealings, and wipes from Printing all the blemishes and imputations cast upon it by Ignorance or Malice. And, to speak the truth, he is the best Friend to a Bookseller of all the Printers I ever knew. He is a man of a large faith, and so very generous to those that live in his debt that none but a Villain would wrong him. For my own share, I have received so many favours from Mr. Grantham, that I should think it a sin to put away any thing that he can print; and for this reason he is my *Printer in Chief*. I never dispose of a *Copy*, but I make it the main article that Mr. Grantham shall print it; and all this is but what I owe him, for the favours I have received from him and Mr. *Darker* his Predecessor make me his debtor for ever. In truth, Mr. Grantham is so kind to me, the name of Friend is too narrow for him, and I want a word that is more significant to express him. And, which crowns his character, he is blest with a Wife that deserves him; for Mrs. Grantham's prudence gives so many proofs of her capacity for domestic government, that the heart of her Husband does safely trust in her; and, like an Help-mate, she is willing to be ruled by him in all things, "even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord." Or, if any quarrel is, it is who of the two shall live most content; so that, as marriage has made them the same flesh, so love and sympathy has so united them, that it is very likely they will expire together.

Mr. *Darby*. ~~What~~ ^{Where} is a man more careful of his words, or more pious in his actions? I might call him the *Religious Printer*. He goes to Heaven with the Anabaptists; but is a man of a general charity. He printed that excellent "Speech of my Lord Russel," and several pieces of Colonel Sidney, and is a true asserter of English Liberties. He is no Bigot to any Party, but can see the truth betwixt two wranglers, and see them agree, even in what they fall out. In a word, Mr. Darby is blest in himself (by being cool and temperate in all his passions), and is very happy in all his relations. His Wife is chaste as a picture cut in alabaster. You might sooner tempt a *Volary*, or move a Scythian rock, than shoot a fire into her chaster breast. Sir Roger*, on his bended knees, could not prevail for so much as a wanton look. His Son *John* is a very beauty of a man, and a finished Christian to boot. And for his Daughter in Cornhill, she bears away the *bell* from all the *Buke-sellers Wives* in London.

Mr. *Leach*. His forehead is high and majestic; his eyes full of fire and briskness, and tempered with an attractive languishing. His hair black and lovely; his person small, and of a curious shape; and is so neat, so free, so disengaged, that there are few like him. He has a great deal of wit; his tongue is composed of so much harmony, that, when his health returns, its own sound is only able to declare its perfection. He is also blest with a tender Wife; a constant trade; has printed "The Postman," &c. many years; and I may venture to say, that Francis Leach† is the handsomest Printer in London; or, if those good qualities which adorn his soul can admit of degrees, it is because his modesty is transcendant over the rest.

Mr. *William Bonny*. He has had great losses in Trade; but brave minds do, in despite of Fate, look greatest (like the Sun) in lowest state. The frowns of Fortune may make him poor, but never unhappy. He was always generous to those he dealt with (as myself have found in several instances); and, upon receiving a sum of

* Sir Roger L'Estrange. He died Dec. 11, 1704, in his 88th year. EDIT.

† His Printing-office was in Elliott's Court, Little Britain. EDIT.

money, he would treat so nobly, that one could not forbear loving him. Mr. Bonny always professed a particular friendship to me, and printed for me "Mr. Baxter's Directions to the Unconverted," "The Trials of the New-England Witches," "The Pleasant Art of Money-catching," and several other Books; and had printed *treble* to what he did, had not *Robin Hayhurst* lived so near him. But, though good fortune seemed to forget him, he has now set up a press in Bristol; and had he not lost his sight (for I hear he is stark blind) would get a good estate in a few years.

" Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene :
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound, and rise again."

Mr. *Onley*. He is a kind Husband; a tender Father; regular in his conversation; and, being a good Master, has the Journeymen Printers much at his beck. He will make a Book vanish into the World as quick as Spirits out of it; and bring it abroad as easily as *Leeson** draws a tooth, or as nimbly as a flash of lightning. He has a great respect for all that are related to the noble Mystery of Printing; and, being very ingenious, by his own Projections he keeps two Printing-houses constantly at work; one in Little Britain, and the other in Bond's-stables near Chancery-lane.

Mr. *Hephtinstall*. He is a modest, humble man, and very ingenious in his calling. *He makes the best Ink for Printers of any man in London.* There is a peculiar blessing attends him; for he does not only thrive in the world, but his whole life has been so unblemished, that even Envy herself cannot fix a blot upon him. His Religion is that of the Church of England; and he is a devout and constant hearer of Dr. Pead. But, though he is strict to his own principles, yet towards Dissenters he is compassionate and gentle; and humbly proud to be of the same judgment with his generous Sovereign, and therefore acquiesces in, nay, is extremely satisfied with, her Majesty's good intentions, and legal kindness towards her Dissenting subjects, and I do not

* This famous Operator is now no longer recollected. EDIT.

doubt but he heartily desires a closer union between all such as there is any appearance of accommodation withal; and certainly a "Bill of Comprehension" would conduce to England's strength and happiness, who must needs have frequent qualms and sicknesses, while little less than two Nations are struggling within her.

Mr. *Henry Clark*, chief Printer to Mr. Malthus; and through his persuasions I engaged him upon business. He was extremely civil to the Booksellers, and very diligent and dispatchful in what he did. He was a man of great openness in his temper, and was very seldom afraid to speak the very sentiments of his mind. After Mr. Clark's decease, his Widow managed the Trade, by Mr. *Sedgwick* first, and afterwards (to better purpose) by Mr. *Barber*.

Mr. *Francis Clark*. After he had buried his first Wife, he half ruined himself in a second Courtship. He printed for me "Dunton's Remains," with several other pieces; and I must say, his prices were reasonable enough.

Mr. *Darker* and Mr. *Newman* were Partners when I first employed them, and took some hundred pounds of me yearly while they continued together in Little Britain. But, Mr. *Newman* removing, I procured Mr. *Darker* the same business they had both engaged in before. He took me so much for his Friend, that, when he heard of my misfortunes, he told Mr. *Larkin* "that he would not have any concerns betwixt himself and me give me the least uneasiness." I have found the same favour from his Widow since his decease; and now, in her second marriage, Mr. *Grantham*, her Husband, has shewn himself the same Friend; and though I have been long in Egypt, his faith and his good opinion are not in the least disordered.

To return to Mr. *Darker*, he was my true friend, a kind neighbour, a generous dealer, and an enemy to no man except himself. His death did very sensibly afflict me.

"————— An Epitaph upon his stone
I cannot write, but I can weep him one."

As for Mr. *Newman*, he was very handsome, and had abundance of good-nature in him; he was something

out of order in his softer hours ; but I hope he died a religious man.

Mr. Janeway. I never employed him much ; but I have found him very ready to serve me, both before and since my misfortunes ; and kindness has always given me very deep impressions.

Mr. Richardson, an eminent Printer in Fan-church-street. He is pretty much up in years : however, his young inclinations are not altogether dead in him ; for I am informed his son and he have married two sisters ; but let Nature run as long as it pleases, so as it keep within bounds. The man is grave, and very just in Trade. He has done a great deal of excellent work, and printed much for me.

Mr. Everingham and *Mr. Whilledge*, two Partners in the Trade. I employed them very much, and looked upon them to be honest and thriving men. Had they confined themselves a little sooner to household love, they might possibly have kept upon their own bottom ; however, so it happened, that they loved themselves into two Journeymen Printers again. Their misfortunes do not take off my affections from them, for it will always be a pleasure to me to hear of their welfare.

Mr. Tookey. He is a pretty, modest, obliging Printer. His whole behaviour has been very innocent, and undesigning ; he is a man of great piety and moderation, and deserves the title of "an honest Printer." In this character of Mr. Tookey, you have the true Picture of *Mr. Larkin* junior, *Mr. Job How*, commonly called *honest Job*, *Mr. Bridges*, and *Mr. Barber*, first an apprentice to Mr. Larkin senior ; for these four Printers so exactly resemble Mr. Tookey, in piety, good-humour, and other obliging qualities, that is impossible to say which is the better Christian.

Mr. Dawks. He very often solicited me for work. I obliged him with it as frequently as I could. He is very obliging and diligent, and reasonable in his prices. He has a very rich invention : witness his *new letter* *, with which he printed his "News-paper." He printed several pieces of Salmon, and does excellent work.

* A Type resembling written hand, now called *Script*. EDIT.

Mr. Snowden. He was my very dear and intimate Friend for many years; a man of great industry, and composed much himself. He was a great admirer of *Mr. Lobb*. His Widow follows the same Trade; and though I was pretty deeply indebted to her Husband, yet she has not once asked me for it, which I take as a very great and noble kindness; and so soon as I can possibly compass money to discharge my debts, she, to be sure, shall not lose a farthing.

Mr. Rawlins, near Paternoster-row, has printed several Books for me. He works for very reasonable rates; and it would be a great hardship upon him, I am sure, should you pretend to offer less than he will ask you. He is an honest and a thriving man, and has an excellent choice of good letter: he makes great dispatch with any engagement he undertakes; and is very punctual to his word, for he will rather refuse work, when it is offered, than not be just to his promise.

Mr. Braddyll is a first-rate Printer, and has always been a very active, diligent man. He is religiously true to his word, and faithful to the Booksellers that employ him, of which his making no discovery of two thousand Books I once burned in an oven is, to me at least, a very pregnant instance. He was once a good Friend to *Sir Roger L'Estrange*, when matters looked a little dark upon him. But *Mr. Braddyll* has met with back-enemies, as well as other men; and upon that score he is very tender of giving wounds to others in the same place where he himself has suffered; which is certainly a good improvement of those ill practices. I dealt with him for many years, and have not only found him just, but as well accomplished for all the parts of his business as any other Printer I can name.

Mr. Beardwell and *Mr. Moxon* were partners all the time I employed them. The former is very generous and obliging; and the latter is, upon all accounts, a very fair dealer.

Mr. Brudenell deserves great respect for his dutiful carriage to his aged Mother. He has the unhappiness of a little heat in his temper; but, was he perfect, we should soon lose his company. It is but justice, however, to tell the Booksellers, that *Mr. Brudenell* is furnished with

a large faith, is a good Printer, and truly honest. I take his Brother, Mr. *Moses Brudenell*, Mr. *Clare*, and Mr. *Cocket*, to be the best Compositors in London.

Mr. *Croom*. Some would insinuate as though he favoured the Jacobites, but I take him for a man of more sense; however, that is no more essential to his character, under the notion of a Printer, than the recommendation of an Under-groom to Prince Rupert, which ran in such terms as these, "that he was a good Churchman; had a great value for the Common Prayer:" when, alas! Prince Rupert did not want his horses should be dressed according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Mr. *Croom* is a fair dealer; understands his business; and these are the life of *matter*. He has always been obliging to me; and formerly printed for me "The Tigrine Liturgy," and of late several sheets of "The Post-Angel."

Mr. *Moore* was one of those good-natured Printers that worked themselves into debt; so that, had his business been less, he would have kept his legs the longer; however, I believe him a very honest mistaken man; and if he is yet living, I will drink his health.

Mr. *Wild*. He has a very noble Printing-house in Aldersgate-street. Whilst I employed him, he was always very civil and obliging. I brought him to be concerned in printing "The Present State of Europe," in which he is yet employed.

Mr. *Mead* is a man very fit for his business, and there is always great dependance upon what he says. He is a very obliging and sincere Friend; printed for me, a while ago, "A Step to Oxford."

Mr. *Ormb*. I never meet him but I make him my acknowledgments for the length and the patience of the credit he has given me, though he will scarce hear the mention of it; so that I am never apprehensive of Mr. *Ormb*'s relapsing into duns, unless it be "to take a bottle with him," which is a noble charity from Creditors to poor Debtors, when their spirits run low. Mr. *Ormb* is, without doubt, a Printer that is very faithful, generous, and obliging to the last degree.

Mr. *James* is a man that reads much, knows his business very well, and is extremely obliging to his cus-

tomers; and is something the better known for being Husband to that *She-State-Politician*, Mrs. *Eleanor James**.

Mr. *Robert Stephens*. And it is fit Robin should bring up the rear of the Printers, as he is "Messenger to the Press," as well as a Printer, and orders those *irregular things*, as well as they their own heaps of Letters. I know Robin has many enemies that *grunt* at him (and perhaps they have reason for it); but, if I will "praise the bridge that I went over," I must say, he never did me the least injury; for, if I printed a Book that had no *License*, I took such care to *dazzle* his eyes, that he could not see it; and Robin will be as true to his Friend (when there is a fellow-feeling in the case) as any man in the World, which is a rare quality in a man that lives by *informing*. And as Robin knows how to be just and kind to those that deserve it from him; so, were I put to my *oath*, I could not swear but Robin Stephens and his brother messenger, *John Gellibrand*, are both very *honest*, quiet men (I mean as to me). And when the World has believed this, I will endeavour to find out their other virtues; for as to Gellibrand, I never heard his honesty questioned; and as to Stephens, he is as much a Saint as the World thinks him, and that is as high as I can go in his praise; for if he alone is a wise man who hath a clear and certain knowledge of things, then I am excluded, for I mistake every thing. When I weigh the characters of men (whether friends or enemies), if I come near them, I am within a circle and straight-ways, as if conjured from giving a true verdict; yea, when I had *out-lawed* a person as one altogether unworthy of protection (and perhaps have thought him as black as "The Observer" has made Stephens), yet how hath the tender of some few courtesies been ready to make me reverse it! hath not only stopped my mouth (as is seen in my character of Robin Stephens), but muddied my sounder judgment of him—so that, now I have had enough to do to see the fault through my Friend, my very judging faculty hath been somewhat bribed to spare the sin, lest I should fall too foul upon the subject of it;—and how have I found out a weak brain, a strong temptation, or something or other to extenuate the offence;

* Of this singular woman, see Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 195.

yea, an intent of getting a place myself, and some possibility of arriving to Robin's height, hath been such a Powder-mine, that I have been well nigh blown up in my own trenches, and my affections have been, like a Navy in a storm at sea, hardly kept together. So that, you see, Reader, if I have given Stephens too loud a character, it is so naturally the effect of those *conniving* favours I have received from him, that to have *lisp'd* in his praise had been very ungrateful. And for such who think I have mistook his virtues, or said too little in his commendation, I would have them consider that Robin has been a kind and honest Messenger to me ; and that is all I know of the matter.

I shall next characterize the several *Stationers* from whose Shops I supplied the fore-mentioned Printers with Paper ; and they were,

Mr. *Merreal*, at the Rose in Bread-street. He is rich, yet very humble. He has been put up for Sheriff ; yet this honour does not make him scornful and imperious ; but rather, like the fixed stars, the higher he is, the less he desires to seem. His face, his carriage, his habit, savour of humility. He was the first Stationer I ever dealt with ; and, in trading with him for twenty years, I ever found him just and kind. It is a question whether he is more his Chapman's Friend, or his own. And, to conclude his character, he is so naturally good, if there were no Heaven, yet Alexander Merreal would be a virtuous man.

Mr. *Sheafe*. Courtesy and affability can be no more severed from him, than life from his soul ; not out of a servile popularity, but of a native gentleness of disposition, and true generosity of spirit. He married Mr. Merreal's Daughter ; and is not only a Partner with him, but has the chief management of his Shop and Trade. His words are few and soft, never either peremptory or censorious. His trading is discreet and honest ; he looks not to what he might do, but what he ought. Justice is his first guide ; and the second law of his actions is Expedience. In a word, he is a wise man ; a true Friend ; a kind Husband ; and Mr. Merreal is very happy in his Son and Partner, Mr. Samuel Sheafe.

Mr. Dyer, lately deceased, was also Partner with *Mr. Merreal*. He was a fair dealer, and a pious man. He knew the falseness of the world; and, though he could see but with one eye, had learnt to trust himself always, others so far as he might not be damaged by their disappointment. I bought a great deal of Paper of him, and found, by his candid treatment, he had white hands and a clean soul; and I do not fear but *Mr. Dyer* is now in Heaven.

Major Hatley. He is the master of himself, and subdues his passions to reason; and, by this inward victory, works his own peace. He is well skilled in Military Discipline; and, from being a Captain, is advanced to a Major. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution, and will not be discovered but by Death or Danger. "Piety never looks so bright as when it shines in Steel;" and *Major Hatley* holds it the noblest revenge, that he *might hurt*, and *does not*. I dealt with this Military Stationer for six years, but left him, with flying colours, to trade with his honest Servant,

Mr. Samuel Hool. He is a far finer man than he knows of; for, being one of extraordinary modesty, he shews better to all men than himself; and so much the better to all men, as less to himself. The air of his face is a little melancholy, but (being very just and kind in his dealings) it always shines in his conscience. He walks according to the rules of Virtue, as the hours pass by the degrees of the Sun; and, being made of good-humour, his life is a perpetual harmony. But why do I praise particular virtues, when he excels in all? or, if those good qualities which adorn his soul can admit of degrees, it is because his compassion is transcendant over the rest. He is as kind a Creditor as if Nature had forgot to give him *gall*. I traded with him for many years; and can say, from my own experience, none can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succour the unfortunate; and then most, where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital.

Another Stationer I dealt with was *Mr. Proctor*, in Bread-street. He is a fortunate man, being one of those that drew the five hundred a year in the Parliament Lottery. As he is rich and fortunate, so he is free and bountiful. He lives as a man of an estate should do, yet

(like his neighbour Merreal) he prefers conscience before riches, and desireth not to be great, but to do good. He is a generous Creditor, and will scarce think of the debt I owe him till I send it on my own accord. For this must be said of the ingenious Proctor, that his wisdom can distinguish betwixt Parasites and Friends, betwixt changing of favours and expending them.

The next I dealt with was Mr. *Sharp* (Brother to the Archbishop of that name). He acts in these worldly affairs as a stranger, and hath his heart ever at home. He is active in Trade, without disquiet, and careful without hurry; yet neither ingulphed in his pleasures, nor a seeker of business, but hath his hour for both. He thinks much, does what he says, and foresees what he may do before he purposes. In a word, Mr. Sharp is a person of great honesty; very obliging in his conversation; and thrives so fast in his shop, that it is very likely we may see him riding the great horse. And what a charming figure will the grave and majestic Sharp make, when attended with Sword and Mace, surrounded with Aldermen, bedecked with Jewels, and glittering with a Gold Chain!

I also traded (by chance) with Mr. *Littlebury*, in Newgate-street. He is a man of a composed and serious countenance, not set, nor much alterable with sadness or joy. His life is distinct, and in method; and his actions (as it were) cast up beforehand; yet he "uses this World as not abusing it," 1 Cor. vii. 31. And one would think, by his forgetting to dun a Debtor, that he traded for ready money.

And the same character fits so nicely to *Crail* the Stationer, Brother to the Bookseller of that name, that you could not know one from the other, save by their different phiz.

Having characterized the Stationers that supplied my Printers with paper, it is fit the Stationer to whom I sold all my waste-paper should bring up the rear.

And this leads me to characterize my neighbour *Tyson*, in Redcross-street, of whom I never bought, but sold (the more is the pity) many hundred reams of "Tigurine Liturgy," "Edict of Nantes," and other books that my Friends had forgot to ask for.

I might call Mr. Tyson "the Waste-paper Stationer of London;" for I believe he buys more of that *necessary* drug than all the City besides. He is generally seen in the same coat, though he has change of raiments; as if he thought men's hearts were rather to be changed than their garments. He is a man exactly made, even to a nail's breadth, and is a great pattern of humility and justice. He is firm to his word and bargain; and by his beard and dress you would take him to be one of the Antient Philosophers. He is very quick at forgiving of injuries; but for his wit and contentment (which has put him in the row of Christians) it is rather to be admired than commended.

Thus, Reader, have I given a brief character of the Printers and Stationers I dealt with for many years.

I shall next proceed to the *Binders*, and they were these seventeen:

Honest Dick Janeway. Like a second Democritus, he always simpered. He brought me the joyful news of a benefit-ticket in the Parliament Lottery, which he delivered in capers; but at other times his constant mirth was no more than a cheerful smile. He had a great loss by Alderman *H——l*; but misfortunes did but exercise, not dismay him. He could turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use. He was an excellent Binder, a tender Husband, a kind Father; the surest Friend, the easiest Enemy; and so much more happy than others, by how much he could abide to be *more* miserable.

Mr. Edmond Richardson. He was my kind Neighbour in Scalding Alley for many years, bound most of my Calves Leather Books, whilst I lived in the Poultry, and continued to bind for me as long as I traded. From this long acquaintance with Mr. Richardson, I am able to give him the following character.—He is an excellent Binder, and very just and punctual in his dealings. To all his promises there needs no other bond but his word, nor no other witness but God. He shuns jests in holy things, and abhors lies, though in jest. He speaks as near as he can to the capacities, and not to the humours of men. He so frames his talk, as one that is going shortly to give an account of his words. He detracts from no man but himself; speaks well of all men till he

knows otherwise ; and where he cannot speak well, he is silent. In a word, there is a purity laid so deep in his nature, that those that knew him the earliest have often said, that even then "Nature seemed entirely sanctified in him." So that, Mr. Richardson having thrived by his Binding trade, he is now a flourishing Bookseller in Newgate-street, and so will continue ; for he measures his wealth by his mind, not by his estate ; and then, to be sure, he will thrive, for a contented mind is ever rich.

Mr. Thomas Axe. He is a man of a great deal of wit and honesty. In any controversy, I would sooner choose him for an Arbitrator than any man I know in the world. He was my chief Binder for ten years : but honest Tom has met with losses ; yet his character is this :—No man is more contented with his little, and so patient under any disappointment : but, notwithstanding his losses in trade, I believe Mr. Axe will get money enough ; for he is not only a good Binder, but sells Books, Globes, Auctions ; and his hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the greatest discouragements that lie in his way to be honestly rich.

Mr. Simpson. This grave and antient Binder was recommended to me, by Mr. Roberts the Printer, for a curious workman and a very honest man ; and so I found him. He did not bind very much for me, but what he bound was done to a *nicety*. I suppose he is nearly related to Mr. Simpson the Bookseller ; for he nearly resembles him for sincerity, diligence, and in a fair character. And the same may be said of honest *Dodgins, Brotherton, Hawkins*, and my old acquaintance Mr. *Joseph Pool*.

Mr. Baker, in Warwick-lane. He lives in a crowd and hurry of business ; yet (as was said of *Mordecai Abbot*) he loses not his Religion in the midst of it, but keeps close to the private and public duties of Divine Worship. He binds so extraordinary well, that two of my customers gave particular charge that no man in London should bind the books that they bought of me but Mr. *Baker* and Mr. *Steel*.

Mr. Samuel Bourn. He was a man of a gay rambling temper, but was very just to those that employed him. He had his Religion to choose, which was a great grief

to his pious Wife. Bourn being seized with a dangerous fever, he made great protestations how good he would be if God would please to restore him ; but,

“ The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be ;
The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.”

After his recovery, he turned Projector, and then Picture-seller, and then Rake-hell ; and, I hear, came at last to an untimely end.

Mr. *Cox*, in Sherburn-lane. He was a grave thriving Binder for thirty years ; but is now retired, for his greater safety. He is very honest ; and, if his Creditors knew him as well as I, he might “ whet his knife at the Counter-gate.” He ever maintained an unspotted fidelity to the Church of England ; and, for all his misfortunes, is a bright example of piety and strict justice. Wherever he is, I heartily wish him well ; and would be glad to see him, if I could tell how, if it were but to thank him for old favours.

Mr. *Manhood*. From Book-binding he went to the Garter Coffee-house by the Royal Exchange ; and I hope he has thrived at it. He was a very obliging Binder, and I traded with him till I went to Boston. He is a true Son of the Church ; but, being so wise as to understand the difference between matters doctrinal and ritual, is not fettered with superstitious scruples ; but his clear and free spirit is for the union of Christians in things essential to Christianity.

Mr. ——— (I forget his name), but I think I can describe his person and qualities, so as any Bookseller may know him. His person is tall and slender, his eyes quick and sparkling, and his features flourish in an oval form. So much for his body. As to his qualities ; he is very pious, just, humble, modest, sincere ; and the care he takes of his aged Father will bring a blessing on all he has. But I need not enlarge ; for he that will read the character (Psalm xv.) of “ an Inhabitant of that Holy Hill ” will there read his true and most just character.

Mr. *Richard Baldwin*. He printed a great deal, but got as little by it as John Dunton. He bound for me and others when he lived in the Old Bailey ; but, removing to Warwick-lane, his fame for publishing spread so fast,

he grew *too big* to handle his *small tools*. Mr. Baldwin having got acquaintance with Persons of Quality, he was now for taking a Shop in Fleet-street; but Dick, soaring out of his element, had the honour of being a Bookseller but few months. However, to do Mr. Baldwin justice, his inclinations were to oblige all men, and only to neglect himself. He was a man of a generous temper, and would take a cherishing glass to oblige a Customer. His purse and his heart were open to all men that he thought were honest; and his conversation was very diverting. He was a true lover of King William; and, after he came on the Livery, always voted on the right side. His Wife, Mrs. *A. Baldwin*, in a literal sense, was an *help-meet*, and eased him of all his *publishing work*; and since she has been a Widow, might vie with all the women in Europe for *accuracy* and *justice* in keeping accompts: and the same I hear of her beautiful Daughter, Mrs. *Mary Baldwin*, of whom her Father was very fond. He was, as it were, flattered into his grave by a long consumption; and now lies buried in Wickam parish, his native place.

Mr. *Gifford*. He and Mr. *Manhood* got acquainted with me at the same time, and bound to my Shop for many years. Manhood's Character you had before; and Gifford's in short is this: he is a downright honest Englishman; I never could hear that he was of any distinguishing party, but still owned the common cause of Religion and his Country. He is a very ingenious thriving man; and, without affecting praise, is content only to merit it. He now keeps a Shop in Old Bedlam; and, having printed several Copies that have sold well, he will, if he continues Fair-keeping, get a lumping portion for his Daughters, who are modest pretty women, and very serviceable to him in his Shop and Trade.

Mr. *Knowles*. He had a most particular respect for my Friend *Harris*, and for that reason I cannot but love him. He is an ingenious and constant man at his Trade; and bound for me that "*History of Living Men*" and "*Athenian Oracle*" which I lately dedicated and presented to the Prince of Denmark and Duke of Ormond with my own hand. I need not enlarge in his Character; for he was ever careful to preserve a good reputa-

tion, but more desirous of a good conscience; and for this reason he asks his own heart, and not other men's tongues, "What he is." There is downright honesty in him; and I heartily wish he may ever be as free from censures, as he is from deserving them.

Mr. *Dowley*. His face indeed is but rough-cast; but, if he is yet unmarried, the young Virgins can never enough admire the sweetness of his natural temper. Humility is his peculiar virtue, and justice and industry have a great share in his character. He is also a kind and dutiful Son to his aged Father. He published for me "The History of the Athenian Society," and was as zealous to oblige me as any Binder in London.

Mr. *Caleb Swinnock*. He served his Apprenticeship with Richard Janeway; and, being an active witty man, had he trod in the steps of his Reverend Father, had been an eminent Christian. But he fell a *purring* too soon, and met a She Clog that stuck faster to him than usual. He published for me "The Life and Death of that great Patriot, William Lord Russell;" and, had he not by working at under-rates turned himself out of doors, perhaps he had rode out the storm of Wiving. Caleb Swinnock was the only man that could ever tempt me to take Sheep's-leather Books at 14s. the hundred; and upon second thoughts, had he not broke nine pounds in my debt, I should have thought myself obliged to make some restitution, either to himself, or (in case of his death) to the poor; for Binders have a *right* to live by their hard labour. But they that tempt them to work for rates which they cannot afford (and the case is the same with respect to the Printers) do, as it were, *rob* the Binder with his own consent; and I verily think, without *restitution*, such *Shop-pads* can never be saved. It is true, the case between Caleb and I was a little different; for the *selling Thief* squeezes the Binder against his consent; but Caleb here was the *sole Tempter*. But I should not lash him for this crime, for Caleb has flayed himself with his own whipping; and, since his strolling into the country, is more altered with repentance than with age. But I shall not any longer aggravate Caleb's faults or my own; for, as De Foe tells us,

“ Confession will anticipate reproach :
 He that reviles us then, reviles too much.
 All satire ceases when the men repent ;
 'Tis cruelty to lash the penitent.”

Mr. *Mitchel*, in Christopher's-alley. He was a first-rate Binder, and got a good estate with a clean and quiet conscience. *Ben Alsop* and he were intimate Friends, and fellow travellers for many years ; and was wont to call him “ his godly Binder.” And Mr. *Mitchel* deserved it ; for he kept up the life and spirit of Religion in himself and family, was a constant hearer of Mr. Hall, and had a strict regard to the discipline and constitutions of the Church of England to his dying day.

Mr. *Steel*. I may call him my *occasional* Binder ; for, when I met with a nice Customer, no binding would serve him but Mr. *Steel's* ; which, for the fineness and goodness of it, might vie with the Cambridge Binding ; but, as celebrated a Binder as *Steel* is, he is a man very humble and lowly in his own eyes, far from insinuating his own praise, and very rarely speaks of himself or his own actions, but never of other Binders with contempt or disrespect ; yet he has a sudden way of repartee, very agreeable and surprizing, but every way inoffensive, within the rules of Virtue and Religion.

Mr. *Woodward*. He was related to Mr. *Mitchel* (whose character you had before). His body is little, but well set ; his hair black and lank ; and, take him altogether, John Woodward is a pretty, neat, agreeable man. He has about him all the tenderness of good-nature, as well as all the softness of friendship. He desired my custom as much as any Binder I know in London ; and, had I not been pre-engaged, had bound all my Folio Books. As for that small dealing I had with him, I always found it punctual, just, and impartial.

Having proceeded so far, in the History of the Stationers Company, as to characterize all those Booksellers, Printers, Stationers, and Binders, that I had any Trading with,—that no persons that have any dealing with this Learned Profession may escape my notice, I shall next characterize the Engravers in Copper ; shall next proceed to the Cutters in Wood ; and to these I shall add a

character of those that work at the Rolling-press ; for what do Pictures signify (either in Copper or Wood) till the Impression is made? And I will conclude this general History of the Stationers Company with a brief character of all the Licensers ; for (if the Act for Printing passes) those men will be courted afresh, and are so necessary a part of the Stationers Company, that no Book can be printed but with their *Imprimatur*.

And here, Reader, that I may insert nothing foreign to the History of my *Life and Errors*, I shall characterize none, in the several Professions before-mentioned, but such persons as I had dealings with; and I shall begin with my *Engravers in Copper*, who were Mr. White, Mr. Vanhove, and Mr. B——y.

Mr. *White*. He exceeds all I have ever met with; in “taking the air of a face.” He drew for me the picture of Mr. Doolittle, and he gained much reputation by it; but his Master-piece may be reckoned “The Seven Bishops.” He takes faces so much to the life, that the real person may be said to be wherever you see a face of his doing; herein imitating the famous Zeuxis, who died of a fit of laughter at the sight of a comical Old Woman’s picture, which he had drawn, to his thinking, as if she had been really alive—so that, if none but Apelles was permitted to paint Alexander, I think Mr. White merits the same honour with respect to the greatest King or Queen upon earth. Zeuxis would never sell any Picture, because he thought them *above any price*; and therefore only made presents of them to Kings and Queens. I am ready to think, would Mr. White present (rather than sell) his Original Pictures, the English generosity would advance Mr. White to a coach and six, and exceed that which enriched Zeuxis.

Mr. *Vanhove* was another Engraver that I traded with. He drew for me “Don Kainophilus;” “The Passing Bell;” “Innocent the Eleventh;” “The House of Weeping;” “The Martyrs in Flames,” and Forty other Pictures. And though I cannot rank him with Mr. White, for he seldom draws from the Living Original; yet, to do Mr. Vanhove justice, he is a very ingenious Artist; a great enemy to sensual pleasures; of remarkable justice; and, though a Papist, has a most particu-

lar *zeal* against all severities and persecutions upon the account of Religion.

My third and last Engraver in Copper was Mr. *B—y*. He drew for me "The Persecution of the Duke of Guise;" but was such a scratching sot of a workman; I never employed him since; and I believe nobody else, for I hear he is out at the elbows. But he was always zealous to serve me; and I cannot but wish he may bear his poverty with the decency and submission of a Heathen Philosopher (for as such I count him) whose nakedness is too apparent.

I shall next characterize my *Cutters in Wood*; who were Mr. *W—st* and the ingenious *S—*.

Mr. *W—st* made all the Cuts for "The Man in the Moon*," &c. and *S—* such as I wanted for "Athens," &c. Mr. *W—st* did the curious flowers for "Salmon's Herbal;" and exceeds all the town for cutting in Wood. He has got a habit of melting his penny, and once a month is as great as a King; but, abating that reeling vice, *W—st* is an honest man, and has about him all that unaffected neglect of pomp in cloaths, lodging, furniture, which agrees with his grave and sedentary course of life.

My other Cutter in Wood is a very sober and diligent man, and saves a great deal of money; for *S—* is always at work, and has no relish for the idle and extravagant madness of the men of pleasure. He does not waste his time, nor dissipate his spirits into foolish mirth; but he possesses his soul in patience, and is full of that solid joy which his industry, as well as his sobriety, affords him.

Having characterized the Engravers in Copper and Cutters in Wood, I am next (as they are members of the Stationers Company) to mention the *Rolling-press Printers* that worked off the Pictures for me. And they were Mr. Hammerton in Newgate-street, and Mr. Vincent in Blackfriars.

Mr. *Hammerton* is a good workman for large Pictures, and there is honesty wrote in his face. For the things

* I printed a Book with that title.

of this world, he uses them, and blesses God for them, but avoids the vanity of them; yet denies himself nothing that is necessary, nor sometimes something that is extraordinary, for he sets no rules to himself of using or forbearing these outward things, but the just occasions; and in all, affects rather piety than strictness; yet Hamerton wears not his Religion as an extempore business, but performs the offices of Piety with as much ease and cheerfulness as if they had been ripened into Instinct and Nature in him. And Charity and Patience run through all the scenes and branches of his Conversation.

Mr. *Vincent* was another Rolling Printer, that worked off my small Pictures. The life of this merry animal was a various scene composed of brighter and more melancholy hours, but under all his crosses there is a secret charm that inspires his words. There is so much Comedy in his conversation, that a man cannot leave it in an ill humour. In a word, the serenity that runs through his whole life lays the very passions of his greatest enemy, and he is all filled with ideas that are calm and pleasant; so that Vincent has got the very hearts and souls of his Masters, and, I believe, had the more work for being Son-in-law to Mr. *Vanhove*.

I have now finished the History of the Stationers Company, save just concluding with a brief Character of the several Licensers. And here (that I may not ramble from my *Life and Errors*) I shall only characterize those Licensers with whom I have had concerns.

The first I shall name is *Sir Roger L'Estrange*. It is pity Towzer's old worrier *Harry Care* were not now alive, for no Limner can hit his features so well as he. However, Sir Roger is a remarkable person, and I will draw him as well as I can.—Then to come to his character: Sir Roger descended from an antient and worthy Family; yet I cannot make his Picture like him without telling the world his *sting* is gone, and, since his "Weekly Satire" is fallen asleep, is no longer a guide to the inferior Clergy. "Hark-ye, Sir Author!" comes a little piece of crape buzzing in my ears—"consider what ye say and do. There is respect due to the unfortunate, espe-

cially to those who have been great, and are still men of sense and ingenuity. And, besides, you know what he has done of undoubted value. He only has had the rare happiness of bettering some of the best Authors in a Translation; and his Seneca and Offices will live as long as the World." All this I knew before; but what is this to Honesty? There is the jewel. Wit is no more commendable in a Knight, than Courage in a Highwayman. A man that betrays his Religion and Country in pretending to defend it, and writes round to all the points of the compass; that was made Surveyor of the Press, and would wink at unlicensed Books if the Printer's Wife would but smile on him—How far this is the character of Sir Roger, I leave to his own conscience to consider; and the rather as he now stands on the brink of Eternity (for he is now above Fourscore), and has but a few minutes to repent in.

Mr. *Fraser*, commonly called "Catalogue Fraser," from his skill in Books, and constant frequenting of Auctions. He was our Chief Licensor for several years; and it was pity he had not continued longer in the same post, for his treatment was kind and impartial. He licensed for me, "The Athenian Mercuries;" "The Works of the Learned;" "The Royal Voyage;" and such a numerous company of other Books as advanced his Fees (for bare Licensing) to thirty pounds *per annum*, which I paid him for several years together, as appears by receipts under his own hand; and as Mr. Fraser was an impartial Licensor, I suppose other Booksellers were as forward as myself to have recourse to him, which made his salary very considerable; and he deserved every penny of it; for his compass of Learning was very large, his judgment correct and moderate, his imagination lively, and he was diligent and impartial in all the parts of his duty. But (notwithstanding these qualifications) the High-flyers were continually hunching at him, and at last he surrendered his Deputation.—There is little of happiness in high posts; they are attended with fatigue and trouble. Advancement exposes a man as the mark of envy, and the malice of others; every common mortal must be throwing in his censure, and meddling with the characters of those above him; and when neither the

man nor his management is well known, he must sit to every ill-natured Club, and have his Picture daubed with suspicion and prejudice. Mr. Fraser had his full of this hard measure, though no man was better skilled in the mystery of winning upon the hearts of Booksellers, nor were the Company of Stationers ever blessed with an honester Licenser. He has now a very honourable place in Chelsea College, where he has a noble Library, and lives in great reputation.

Dr. Midgley. He was a contemporary Licenser with Mr. Fraser, and had his Deputation from the Bishop of London. His humour was constantly kind and agreeable, his aspect cheerful and strangely obliging. He licensed for me "Mr. Jay's Tragedies of Sin," "Barlow's Treatise of Fornication," and other Divine Essays that were out of Mr. Fraser's province. He was a good Physician, and very *high* for the Church; yet (to do Dr. Midgley justice) censoriousness and speaking unhand-somely of persons, or believing easily any ill reports of those that dissented from him, were vices his soul abhorred. In a word, he was a man of singular modesty; and, living a pious life, when he lay on his death-bed, he expressed no concern to live, nor fear to die; he kept nothing in reserve for his last hours, and, being ripe for death, could not be surprized.—And the same may be said of his Brother Licenser, Mr. *D. Poplar*.

Edward Cook, Esq. He received his authority from the Principal Secretary of State, and was a fit Licenser to succeed Mr. Fraser; for he was no bigot to any party, but was true and just to Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Dissenters of all sorts. He was a good Lawyer, and furnished with a large stock of wit and moderation. He had no narrow thoughts, nor no superstitious opinions in Religion; and therefore, as he did not shut himself up within a party, so neither did he shut any party out from him, but was a Licenser generally loved and respected by all men. Many of our City Aldermen treated him with a respect so peculiar and generous, and he was so well known in London, that it was impossible that common artifice should defame and slur him. His character was unblemished; his virtue too bright to be soiled by the High-flyers; and his carriage was very sweet and

obliging, so that the natural kindness and serenity of his mind gave him the hearts of all the Booksellers. In a word, Mr. Cook was a very active, ingenious man; and had such an interest at Court, that he procured for me the Royal Privilege mentioned in page 153; and, had the Act for Printing continued in force, Mr. Cook had been Licensor to this day.

Mr. *Heron*. Our fifth Licensor was this Gentleman. He had a comely mien; an air of pleasantness in his countenance. He was furnished with a large stock of Learning, and a great master of his temper. While he was very young, he hit naturally on the true method of study, and contracted friendship with great men (particularly with the Earl of —); who, observing his great piety and zeal for the Church, made him a Licensor. His acquaintance at Court, and love to his Studies, contributed to the perfection of his mind, and were prophetic symptoms of his future eminence; yet no preferment or science could divert him from the study of himself, as the regularity of his conversation abundantly shews. A becoming modesty and conduct appeared in the first stages of his life, and continue, like a Guardian Angel, to attend him to this day. So that his life shines in every part, both private and public; and though he continued Licensor but few months, yet he left his place with a great deal of honour, and never justly displeased any man.

Our last Licensor, before the Act of Printing expired, was *Edmund Bohun*, Esq. He licensed for me that remarkable Book called "The Second Spira," and was wont often to visit me. He uses great freedom of speech, as one that would neither seek nor dread the power of any. He once took "the Shortest Way with Dissenters;" and was noted for a furious man against them. He has a wit so pregnant and prompt to every thing, that you would think it was formed for the very thing, whatsoever it was, he was about. He is sufficiently qualified to be a Licensor, for he is a man well skilled in most kinds of Literature. Besides (under the rose) he is a pretty Author himself; has written "A Geographical Dictionary;" revised and enlarged "Heylin's Cosmography;" and,

were it not for his former carriage towards Dissenters, I would call him the Phoenix of the learned Licensers.

I might next add the character of Mr. *Nicholets*, who was a man easy of access, and ready to license. And that is all I shall say of him; for I never desired his *Imprimatur*.

Mr. *Montgomery*. He is a Bookseller in Cornhill, and should have been placed among his Brethren, but, being of low stature, I happened to overlook him; but, for this omission, he shall now have the honour to bring up the rear of the *Licensers*. So that the Bookseller I am now to characterize is *Hugh Montgomery*. He was born a Scotsman, and served his time with *Andrew Bell*. He neither undertakes nor talks much; but, had his Master refused "The Athenian Oracle," he stood fair for the next offer, and I believe would have had the good luck to have bought it. He bid like a man for "The Athenian Spy;" and, from the little dealings I have had with him, I find his discourse is neither light nor unseasonable, and such as neither calls his virtue or his judgment in question. He commends no man to his face, and censures no man behind his back (which is a quality he learned from his Master Bell). He never speaks scornfully of his inferiors, nor vaingloriously of himself. He does nothing merely for gain, and thinks not any thing in this life worthy of the loss of the next. While some of his Neighbours compass sea and land to get an estate, he thinks contentment the greatest wealth, and covetousness the greatest poverty; and if he has not so much as others (though he thrives apace), yet he thinks how many are happy with less. He never thinks ill of his estate because another's is better; or that he has not enough, because another has more: for he measures his plenty by his condition and rank, and not by another's abundance; and is a little man, that (like aged *Littlebury*, grave *Scot*, honest *Strahan*, and witty *Chantry*) is always for doing the fair thing. I shall only add, he so highly obliged me by his great fidelity in concealing a secret I committed to him, that, to requite his kindness, I have prefixed his name to this *Idea of a New Life*, and have entrusted him with the sale of the whole Impression.

Thus have I, in brief Characters, run through the whole History of the Stationers Company (Authors, Booksellers, Printers, Stationers, Binders, Engravers, Licensers, &c.) so far as my Life and Actions have been any way mixed with them; and I hope these Characters of my learned Brethren, &c. will be of good use, both for caution and pattern; for we may learn by their failings (where we see any) to fortify ourselves against them; and by the regularity of their conduct to form our manners on the same model—so that, if we take it right, the reading of these Characters is as good as living over again by proxy, for they furnish us with a set of Maxims to steer by at another's expence.

Seeing excellent use may be made of this "History of the Stationers Company," methinks the Booksellers of London (except they are unreasonably bashful) should as willingly see the Pictures of their Minds as of their Faces; for by these Characters we shall begin to know one another a little; for I hope I have so well hit the features of every man (though I drew some of them by guess), as all that know them may say at the first glance, "*This, or that, is the Man for whom this Picture is meant;*" which, as bad as my colours are, is better drawing than there was in the infancy of Painting, under which (to be understood) they were forced to write, "This is a Bull, and this is a Horse." Or, suppose I have flattered a little (a thing very common with Limners), and drawn some persons what they should be rather than what they are (though I do not know of any such instance in this Book), yet it is excusable sure; for who knows but these, by seeing how charming Virtue would make them, may endeavour to practise it? It was this made Xenophon character his Cyrus not as he was, but as he ought to have been, making him rather the subject of a brave Romance than a true History.

Having characterized the Authors, Booksellers, Printers, and several Members of the Company of Stationers, &c. who write (or dress out) Books for the Publick; I should next salute my Customers and Benefactors; for my "Life" will appear an unfinished piece (and very ungrateful to boot) should I forget those bookish Gentlemen and Ladies who contributed so much to my well-

being, and with whom I spent some of the most agreeable minutes of my whole Life.

Those noble Friends, or Customers, that I would here characterize, are, The Marquis of *Swancastle*, the late Lord Wharton, Baron Eccling, Sir Henry Ashbhurst, bart. Sir William Temple, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, Sir Henry Ingoldsby, Sir John Hartopp, Sir Henry Tichbourn, Colonel Colchester, Colonel Butler, Colonel Harman, Alderman Pilkington, Alderman Ward, Alderman Cornish, Alderman Hedges, the Countess of Ellesmere, the Honourable Lady —, the Lady Roberts, the Lady Sands, Madam Jeffries, Madam Brown, Madam Drake, Madam Rivet, Madam Judith, Madam Shute, Madam Witchurch, Madam Horton, Madam Skilling, Madam Nicholas, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Dunton, Mrs. Hiland, Mrs. Chace, Mrs. Littlefield, Mrs. Biscow, the learned Daphne and the pious Climene, Counsellor Cairns, Counsellor Stephens, Counsellor Orlibar, Counsellor Owen, William Yates, Esq. Joceline Roberts, Esq. Thomas Wallis, Esq. E. Lum, Esq. Gervase Disney, Esq. John Little, Esq. Christopher Usher, Esq. Major Manly, Major Dudley, Major Gookins, Captain Pitts, Captain Davis, Captain Collins, Captain Philips, Dr. Torlis, Dr. Slare, Dr. Rolfe, Dr. Morton, Dr. Aires, Dr. Chester, Dr. Wood, Dr. Cole, Dr. Oliver, Mr. Burton, Mr. Thare, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Stiles, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mott, Mr. Clerkson, Mr. Argus, Mr. Singer, Mr. Hamlyn, Mr. Sprint, Mr. Catcot, Mr. Woolley, Mr. Gearing, Mr. Sands, Mr. Lassells, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Brumley, Mr. Thwaits, Mr. Batty, Mr. Mead, Mr. Bourn, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Chelsum, Mr. Lawford, Mr. Bland, Mr. Morin, Mr. Day, Mr. Pointel, Mr. Luffe, Mr. King, Mr. Hearn, Mr. Garrington, Mr. Harris, Mr. Child, Mr. White, Mr. Marriat, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Lake, Mr. Drake, Mr. Savil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Prat, Mr. Reading, Mr. Woolhouse, Mr. Randal, Mr. Wells, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Fryar, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kenswell, Mr. Lutwitch, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Fido, Mr. Chace, Mr. Aires, Mr. Biscow, Mr. Cock, Mr. Treacher, Mr. Gossam, Mr. Lathwel, Mr. Fenner, Mr. Dancer, Mr. Short, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Deplow, Mr. Bullfinch,

Mr. Rude, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Stonnel, Mr. West, Mr. Wade, Mr. Russel, Mr. Nibbs, and my old and dear friend Mr. Patrick Crow.

These worthy Gentlemen and Ladies (with nine hundred more, whose names I omit) are the persons I would here characterise, had not the Worshipful Company of Stationers already swelled my Book beyond the bulk I intended. However, the Reader shall have a distinct Character of these thousand Worthies in the Second Part of my Life; for, as I had the honour to know them all (and to trade with the major part), and should I omit giving a Character of them, it would render the History of my Life imperfect.

I own it is a *nice* undertaking to write this History of Living Men; but it is so intermixed with my own Life, that I cannot avoid it; and, therefore, as no man knows but himself may come into the Second Part of my Life, I hope he will be as well pleased to see the Picture of his Mind as of his Face, and be as fond of making it worth the drawing.

I take this *new way* of writing my Life (by way of Characters), as I believe "A History of Living Men," besides the novelty of it, will be of great use to promote the *reformation* now on foot; for we are led by examples more than precepts, and "A History of Living Men" will invite us to transcribe their virtues into our own practice. No man need question my being impartial in these Characters, as the persons are living to whom I must answer for any wrong I do them. And for those I commend, which shall be only those that deserve it, my pardon is secured against all accusers, but only Truth, which condemns if injured. So that you see, Reader, if I will write an impartial and comprehensive History of my whole Life, I must give a distinct account of every person I have known or corresponded with. If these considerations will not prevail with my Friends to send me their true Characters, perhaps they will repent it when it is too late; for in this "Living History," which shall discover the secrets of my whole life, I will spare neither saint nor sinner. And, as I shall lash offenders without regard to their quality, so I shall be as forward to praise virtue wherever I find it, more especially in

those *hundred persons* I named before. I cannot say of one of these, "Black is their eye." They make the Word of God the Rule and the Pattern of their Actions. We need but look into their lives and carriage, to know how the primitive Christians lived.

There are many of them persons of great quality, but the height of their condition does not exalt their mind. Their Religion consists not barely in knowing or discoursing of what is good, but in practising what they know. They cherish no sin in themselves, and countenance none in another. Good doctrine is weakened much with ill life; and, therefore, he that will do good upon others, must (like Sir *Henry Ashhurst*, and Captain *Pitts*, &c.) go in the way of Salvation himself. But their pious care does not extend to themselves alone; for they are good to all, especially to the Household of Faith. Their moderation and their charity are of the same piece with their piety; it is universal, not confined to sects and parties. They are zealous promoters of the Reformation of Manners (especially Colonel *Colchester* and Mr. *Yates*); and their hatred of sin is sincere and impartial. They love nothing too well; no, not themselves. They think of the pleasures of this world either as sins, or occasions of it; and the other more necessary things of it, though they have their presence, yet they have not their heart. They let not the changes of this world make them either fond of life or weary of it. They count the goodness, and not the length, of their lives, as the measure of their happiness; and though their bodies are not yet in Heaven, their hearts are there. I am apt to think the pious Barker copied "Right Christianity" from their practice; for, by the short interview I had with them, I found them the living original of that Book. Christianity seems revived in their conversation; they walk as becomes the Gospel of Christ: and I do not think they have an enemy in the whole world; or, at least, none but the Devil, whom they renounced at their baptism, and have fought against all their lives.

So much may serve for a *general Character* of those hundred persons that were my Friends, or Customers, whilst I lived in the Poultry; and I hope I have hit their features. However, in the Second Part of my Life, I will

attempt a more *particular draught* of them (and of the nine hundred persons mentioned before); and, that none may tax me with being partial, I will draw every man as I found him, and not suffer so much as a wart or a blemish to escape my pencil.

By the general acquaintance I now had with all ranks and degrees of men, and which daily increased by the weekly spreading of "*The Athenian Mercury*," trade enlarged so much upon me, that I was quite cloyed with the crowd of business; and thereupon I began to bend my thoughts upon a quiet retreat from the world, that I might be more at leisure to get acquaintance with myself, and to devote my life more entirely to study, which has been one of the best pleasures I have met with. However, I could not reconcile myself to live altogether upon the *main stock*; and therefore I thought it the most prudent way to keep a Warehouse, which might be managed in privacy, without much hurry. After long searching, I found Mr. Shalcrosse's house in Bull Head Court, near Jewin-street, very fit for my purpose; and there (as the Athenians jocularly said) my *Raven* went to roost. My Friends, at least I will allow them the name for once, would have persuaded me to pursue the World with the same eagerness I had begun; but I thought I had got enough of the World to bear my charges to the grave; and what necessity of more? I was much of the same mind with the ingenious Cowley:

"I would have business, but exempt from strife;
A quiet, but an active life."

I had lived long enough, like the dog in the wheel, for others; it was now time to begin for myself. It was not long, after I had left my *Raven*, and come from behind the counter, but I purchased an *Owl* for my garden, which was a bird "dear to Athens, and sacred to Minerva and the Muses." My fancy ran so much upon this majestic creature, that the ingenious *Sappho* made me a present of one drawn very much to the life, which I have by me at this day: and I cannot forbear to tell the Reader, that I have an Essay in manuscript, in which I have taken up twenty sheets in describing the virtues of *poor Madge*. When I was over in Ireland, I received the un-

happy news of the death of my Owl, on whose memory I bestowed an Elegy. And if Erasmus could write in praise of Folly, and a Reverend Divine in the Established Church in praise of a Cow's-tail, I do not see why my Essay and Elegy, on *his Gravity the Owl*, may not be made public. Thus I sometimes unbended and entertained my thoughts, after I had left the world.

And they, methought, deserv'd my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buz and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

I had a long time been making a choice collection of valuable Books, from Mr. Shermerdine's Shop, and at all the noted Auctions; which was much both for use and pleasure in this retired way of living. Now I was returned to my first Mistress, my Book; and made very firm resolutions that my future constancy should make satisfaction for my past neglects. My nights were now divided betwixt sleep and study; and, according to Honest Randolph,

"If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son."

I rose usually at four in the morning; and, shutting my closet-door upon the vulgar world, and being encompassed with so many learned and great men, I thought myself in the very lap of Eternity. Reading, methought, was an intellectual way of conversing with the souls of Learned Men; every notion and every thought I met with was like some glorious apparition of their very minds.

But, alas! the best state of happiness this World can afford is little more than an airy scene of vanity which we cannot keep from shifting, which makes Life itself but little better than mere Knight-errantry. My happiness was too spirituous and fine to continue long; and the conclusion of it was a wounding tragedy—the Sickness and the Death of Iris; with which I am now to entertain my Reader.

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF IRIS.

She was Daughter to the Reverend Dr. Annesley, which was both her honour and her happiness; and for that care of Providence, her papers (found after her decease) discover a very grateful sense. Religion had made very early impressions upon her mind; so that it cannot be said of her that her life had run in vain. The *new life* sprung up within her by such insensible degrees, that it was more than she could do to know the very time she was turned to the wisdom of the just. Her Bible was the great pleasure of her life; and she was so well acquainted with it, that she could easily refer you to the Chapter where you might meet with any passage you would please to mention. 1 Cor. xv. Heb. xi. and the xxxixth Psalm, were a great relief to her under her last illness. "Mr. Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "Mr. How's Blessedness of the Righteous," &c. were Books she extremely valued, which indeed are very lively descriptions of the Holy Land. Her mind was always full of charity and temper towards those who might differ from her in matters of opinion. She loved the Image of Christ wherever it was formed. She was no very ordinary proficient in the knowledge of Practical Divinity, which her own reflections do sufficiently testify; especially upon the Grace of God, the Will of Man, Original Sin, and the effect it has upon the faculties of the soul. "I will," says she, "obey God's revealed will, and adore his secret will, and rest upon his promises, and lay all down at the feet of Christ, still minding my present duty. The belief of God's foreknowledge, or decreeing whatsoever shall come to pass, should not hinder me from my duty, but rather provoke me to be more diligent. I should certainly do more for my soul than my body: though I do not know whether food will nourish me, whether physick will relieve me in sickness; yet I will not neglect any means." She freely confessed, that "repentance was the gift of God; and that sin could not possibly be pardoned any other way, than by the blood, and merit, and intercession of

Christ. I adore," said she, "the sovereignty of Divine Grace, that has made me willing to accept of Christ; I find a secret influence of his Spirit, that makes me serious and watchful in my duty. Whatever others pretend of the freedom of the will, I am sure mine is stubborn and averse to every thing that is good, and that I can do no spiritual action without assistance." She kept a Diary for near twenty years, and made a great many Reflections, both on the state of her own soul and on other things, that, as far as I could judge by the bulk, would have made a very considerable Folio. But she was so far from vainglory, or affectation of being talked of after death, that she desired that all those large papers might be burnt; though even much of what she wrote was in a short-hand of her own invention. That part of the Diary out of which Mr. Rogers extracted several things he published in her "Funeral Sermon*" was with great difficulty obtained from her by myself in her last sickness; in which, as she expressed it, "she thought it her duty to deny me nothing." The Divine Reflections she made in her health (but more especially those she wrote in her last sickness) would be of great use, had I room to insert them. Her "Reflection upon hearing of my loss at sea" shews what abundant cause we have to trust God, should he strip us of all worldly enjoyments. Her "Reflection on her receiving a Letter which she would have concealed" shews what a dreadful hazard that person runs, that will venture on the sin of lying, to conceal a fault. Her "Reflection upon her Dream of Death, and Recovery of a dangerous Fever," shews that sickness is no time to prepare for Eternity in; and that we should make it the business of life to get assurance of Heaven. Her "Reflection occasioned by her Father's Sermon of God's willing all things, &c." shews how God from eternity orders all things that shall come to pass in time, and yet man perishes for his own default; and that the belief of God's decreeing whatever comes to pass should not hinder us from duty, but rather provoke us to be more diligent. Her "Reflection on her being con-

* See "The Character of a Good Woman, being the Title of the Funeral Sermon occasioned by the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Duntton, preached by Mr. Timothy Rogers, M. A."

finned to her bed in her last sickness" shews us what it is to enjoy the secrets of God's presence on a death-bed, and how we should press for a conformity to the will of God in every thing. I have not room to insert her Reflections at large upon these subjects ; but the Reader may find them in "The Post-Angel for February," and in "Turner's Folio," p. 37 ; but I have said enough to give him a taste of her heavenly chemistry : it would swell to a Folio, should I transcribe all the Reflections and Meditations she has left, and which discover more than a common acquaintance with the great fundamentals of our Religion.

She was a great lover of solitude, in regard it gave her an opportunity to converse with God and her own heart : however, that more retired way did not eat out duties of Public Worship. Sabbaths, and Sermons, and Sacraments, were the best refreshments she met with in her way to Glory. Upon Sacramental occasions, I have found many such Reflections as these : "Oh, how should the thoughts of Free Grace fill me with love to God ! I am filled with joy inexpressible, and full of glory. O Lord, I solemnly resolve against all my sins. These are the murderers that would not have Thee to reign over me. I considered the love of God in parting with his Son to die for sinners—what an amazing love was it that God should become man ! That He should be so poor as not to know where to lay his head when He came to enrich the World. Oh, to consider that I should be one that Christ had in his thoughts of love, it makes me cry out, Why me, Lord ? why me ? Oh, dearest Jesus, I cannot at this Sacrament take a denial of thy gracious presence ; I come to meet with God, and I cannot be contented without him. Oh, blessed Jesus, here are my lusts, my pride, my unbelief, my want of love to Thee, the base sins of my nature, the disingenuous carriage towards Thee ; here, Lord, I lay them before Thee, &c."

Her conjugal affection to myself was altogether as remarkable as any other part of her character. Who should love best, was the only contest we ever had. Her happiness seemed to be wrapped up in mine ; our interest and inclinations were every way the same. When our affairs were a little perplexed, she never discovered the

least uneasiness; she would make use of means, and leave the issue to Providence and the will of Heaven. Whenever I was indisposed, then indeed she was much concerned, and would much rather impair her own health than I should want looking after, or than another should take care of me. She had such a stock of good-nature, that I never went home and found Iris out of humour. But Heaven and the blessed Jesus had a greater interest in her than I could claim: she was indeed the better half of me; but then my property in her was not absolute. And here, that the Reader may see our love was mutual, and continued so till death, I will insert the last Letters that passed between us.

“MY DEAREST HEART, *Chesham, April 10, 1697.*

“I shall ever rejoice in the intireness of thy affection, which neither losses in trade, nor thy long sickness, could ever abate; but, alas! the dearest Friends must part, and thy languishing state makes it necessary for me to impart a few things relating to my own and thy decease. My dear, we came together with this design, to help and prepare one another for death; but, now thy life is in danger, methinks I feel already the torments to which an heart is exposed that loses what it loves; yet, my dear, you may take this comfort even in death itself, that you can die but half whilst I am preserved; and, to make death yet the easier to thee, think with thyself I shall not be long after thee: but oh that we might expire at the same time! for, should you go before me, I shall pine like the constant turtle, and in thy death shake hands with the whole sex. If we look back into antient times, we find there was hardly a person among the Primitive Christians that sought comfort in a Second Marriage* (Second Marriage then was counted little better than Adultery); and in our days (though they have gotten a better name) they are a sort of ‘Who bids most?’ and therefore, if I should survive thee (which God forbid), I doubt whether I should ever be brought to draw again in the conjugal yoke, except (Phoenix-like) from thy ashes another Iris could arise; and then I cannot say what I might do; for I love to look upon thy Image, though but in a Friend or Picture; and shall ever receive thy

* He soon changed his opinion, see page 286. EDIT.

kindred with honourable mention of thy name. But I need not enlarge; for the many tears I have shed for your long sickness have shewn (even while you are living) how much I shall grieve when you die in earnest. What a melancholy thing will the world appear when Iris is dead! However, it is my desire that we may bed together in the same grave; and that my ingenious Friend Mr. Thomas Dixon preach my Funeral Sermon upon this Text, "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them." I desire to be buried with Iris for this reason, that, as our souls shall know each other when they leave the body, so our bodies may rise together after the long night of death. Dr. Brown applauds "those ingenuous tempers that desire to sleep in the Urns of their Fathers, and strive to go the nearest way to corruption." It was the request of your worthy Father to lie by his Wife in Shoreditch; and the Countess of Anglesey desired on her death-bed to be buried, as she expressed it, "upon the coffin of that good man, Dr Annesley *." As it is good to enjoy the company of the godly while they are living, so we read it has been advantageous to be buried with them after death. The old Prophet's bones escaped a burning by being buried with the other Prophets; and the man who was tumbled into the grave of Elisha was revived by the virtue of his bones. So that you see, my dear, should you die first, I shall, instead of seeking a second wife, make court to your dead body, and, as it were, marry again in the grave. I once desired to be buried with my Father Dunton in Aston Chancel; but love to a Parent, though never so tender, is lost in that to a Wife; and now, if I can mingle my ashes with thine, it is all I desire. I would, if possible, imitate the generous Hota, who followed her Husband to the grave, laid him in a stately tomb, and then, for nine days together, she would neither eat nor drink, whereof she died, and was buried in the same grave with her beloved husband.

"He first deceased; she for a few days tried
To live without him; lik'd it not, and died."

* One of the Earl's Sons reported this to a worthy Gentleman, from whose mouth I had it.

"To thy very ashes I will keep a body pure, and troth inviolable; for separation can have no place in our union, if neither death nor the grave can part us: and it will be no small augmentation of our complacency, to find that friendship which we had contracted here below translated to the mansions above; when, if I get to Heaven, I shall see and know thee again, with whom I had lived so well, and slept so long in the dust. With what ardours shall we then caress one another! with what transports of divine affection shall we mutually embrace, and vent those innocent flames which had so long lain smothering in the grave—like men that have escaped a common shipwreck, and swim safe to the shore! We shall congratulate each other's happiness with joy and wonder: our first addresses will be a dialogue of interjections and short periods; the most pathetic language of surprize and high-wrought joy; and all our after-converse will be couched in the highest strains of seraphic love.

"All this, my dear, is supposing you die first; but, if I happen to go before you, prepare me thus for the grave:

"1. Close my eyes with thy own hand.—2. Lay me out in a linen shroud.—3. Salute my hand and cheek when my body is put in the coffin. The Chinese always, before they bury their dead, (if he was a married man) bring him to his Wife, that so she might first kiss him, and bid him farewell.—4. Bury me the seventh day after my death, and not before, lest I come to life, as my Mother did on the day of her intended funeral.—Lastly. Let my body be carried to the New Burying-place, there to sleep in a grave that will hold us both. And then (if no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till the Resurrection) good night to you here, and good morrow hereafter.

"My dear, having said what I thought necessary with respect to my own and thy decease, I come next to tell thee I have made my Will, wherein thou art sole Executrix, that I might give at the rate I love thee. Your sympathy with me in all the distresses of my life does make thy virtues shine with the greater lustre (as stars in the darkest night); and, to requite thy love, I am scarce contented with giving all, but could grudge my funeral

expences, my very shroud and grave, that I might add to your greater store. I need not press you to believe this, for men in their last Wills appear just as they are; they here grow open and plain-hearted, and dare not depart with their hands to a lie.

"I have kinder things to add, but have not time to write them half, so must reserve the rest till we meet again. I should also here consider the nature of our souls, and that other World we are hastening to; but here is enough to let you see that as in life, so in death, I am wholly yours. I shall return for London in three days, for this cruel absence has half killed me. I beg thy Answer to this Letter, for I will keep it by me as a dear memorial. I cannot enlarge, for you have my heart, and all things else in the power of

"Yours for ever,

PHILARET."

"I received, my Dearest, thy obliging Letter, and thankfully own that, though God has exercised me with a long and languishing sickness, and my grave lies in view, yet he hath dealt tenderly with me, so that I find by experience no compassions are like those of a God. It is true, I have scarce strength to answer your letter; but, seeing you desire a few lines to keep as a memorial of our constant love, I will attempt something, though, by reason of my present weakness, I can write nothing worth your reading.

"First, then, as to your character of me, Love blinds you; for I do not deserve it, but am pleased to find you enjoy, by the help of a strong fancy, that happiness which I cannot, though I would, bestow. But opinion is the rate of things; and, if you think yourself happy, you are so. As to myself, I have met with more and greater comforts in a married state than ever I did expect. But how could it be otherwise, when inclination, interest, and all that can be desired, concur to make up the harmony? From our marriage till now, thy life has been one continued act of courtship, and sufficiently upbraids that indifference which is found among married people. Thy concern for my present sickness, though of long continuance, has been so remarkably tender, that, were it but known to the world, it would once more bring into fashion men's loving their wives. Thy Will alone is a

noble pattern for others to love by, and is such an original piece as will never be equalled. But, my dear, had your Will been less favourable to me, I should perform all you desire, but more especially with respect to your death and funeral. As to your desire of *sleeping* with me in the same grave, I like it well; and as we design to be *ground-bedfellows* till the last trump shall wake us both, so I hope we shall be happy hereafter in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, and in the knowledge of one another; for I agree with you, that 'we shall know our Friends in Heaven.' Wise and learned men of all ages, and several Scriptures plainly shew it; though I verily believe, was there none but God and one Saint in Heaven, that Saint would be perfectly happy, so as to desire no more. But, whilst on Earth, we may lawfully please ourselves with hopes of meeting hereafter, and in lying in the same grave, where we shall be happy together, if a senseless happiness can be called so.—You mention writing your thoughts of the nature of the soul, and that other World we are hastening to; but, seeing you did not send them, I shall wait with patience till those things are no longer the object of our faith, but vision. But pray, Philaret, be not afraid of my dying first: for I have such a kindness for you, that I dread the thoughts of surviving thee, more than I do those of death. Could you think I would marry again, when it has been one great comfort, under all my languishments, to think I should die first, and that I shall live in him, who, ever since the happy union of our souls, has been more dear to me than life itself. I shall only add my hearty prayer, that God would bless you both in soul and body; and that, when you die; you may be conveyed by the Angels into Abraham's bosom; where I hope you will find

Your tender and dutiful IRIS."

This is a true copy of the Letters that passed between Iris and myself in her last sickness; and Mr. Turner, the Minister, thought them such a rare pattern of conjugal love, that he did me the honour to insert them in his 'History of remarkable Providences,' p. 142.

Having given this short account of her conjugal affection, and those other graces in which she excelled; I shall next proceed, that I may give a comprehensive

view of her whole life, to a relation of her sickness, death, and funeral. In her last sickness, which lasted about seven months, she never uttered a repining word ; and when God was pleased to call her home, she was very willing to remove. Through the whole length of her sickness, she said, "there was no doubt upon her spirit as to her future happiness." When her life began to burn a little dim, she expressed herself thus to one that stood by, "Heaven will make amends for all ; it is but a little while before I shall be happy. I have good ground to hope, that when I die, through Christ, I shall be blessed ; for I dedicated myself to God from my youth."

When I saw her life just going, and my sorrows overcame me, she said, with an obliging sweetness, "Do not be so concerned about parting, for I hope we shall both meet where we shall never part ; however," said she, "it is a solemn thing to die, whatever we may think of it. O this Eternity ! There is no time for preparing for Heaven like the time of youth. Though Death be never so near, I can look back with joy on some of the early years that I sweetly spent in my Father's house, and how comfortably I lived there. Oh, what a mercy is it to be dedicated to God betimes !" When her soul was just fluttering on her lips, she said, "Lord, pardon my sin, and perfect holiness ; make me more holy, and fit me for that state where holiness shall be perfected. Accept of praises for the mercies I have received ; fit me for whatever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake."

A little after this, she slept in Jesus.

She's gone, she's gone ; and a small grave contains
Her breathless dust, Eliza's dear remains.
Safe on th' etherial shore, methinks, I see her stand ;
And there she waits, and there she waves her hand ;
She courts me up to bliss, and wonders at my stay ;
Kindly, my dear, she cries, come quickly, come away.
Yes, thither, Iris, will my soul pursue,
When I, like you, have bid the World adieu ;
There, if my innocence I still retain,
My dear Eliza I shall clasp again.
But, could the fair Eliza see me mourn,
From that bless'd place she would perhaps return.
But vain, alas ! are my complaints ; thou 'rt gone,
And left me in this desert world alone.

For, ah ! depriv'd, my dearest life, of thee,
 The World is all a hermitage to me.
 Let every thing a sadder look put on ;
 Eliza's dead, the lov'd Eliza's gone.

Upon this very sad occasion, I put about twenty of my own and Iris's relations into mourning ; and she was carried in a hearse, with several coaches attending, to the New Burying-place, where she desired to be interred ; and upon the tomb-stone I purchased for her are engraven,

Tears to the Memory of MRS. ELIZABETH DUNTON, who departed this Life, May 28, 1697.

“ Sacred urn ! with whom we trust
 This dear pile of sacred dust ;
 Know thy charge, and safely guard,
 Till Death's brazen gate's unbarr'd ;
 Till the Angel bids it rise,
 And remove to Paradise.
 A Wife obliging, tender, wise ;
 A Friend to comfort and advise ;
 Virtue, mild as Zephyrs breath ;
 Piety, which smil'd in death :
 Such a Wife, and such a Friend,
 All lament, and all commend.
 Most with eating cares oppress'd,
 He who knew and lov'd her best,
 Who her loyal heart did share,
 He who reign'd unrival'd there,
 And no truce to sighs will give,
 Till he die with her to live.
 Or, if more we would comprize,
 Here interr'd ELIZA lies.”

There I leave her till my life is run out ; and then I will lie down by her in the dust till the general resurrection ; and upon our marble blankets I would have my Executor write, “ Here lies (sleeping together) John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of London, and Elizabeth his first Wife. She departed this life Friday, May 28, 1697 ; and he, &c. and being the last that died, his will was (as they had promised each other in their life-time) to be buried with her in the same grave ; and that on this tomb-stone should be engraved the following lines :

"I'm come to bed, having lost my pen and sight,
To sleep with Iris in her cell this night;
And, leaving all for her, will never take,
Another farewell till our ashes wake."

I have here said nothing of my dear Iris but what I can prove to be true by her own papers; yet I had not discovered so much of our mutual endearments, but only to shew to Valeria (my present Wife) how happy we shall be when Providence brings us together. All that parted us was a misunderstanding about the trifles of this world; and I cannot see why we should not equally pass an act of oblivion on both sides; for to remember all the kind things that have passed between us, and forget all that is harsh and ungrateful (at least never repeat them, which is the best way to forget them), would be the true lovers' knot, to tie us together for ever. It is true there be some that strive to divide us, in hopes to wrong me of *Sampsil*: but marriage consists not so much in joining hands as hearts; and therefore (as we sincerely love one another) such as these will never obtain their ends; neither will any but Rogues and abandoned Women say any thing that shall lessen a Man's love to his Wife, or a Wife's love to her Husband.

I would here give a kind and obliging Character of my present Wife; but the subject will come more properly under the Sixth Stage of my Life, which treats of my second Marriage; yet this I shall say at present—that nothing can be so dear to me as a kind Wife (for such Valeria is, or will be), and that very minute she will assist me to pay my debts (for we married "for richer for poorer," or mistook each other in the marriage vow, and ought to be re-married), I will take post for St. Alban's, and live over all our absent years in that one minute I first see her, which I hope will not be long; for, during her absence from me,

"The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day."

And therefore, as marriage has made us but one flesh, whenever she centres our interest in the mutual happiness of one another (for a kind Wife, or Husband, should make provision for each other whilst they live, and, as far

as they are able, after their death), I shall think Valeria my first Wife revived; and that I have changed the person, but not my happiness.

For my own share, had I the whole world, it should be her's; neither should I think any thing too dear for the purchase of her company; and, to shew how desirous I was to have an accommodation made between us, I offered to refer my Case to the grave and judicious Dr. Cole, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, and have gone as low in my proposals as would make either her or myself happy: for, first, I offered to go to St. Alban's that very moment my Mother would promise to secure me against arrests; or, if that proposal was disliked, I told my Wife, "if she would throw herself upon me (as her duty is), and suffer me to take up five hundred pounds, upon my own estate, to pay my debts, and trade in the world, I would make it the whole business of my life to please her."

But, till these proposals are agreed to, cohabitation is no way proper, for an heir to my estate would cheat my Creditors: but, seeing my Wife's birth-right, in conjunction with mine, is valued at eight thousand pounds, I cannot but think my deliverance is near at hand; and the rather as Valeria has often said, "she had been miserable had she married any man but Dunton;" and I must requite this kindness so far as to say, Valeria's company, and to be out of debt, is all the riches I desire in this world.

But, if I must live a Prisoner to my Wife's jointure, I hope my Creditors will be patient under it; for, whenever the world smiles, they shall find me the same honest man they ever thought me. And I find Mr. Wesley, my chief Creditor, of this opinion; for, in his letter to me, he is pleased to say, "Sir, you may be assured I shall not do any thing to your prejudice, &c." But, as some Friends order the matter, this want of money has wickedness in it, and no man is honest or chaste but he that is rich.

However, to keep my Creditors in good heart, I this day received the following letter.

"SIR, *Chesham, January 10, 1703.*

"Ben Child is not yet of age, *per* two years. I suppose, if he dies before he is twenty-one years of age, his moiety of the Woods and Bottom-farm will be yours, &c."

This moiety is worth 1500*l.*, or, if this youth survive me, if there be any virtue in dead men's shoes, I have five other pairs that are making for me, the smallest of which would fit *R*——'s foot, and all the Creditors I have in the world, if they will have patience but two years; so that still "there is life in a muscle." However, I cannot but deplore my misfortune, that, chameleon-like, I live only on the idea; all the support of my frail life having been for these three years only from imagination; and I protest, Reader, though Cowley could feast on a kind word, I find it but a thin diet. However, it is a comfort to think that all the cold water that *G*—— has flung upon Valeria's affection and mine has not been able to quench it; for we both desire a re-marriage*; and I hope my honoured Mother†, whose wisdom and age enables her to distinguish the value of this world from the next, will think it lawful to make us happy before her death; neither can our re-marriage (which is a setting up again with a new stock of love) be happy without her consent, and for this reason the Hebrew's children made more account of their Father's blessing than of all their estate.

I have heard that the pious and learned Mr. Rochford, that did us that good office to join our hands in St. Peter's Church, has spoke very kindly of me, and did often press my Mother to take from her great abundance a small pittance to pay my debts, urging it would be for her own peace, her Daughter's honour, and good example to others.

And the same arguments were also used by my kind and reverend neighbour Mr. N. Blackstone; and in his letter to my honoured Mother he is pleased to say, "My printed Case comprehended all that need to be said for a total and lasting reconciliation;" and concludes with saying, "What God hath joined, no wise man dares put asunder."

I am likewise informed that Father Prentice, at whose house I courted Valeria, has been a mediator in my be-

* See my late Essay, intituled, "The Case is altered; or, Dunton's Re-marriage to the same Wife."

† Mrs. Jane Nicholas. See before, p. 196.

half, telling my Mother "that it was a braver thing to quit an estate for the good of a child, than to keep it; and that acting thus kindly would bring a blessing on all she had." I cannot prove that Mr. Rochford or Father Prentice said these words, for I only have it by hearsay; but, if they did, I own myself greatly obliged to them, and I am sure they have Scripture for so doing; for our blessed Saviour affirms, "that earthly parents will give good gifts unto their needy children."—"They should not," says Mr. Adams *, "put their children upon any sharking tricks to supply their wants, or keep more in their own hands than a handsome reserve of conveniences for their own food and raiment." And therefore it is not unlikely but Father Prentice might give this advice to my rich Mother, for he freely gave me Valeria in marriage; has settled (as every good Husband and Wife should presently do) his Wife's life in his whole estate; and has nothing but kindness in his natural temper.

And as (by hearsay) I am much obliged to Mr. Rochford and Father Prentice, for being advocates for me on their own accord; so I am also obliged to my faithful and generous Friends Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse; for they told my Mother, "that her not paying my debts (nor suffering my Wife to do it) was enough to ruin me." I cannot say they pleaded my cause in these words; but it is clear from the Letters they sent me (and the discourse I had with Mr. Boyse in London) they are both of them of this opinion, which I count a piece of heroic justice; for they are both my Mother's particular Friends, and persons with whom she has lived a considerable time. And Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse did (as it were) beg my Mother to pity my case, so they have done eminent justice to my reputation; and I take them to be two of the best Friends I have in St. Alban's. This reconciling Man and Wife was esteemed such a duty amongst the Romans, that, if any difference happened between the Husband and the Wife, the Parents of both parties met in a Temple consecrated to the Goddess Viriplica, and

* In his Sermon, which treats of the Duty of Parents to their Children, printed for Mr. Cockeril.

there took notice of their griefs, and also reconciled them. But (though a poor three hundred pounds would re-marry her Daughter to the same Husband, and clear all I owe in the world) nothing that has yet been said, or done, could ever move my Mother to the least compassion. And for this reason I now have done creeping for nothing. Plain justice, now, is all I desire from Madam Nicholas; and, were it not to shew Valeria I love her, I would never speak of St. Alban's more; for, having sent fifty condescending letters to no purpose, my silence now is the only plank that is left to keep me from sinking; for sink I must without their assistance.

But, though all my endeavours for a cohabitation has been in vain, yet I here assure Valeria, that, whenever I shall be in a capacity to discharge my debts, I will send for her that very moment, and she shall be altogether as welcome and as dear to me as if my Mother-in-law had discharged my debts, and would now settle my life in Sampsil, to which I have a just title (both by her promise and letter) after her death. Could I say or do any thing that would convince her more of the sincerity of my love, I would. Green and others may give her what notions of me they please; I shall always request of Valeria, that "our mutual love may continue;" and I hope I may have once an opportunity, before I die, to convince her how much I am hers both by marriage and affection. I must confess, living so long in a corner, as if I was really dead out of the world, has brought many distempers upon me; however, I will endeavour to live upon the hope I have of being enlarged, and spending my last days with Valeria; and I do not fear but, that very minute my debts are paid, my health will return with my satisfaction. So that you see, Reader, as well as I loved Iris, that I loved Valeria as much; and I verily think we shall live like a pair of turtles whenever Providence brings us together; and till then she has no reason to think unkindly of our living asunder; for parting itself is a greater punishment than I am able to bear; and I am fully persuaded that nothing in this world can give me any ease till we shall meet again—but do I talk of meeting again, when I can scarce own that we live asunder?

No ; prove me absent first, and then
 I'll write apologies, or burn my pen.
 Planets are where they work, not where they move ;
 I am not where I live, but where I love.

Or, were Valeria and I parted, yet we have souls to be sure ; and whilst they can meet and caress, we need not repine ; for, till that welcome minute comes that I may enjoy Valéria again, in my busy thoughts I at this distance dwell with her ; and wherever I go, still her idea follows me. It is not London, where I now live, or any part of the Globe, that is a sanctuary against her virtuous image ; she eats, she drinks, she sits down, and walks with me ; and I see her (and her pious Mother) every night in my sleep. But, though my mind dwells with Valeria at this distance, and has a constant intercourse with her, yet our bodies (as the case stands) are a sort of *Noli me tangere*. Then let none reflect that Valeria and I do live at a chaste distance ; for whoever reads my printed Case (or Reasons for Sleeping asunder) will find this conjugal mortification a piece of necessary justice. But, whenever Valeria sees it her duty to knock off those heavy shackles that keep me from her, I shall then be as happy in my second Wife as ever I was in my first ; or, to use more endearing words, shall then think I have changed a dead Iris for one that is alive ; or rather that I have received Iris again from the grave, with all the advantages that the resurrection can give her ! And surely we that know this should deny one another nothing ; for who (in his senses) ever fell out with himself, or would not be kind to his own flesh ?

I shall only add, upon a review of this fourth stage of my life, I have forgotten to characterize the honourable and public-spirited Sir Thomas Travel ; ingenious and fortunate Major Churchill ; valiant Captain King ; the loyal and acute Isaac Manley, Esq. Post-master General of Ireland ; famous Dryden ; satirical Oldham ; Laureat Tate ; Dispensary Garth ; celebrated Congreve ; poetical Blackmore ; metaphysical Norris ; Understanding Locke ; Critical Dennis ; virtuoso Purvil ; Historical Eachard ; Court Wellwood ; Observer Tutchin ; the supposed Countryman, Truth and Honesty — ; skilful Dr. Fearn ; Popish H — , Stationer to James II. ; Pro-

testant Bill, Printer to our Sovereign Lady ; noble Captain Roycroft, Printer to the Honourable City of London ; orthodox Roystone ; single-eyed Norton ; thriving and happy Dorrel ; Indenture Garret ; austere and booted Clark (my grand master) or master's master ; ruling and courteous Dring, of Paul's Church-yard ; wiveing R——ns ; genteel Pullen ; spurious M——rn (deceased) ; rolling and honest Whitwood ; Novel Bentley ; grave Atherton ; his projecting Servant ; military Brooks ; Heraclitus Tooke ; unfortunate D——ve ; Exchange Faucet ; Purgatory Turner ; rampant C——le (deceased) ; thinking Amery ; Lord Fabian ; tippling Br——ggs ; modest Griffin ; clandestine Boulter ; post-house Rumbal ; friend Northcot ; Thee and Thou Clark ; fortunate Meridith ; Bridge Taylor ; *fair* Passenger ; noisy H——kins ; solid and judicious Back ; London (and sober) Kiblewaite ; widow Widdows ; sottish R——nolds (deceased) ; *rich* Herringman ; learned Motte ; virgin Holt ; blunt Cade-man ; little Mory ; honest Cumberland ; Presbyterian (*alias* Minories) White ; snarling G——tham (deceased) ; philosophic Millon ; nice Cruttenden ; humble Leak ; Church-unity Monckton ; amorous B——set (deceased) ; slovenly Wire ; plain Blagrove ; beauish Abington ; Resumption Osborn ; Mercury Taylor (deceased) ; hoary Eggesfield ; Yorkshire Everingham ; Card Sampson ; tetchy W——ms ; smiling Feltham ; Oxford Shirley ; religious Gellibrand (deceased) ; working Calvert ; tory Hindmarsh (deceased) ; Ballad Wright ; Giltspur Deacon ; industrious Wolf ; independent Hiller ; Country Sollers ; Apprentice Wilkins (commonly called so from his being a good servant and a bad master) ; wise Thrale ; Abridging Wild ; Physical Thomas ; familiar Helder ; faithful Banks ; witty and active Dring, of Fleet-street (deceased) ; substantial (not *insolvent*) P——er ; Westminster Partridge ; *Zacheus* Clark (I call him so from the excellent Book he published concerning that just Publican) ; quiet Thackery ; liberal Sims ; travelling Tidmarsh ; Williamite Barnes (so called from that good service he did the Church, by publishing the Form of Prayer used by King William of glorious memory) ; Pillory Thompson (deceased) ; Hue and cry White ; thirsty B——nce ; sincere Timbrel ; Composing Marshal ; Press Newcome ; Almanack Partridge ; revived Briscoe, who has printed

for Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, &c. and, by contracting a friendship with Tom Brown, will grow rich as fast as his Author can write or hear from the Dead, so that honest Sam does, as it were, thrive by his misfortunes, and I hear has the satisfaction and goodness to forgive those enemies who are now starving, as a judgment upon them, for attempting his overthrow; candid Jackson; grave Powel; hospitable Kitfield; sea Thurstone; cheerful Christian; pious Lyddel; generous Bowtel; fatherly Grisstock; ingenious and grateful Serjeant Porter; the short-set and spruce Wade of Ireland; lovely and courageous Carleton, of Hull; dimpled Norton, of Fleet-street; neat and poetical Ben Harris; musical Thorncomb; the pious and soberizing Joe Hamlen; divine Astell; refined Lady Masham; that angel in flesh and blood, Madam Gwillim; the conscientious and dutiful Maxfield; heavenly Richards; unknown Almira; beautiful Tempest; discreet Whitechurch; good-humoured Shute; chaste Bolton; gay and witty Mrs. Johnson, of Kensington; rhyming Stacy; polite Davis; diverting, and always new, Mrs. Wavil; charming Gill; the modest and beautiful Mrs. Grace Cheek; Madam Tipper, who is a Philosopher, a Poet, and a good Christian; the Irish Lady; the Widow indeed, or Mrs. Johnson of St. Alban's; agreeable Hammon; Wax-work Goldsmith; the reverend and bountiful Fairclough; relick Palmer; brewing Sanders; dame Wire; Calligraphy Duckett; limping Bowley; Spelling Hawks; Grammatical Bayley; sociable Hayes; charitable Desborough; the *Man* Cook; kind and punctual Lea; Farming Stone; Holborn Thurston; the affable and just Peirce; Essex Marshal; indulgent Wright; peeping More; Dairy (*alias* widow) Edwards; hooping Wilson; Teneriffe Goodyear; Balsamic Latham; intriguing C—ry; joining Goddard; obliging Cray; affectionate Eliot; accomplished Ireton; good-acquaintance Baddow; noble Serjeant; diligent Hall; ingenious Foster (*alias* Father Jacob); the chaste heart-keeper; the meek Lamb; the matchless Waller; contented Douglas; prudent Gardner; sweet Anderton; obedient Tr—t; *gude* Fleming; kind Lorrain; sincere Bowman; Jamaica Middleton; sh—ing B—ford; Robin Hayhurst, who lived by printing of false news, and

(though he dreaded to lie alone) it was thought in time would out-sham the Devil.

And to these Characters I will add, in the last place, Colonel F—— G——. He had been formerly a Privy-Counsellor in Ireland, and was the next in blood to an Earldom; but his Misses had drained his purse, and he left Ireland upon suspicion of debt. The Colonel coming to London, sent for me to the Dolphin in Lombard-street, where, pretending to help me to "The Secret History of Ireland," he did me the honour to do me the kindness to ease me of Twenty Guineas. It is true Mr. Darker and I got him arrested, but it was to no purpose; for he produced a protection from the Lord ——, and, at the request of Sir J— S—, I freely released him, upon his bare word "that he would pay me as soon as he could." A month after this, the Colonel came to my house; and told me he could not pay me in less than a year, but he was well acquainted with the Marquis of ——, and if that would be any kindness to me, he would engage Mr. B— should be his Chaplain. I was always glad to oblige this Reverend Gentleman; and told the Colonel, "if he would make good his word, I would own it as an extraordinary favour;" upon which the Colonel introduced B— to the Marquis of ——; and the next time I saw him it was with a Doctor's scarf, which may be said to have cost me Twenty Guineas; for the Colonel never came near me after this, and died in my debt. His Reverence never had the gratitude to thank me for his Chaplainship to this day, though it makes such a flourish in the "Term Catalogue;" but, instead of requital, has done me all the secret mischief he could. But I have said enough to give myself satisfaction on this head, except B— should dare to provoke me again, and then I will write like a man that has been ungratefully, as well as injuriously, treated.

Having given this account of my acquaintance with Colonel F—— G——, I will next proceed to his Character. He had a general knowledge of Persons of Quality; but, living a wicked life, he was always unhappy, and ever in debt. To do him justice, he would not tell a lie to procure a place, much less to do a wrong. He hated no man's virtues (no, not his enemies'); and cared for no man's faults but his own, which were as

unnatural and singular, as if he had a mind to go to Hell by himself. He was a secret trader in sin, and kept a Miss to his eightieth year; but yet he was no Atheist, for I have heard him say, "he looked upon all the things of this world as under a Providence, and that (though he had many afflictions) he believed nothing happened by chance;" which if he had considered as he should, he had the same reason to be patient in an ill condition, as to be thankful for a good. But, for all this, the Colonel was always dissatisfied and restless: so that he was a mere contradiction to himself and others. And *P—F—eur* and he were the two worst Customers and greatest Knaves that I ever met with.

These Hundred Persons, &c. are such as I forgot to insert in their proper places. Indeed I had but a slender acquaintance with them; but I hope this short draught of their minds will suffice, for I have here, in a few words, given the distinguishing Character of every one I have named:—I might have added a Key, as there is a *latent* meaning in every word; but I hope I have hit their features as well as if I had drawn them at length, which I will not attempt, for fear (to use my Printer's obliging compliment) I should "swell my Book into waste paper." So that these short Characters (with my service to Mr. Wesley, &c.) conclude the Historical Part of my *Life and Errors*, for the Fourth Stage of my Life.

Perhaps my Reader may expect I should now proceed to the remaining Stages of my Life—*Widowhood—Second Marriage*—and my present unhappy Life of *Incognito*. But, alas! these have been all of them waste paper. However, if I can persuade myself to review them, the World shall have them, with their respective *Ideas*, in a "Second Part of Dunton's *Life and Errors*," where I shall have occasion to characterize Dr. Timothy Hall, late Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bowber, Mr. Keith, Mr. Gerrard, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Kingston, Dr. Wild, Mr. Barker, Mr. Crow, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sprint, Mr. Catcot, and Mr. Dixon (my sincere Friend), and those other Ministers (both *Cons* and *Noncons*) as I am personally acquainted with, or have ever known (either by their Works or preaching), which the Reader will find to be the principal Divines in the Three Kingdoms. And as these last Stages of my Life are to

be continued and perfected by way of Characters of Living Ministers, so I shall find it necessary to intermix it with the Characters of such School-fellows, Fellow-apprentices, Domesticks, Familiar Acquaintance, Lawyers, Physicians, Ladies, Poets, Booksellers, Traders, and Lay-Friends, as have here been overlooked. So that the Second Part of my Life * will present the Reader with a View of the World, in Characters, &c.; and will be a sort of General History of all the eminent Clergy and Laity now living in the Three Kingdoms, transcribed either from the personal knowledge I had of them, or from the observations I have made on their Works and Preaching.

I shall close this First Part of my Life with a *New Idea* how I would live over again this Married State, and upon which I would dare to venture my Heaven and Future Happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IDEA OF A NEW LIFE : OR, THE MANNER HOW I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I LIVE OVER AGAIN MY MARRIED STATE, WITH DEAR IRIS.

I FIND myself here under an unkind necessity of bespeaking the Reader's Patience; for, as I design this *Stage* shall wind up my *New Idea*, I would not, for a World, omit any thing essential; for should my *New Life*, through such an oversight as that, become imperfect, I might thereby fall short of Heaven, which would be infinitely unhappy for me. What Additions I have yet to make should be far removed from Childishness, and well suited to the grown state of Life, in regard

* This SECOND PART Dunton never completed. In Chap. IX. are, however, given brief Characters of some eminent Persons whom he meant more fully to mention in "The Second Part of his Life;" and they are farther continued in Chap. XI.

Pilgrimage to Heaven is the most serious engagement; it requires our most waking thoughts, and the performances of our active powers.

The nature of this *New Idea* for the *Stage of Marriage* is to throw itself into this easy method. First, I manage myself as cloathed with the relation of a Husband. Secondly, As the Government of a Family is lodged in me*. Thirdly, Under the notion of a Trader. Fourthly, Under the character of an Author, I prescribe myself some stated rules. Fifthly, I more expressly treat of my Behaviour; as I am, a Mortal, and secondly, a Religious Creature.

First, I am to manage myself as cloathed with the relation of a Husband. Here, I confess, the task is difficult perplexed; and what may seem most reasonable to self may not possibly hit the humours of other persons.

I am now to consider myself as being *double* all way; my joy and every happiness I can meet with half my own; and indeed, on the other hand, it is either as reasonable we should go halves in all the pleasures and disappointments of life, which is the only method to make them less intolerable. But a *geometrical proportion* in the case before us may not always be exact; our tempers and the strength of our spirits should be considered, which may very reasonably make a difference in the burthens which we bear. But, to leave talking so far upon generals, I shall consider Marriage, with reference to its last intention, which is the end of this institution; secondly, I shall be particular upon means which have their natural tendency to the end of Marriage, and without which it cannot possibly be attained.

The last design of Marriage, beyond all question, is the glory of God, and the mutual happiness of Men and Women." As the last and the chief end of the rational creature is God's manifestative glory, and its final happiness; so every state and circumstance of an life has its last intention that way. The glory of

The World might expect I should here regulate my Life under the notion of a Bookseller; but this I have already finished in my *New Idea* to the Stage of Bachelorship."

God and the happiness of men are so indissolubly linked together, that there is no parting them; if we miscarry with reference to the one, we infallibly lose the other; so they are not so much to be considered as two, but as one united *end*. The glory of God's wisdom is very bright and shining in the formation of the Sexes, and adapting them so admirably for each other; in giving them so many charms, and such mutual inclinations as are necessary to hand down the species, and continue the race on foot. I cannot but admire the Divine Wisdom, in laying a restraint upon the criminal inclinations of Men; in making Whoredom, Adultery, and Polygamy, become so many sins; and, to provide against them, the same Wisdom has thought fit to entail upon the commission of them so many flaming punishments. Had Mankind been kept at large, what jealousies, what infinite bloodshed, and many other unhappinesses, would have followed! There would neither have been that respect, nor provision, for Posterity, and the religious education of Children; they might have wandered through life under ignorance and senseless stupidity, and, like so many offsprings of the brutal nature, have had no higher aims than to gratify their senses, and pursue their pleasures. The dominion of lust, upon this supposition, would have prevailed over all the human nature. Mankind would have been but a pack of Robbers, going about to plunder the Creation, and to make every thing their own. The World would have been uncivilized; the strength of nerves and sinews would have been the universal Law; and, what is worse, the knowledge of God and his Dispensations would in this case have been a stranger among men. And I would gladly be informed what glory the Divine Majesty could have had from such a monstrous set of creatures. But now the wise Law of "One to One" has provided against every inconvenience of this kind. The respect of Parents to their Offspring is secure, and so is their religious education; at least within the compass of the Christian world, Family Government is set on foot, from which all other Governments are derived. There is now an opportunity to cultivate the Arts and Sciences, which otherwise would have been neglected. Men have now nothing to do but pro-

for themselves and Families, and prepare for the
 er World. If Marriage was necessary when the hu-
 nature was innocent and sinless, it is much more so
 e state of Rebellion and Apostacy, when Morality is
 uch banished, the law of Reason so ineffectual, and
 that Desire and every other passion are broken
 ; and become so extravagant. It would furnish out
 olume to be particular how the glory of God is
 red by the institution of Marriage; but, as that is an
 uestioned truth, so the matter is as plain, that the
 n of Marriage is "the mutual happiness of Men and
 nen." They are the words of God, "It is not good
 fan to be alone;" and, had more companions than
 een necessary to make the life of Man more happy,
 out doubt the Divine Goodness would not have
 ed him the satisfaction. Man alone would have been
 itary uncomfortable creature; and the very forma-
 of him so and so would very evidently have been in

But the matter being so abundantly plain, that
 a glory and our own happiness make up the last end
 arriage, I think it would be unnecessary to make
 formal proof of it.

y next business is, to lay down those means and
 ods I would make use of, that my own state of Mar-
 might not miss of this great end. First, I will shew
 methods I would take, to secure and continue the
 al happiness of myself and Iris. Secondly, I shall
 own the measures I would take, in order to glorify
 great God, that our Marriage may not come short of
 st and chief end.

order to secure and continue the mutual happiness
 yself and Iris, I would endeavour, 1. To discover
 far our humours would agree. I consider how much
 atisfaction of a Married Life depends upon this par-
 ur; all possible discoveries in this kind should in-
 be made before Marriage: but then the unhappi-
 lies here; so long as the Courtship lasts, the inward
 ours of the parties are very seldom unmasked. Per-
 are overborne upon such occasions by the softer
 ons; there is nothing but Stage and Theatre; and
 are usually as much transformed from their native
 s as are the *Dramatis Personæ*. However, a little

time will undress them ; any thing that is unnatural is sure to be uneasy ; their old humours will begin to flow, and get uppermost. This matter being certainly so, I would be very observant of every little alteration, how the pulse beats upon every new occasion, and how much different from my own. I consider how very rarely Nature has furnished out two persons in every case alike ; an universal harmony in every humour and inclination is not to be expected ; for indeed we are too inconsistent with ourselves. I think it is scarce possible to meet a man, could we but look within him, exactly in the same humour this, that he was the last hour : in this sense, every man is no less than a Proteus to himself and to all the world. We are so much governed by the laws of Mechanism, by every new tone of the blood and spirits, that there can be no consistency in ourselves ; how much less can we always harmonize with another person !

My only method should be, to make remarks upon the humours and inclinations that are most lasting and most prevailing ; for those will be sure to give us the greatest happiness, or the greatest trouble. I would not only take this method with dear Iris, but I would use the same severity upon myself ; and, by running the comparison, either the agreement or obliquity might more easily be discovered. So soon as the complexion and sudden turns of my own humour were well observed, it were easy for me to give Iris some stated rules of behaviour upon such particular emergences. I have very frequently found it true, that a single hint, or a word, would recover me, when I was just a sinking into ill-humour and the spleen ; and I do not question but a prudent management this way might always keep me on my feet*.

* This notion of maintaining a constancy of good-humour between Man and Wife by the help of some stated rules is not, methinks, altogether unlike the conduct of Ulysses, as Homer has been pleased to manage him. Ulysses, in his return from Troy, was foretold the danger he should meet with from the vocal harmony of the Syrens ; he thereupon sealed up the ears of all his Crew, and caused himself to be fast bound with cordage to the mainmast, with this farther caution, that, if he gave any signs to be set at liberty, they should bind him faster ; which happened accordingly ; for, so soon as the musick stung him, he was impatient to be enlarged ; but the deaf Crew being insensible of the song, they tied their Master more secure. Such agreements before-hand betwixt Man and Wife would be of mighty use.

The judgment being made upon our humours, how far they would symphonize, and where they would disagree, my second business should be, to compound the matter, that both of us should make mutual abatements in our opposite humours. An agreement of this nature might very easily be made, especially with a woman so very reasonable, and so much a Christian, as dear Iris was. I have known the peace of many families broken and disjointed, in regard neither of the parties would resign an inch of their own humours and inclinations; but, alas! how easy is it for them to gratify a passion, and indulge themselves a little for the present, at the expence of their peace and happiness for all their after life-time! It is much more happy to meet at the middle, as we say, and reconcile the matter; and how much would it contribute to their mutual satisfaction, when, with an air of cheerfulness, they are ready on either hand to make abatements, and to sacrifice their own humours upon the altar of Peace! These two particulars, well looked after, would lay a good foundation for something which is yet behind.

Thirdly. My next business should be, to confirm our conjugal affection. I consider that it is usually imprudence, more than any other reason, that murders this best of passions. Conjugal affection must, on either side, be treated and humoured like a child; the one requires to be nursed and smiled upon as well as the other. There is a number of little arts and prettineases, which Love will easily suggest, and which none can tell the meaning of so well as those in the same condition with ourselves; and when these are a little tintured with wit and good-humour, they will infallibly please, for there is no resisting them. There is a deal of sense and significancy in such little sentences as these: "My Dearest," "My Love," &c.; or, as the married folks in the Country express themselves, by "Honey," "Love," or "Come, my Love." These are innocent enough, when the Parson has done his office; and, perhaps, were they less frequent, they would wound the deeper.—I consider farther, that nothing is a greater friend to the love of Wedlock than a mutual confidence in each other. I know, indeed, that where Love is attended with any warmth, it

will be difficult to keep down some secret jealousies and suspicions; but then it is an essential article of their mutual happiness, to avoid the least occasions that look that way. Some are so officious to make themselves disturbance, that they will create occasions of suspicion when none are offered; their Love in such a case may be warm enough, but then their Prudence is out of order. On the other hand, when occasions are offered, the resentment is but reasonable.

There are some private methods upon this head, which, though they may be innocent, are not yet altogether fit for the public view. Matters of this nature have always made me a lover of Friendship, which gives an opportunity to unbosom one's self with freedom, without calling up the blood into one's face, and without the expence of being laughed at. However, I may venture to go this length, that, in order to confirm the conjugal affection, it is a little necessary that some things be overlooked, which might, if too narrowly observed, create some turnings of aversion and disgust. There may possibly be some natural unhappinesses, which make it reasonable the Lover should be a little troubled with the dimness of sight. These hints are no more necessary for the one, than they are for the other Sex. The Reader may take them, and make his best of them. After all, I cannot say that the humours of myself and Iris could possibly be better adjusted than they were; for, abating the common infirmities of minds in flesh, there was an universal harmony betwixt us. Our inclinations and our sentiments were the same; and, were it true that human minds shall turn at last into one common soul, to be sure dear Iris and myself would be contiguous. Would Heaven (and I dare not pray for it) but indulge me the opportunity of living over again this state with Iris, I could not hope to be more happy the second time. However, there would be no *Error* in the strict observance of the methods I have mentioned.

Having now acquainted the Reader with the methods I would take in order to secure and obtain the mutual happiness of myself and Iris; my next concern shall be, to lay down the measures that are most effectual to glorify God, which is the chief and the last end of Marriage.—I con-

r the Divine Glory, the great end of Marriage, can-
 possibly be provided for without Religion. It is
 , indeed, an Almighty Sovereign is far above the
 of any glory—it is infinitely remote and secure ;
 e is no bold Sinner can stretch forth his hand, and
 off some essential attribute or perfection from the
 ne Being. Though rebellious Sinners may, in a
 mon way of Providence, draw a veil over the foot-
 s of Divine Glory, as they are impressed upon the
 ks and the Word of God ; yet, when matters come
 eir final issue, the glory they endeavoured to sup-
 s will break forth in their everlasting ruin. My
 ning is, the manifestative glory of God in a way
 istent with the exercise of his mercy, and our mutual
 iness, cannot, without Religion, be secured. I
 it lay the best measures within the compass of human
 on to provide for the mutual happiness of myself
 Iris ; yet, were our minds all the while unimpressed
 grace and holiness, they would all prove useless
 abortive. What harmony betwixt two ungracious
 ts ? what mutual peace and satisfaction, when there
 one within ? And indeed, were the one of us reli-
 sly inclined, and the other a condemned Sinner, full
 mity against God and Goodness, which is the
 tual temper of the Unregenerate, where would the
 faction of it be ? We should do nothing but coun-
 trive, and one of us endeavour to break the interest
 inclination of the other. If a Husband had a Wife,
 Wife a Husband, under sentence of death ; do you
 t they could enjoy themselves with all the agreeable
 ports and mutual satisfactions which they might,
 the sentence dissolved, and a pardon granted ?
 , the case is not only the same, but infinitely worse,
 re the one is condemned by the Law of God, and the
 r set at liberty by the Law of Grace ; and satisfac-
 I am sure, may with more reason be expected in the
 er, than it can in the latter instance. This being a
 er of so great importance, were I to live again this
 of Marriage, Religion should be our early care ;
 dear Iris, I am well assured, would be as forward as
 elf. I am not insensible, that to impress Religion
 efficacy upon the mind and heart is the work of the

Blessed Spirit; and it is unspeakably happy where the gracious beginnings of the *New Creature* are mutually formed before Marriage. How well suited then would Iris be for her *New Ideal Companion*! Her will was early directed towards God, and disgusted with vanity and sin. I would be well satisfied with a heart that is prevailingly devoted to the blessed Jesus; for, without question, I should share in the affections of it, so far as the Divine Image should be impressed, and so far as my own heart pointed the same way with hers.

I shall now mention a particular instance or two that relate to the exercise of our Religion, considered apart from the stated worship of the Family; and the first is Prayer. In this we would very frequently and cordially join together; we would frequent the Throne of Grace, double the strength of our desires, and, in the powerful name of Jesus, endeavour the same blessings for us both.

Prayer is the first voice of the *New Creature*; and as it is strengthened and confirmed, the cries of it are more loud and earnest. The *Divine Life* is maintained and supported from above; and where should our eyes and our desires be fixed, unless upon the place whence our subsistence comes? A Christian without prayer, and a living man without breath, are equal contradictions; the one as much in Grace, as the other in Nature. Wherever there is the state of Marriage without Prayer, methinks I can see the Curse inscribed upon it. And as Prayer should be the first and the great instrumental duty of our Religion; so we would never bend our knee, but this fourfold sense should be worked upon our minds: 1. That we are altogether unworthy and undeserving of the blessings which we beg. Were we convinced that we deserve the things we want, we would turn all our prayers into so many demands and challenges: God, upon that supposition, would be obliged to supply and fill our capacities without supplication or intreaty. We do not go to make formal prayers for that which is our own property, unless it becomes desperate, or be lodged in the hands of a lawless Tyrant; and the great God can never come under such a character of disadvantage. This humble sense of our own unworthiness would give life and spirit to our prayers; it would fill

and swell them with affection ; and, under the gracious merits of our Redeemer, they would be more effectual. — 2. We would endeavour to impress upon our minds a deep sense of God's sufficiency to answer Prayer. Were we unconvinced of this, we would not spend our breath so much in vain and to no purpose, as go pray to Being so much in poverty that he cannot answer our requests. — 3. We would also endeavour to keep this sense alive upon our spirits, That God in a Mediator is willing to supply us. We never send a petition to any person when we are convinced before it will be in vain : without Hope there could be no Prayer. The Fallen Angels never go upon their knees ; and whenever you see a Sinner at his prayers, the sense of it comes to this, that there are at least the glimmerings of hope within him. How much would such a sense as this give encouragement to Prayer ! — 4. In order to secure against impatience and distrust, we would endeavour to keep this satisfying sense upon our minds—that, whether our prayers be answered *in specie* or no, it is in mercy to us. It is very frequently more necessary for us that our prayers be denied than granted ; for, unless our Prayers be always under the infallible guidance of the Blessed Spirit, we should be very apt to mistake the fit matter of Prayer.

Being thus furnished with these directions, we would proceed with all religious cheerfulness, and maintain constant commerce and correspondence with Heaven.

We would have made a distinct head of *Praise*, as one every grateful employment of our lives, but that I take it is included in the general notion of Prayer ; and as it refers to Psalms and Hymns, it belongs more to Family-worship, and shall be considered in its place.

And as I have fixed upon Prayer as the first and leading exercise of our Religion, wherein we are mutually to engage ; so the next shall be,

2. Religious Converse. This kind of intercourse would mutually engage us to God himself, and to one another : it is the best method to enlarge our knowledge, and to kindle our devotion ; our hearts and affections would meet time, and rise by sympathy to the same pitch of Divine love and zeal. With what height of satisfaction

might we talk over the great foundations of our Religion, see what dependance there is for Faith, and, where our reason falls short, resign ourselves entirely to the sacred authority of Revelation! What pleasure would it be, to discourse with all imaginable freedom upon the wonders of Redemption, the ways and the compassions of God! Our hearts would at once swell with love to the Holy Jesus, and with a fixed abhorrence of sin, when we should talk over the many passages of his Life; the many instances of his Love, the dangers to which he was willingly exposed! His Agony and his Sweat of Blood, his Crown of Thorns, and his Sacrifice for Sin, are rich subjects of religious conference. His Rising from the Dead, his Ascension to his Father, and his interceding there for the lives and happiness of Sinners, would furnish enough of matter to dwell upon. How might we represent him standing in the midst of his Father's Throne in the point of vision, in the very centre of Heaven, all the eyes of the heavenly Inhabitants attentively gazing on him, as he makes the appearance of "a Lamb that had been slain," Rev. v. 6. How the Four Beasts, and the Twenty-four Elders, are falling down with their harps and their golden vials! How the song is handed round, "Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seven Seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation." By our joint assistance, and by the instrument of Faith, what real views might we obtain of our Glorified Redeemer, how he shews himself in Heaven with the scars and the wounds of Death upon him; which will for ever refresh the memories of the Saints, and fill them with such blessed transports as are peculiar to that state. This Religious Converse would be of mighty use to us against all the unhappiness of human life; we might talk ourselves almost insensible of such low concerns, and be quite wrapt up with the affairs of this future World. Temptations would make little impression when we are thus at hand to relieve and reinforce each other. They would find us either out of humour, or not at leisure to entertain them. By this means the *New Creature*, the wonder of Free Grace, would grow apace in consistency

and strength, and the interest and the power of sin would grow less and less prevailing, and the draught of the Divine Image be more perfect and distinguishable. We should constantly be open and free to receive the Blessed Spirit, to submit ourselves to his forming and sanctifying hand. With what tenderness should we administer relief to each other under doubts and fears! We could unbosom ourselves without restraint, talk over *our evidences*, and draw such comfortable conclusions as our case would bear. But the advantages of this Religious Converse are so great and many, that here is no room to be particular. Only I hope Christians that are religiously disposed will take the hint of what I have offered, and make a trial of the matter.

3. Another method we would take, in order to glorify God, should be the fixing a remark upon every uncommon providence that occurs. I am very sensible the Christian life is less comfortable and more unhappy by disregarding the course of Providence, either as it respects the returns that are made to prayer, or the affairs of common life. When the memory of them is lost, we forget to send up our acknowledgments and our praises; and how is the Glory of God provided for by such ingratitude as this? In my *Real Life*, the Goodness of Providence has taken many uncommon and unexpected ways to serve me, and to work my deliverance, and never more than when all other dependencies were giving me the disappointment; and were I to live over my years, and this state of Marriage in particular, I would observe this matter with the nicest diligence.

Having finished my *New Idea* so far as it concerns me under the relation of a Husband, I am now to regulate and reform my conduct as I consider myself the Head and Master of a Family. In this regard, a domestic government is principally lodged in me, the discharge of which, as it becomes a Christian and a prudent man, is a great matter of weight and moment. I shall offer something under this head: 1. with reference to the constitution of the Family, what characters they should have who are admitted members of it; 2. with reference to necessary provision, which cannot here be overlooked;

3. I shall say something of my own behaviour in a common and in a religious sense.

1. With regard to the constitution of the Family, I consider the Members of it are chiefly to consist of Apprentices and Common Servants*. As to the first of these, if possible, I would enter into articles with none unless there were some appearance of Religion upon them, at least they should have passed under the Christian endeavours of good Parents. I know it is not impossible that an ungracious person should have some blind principles of common honesty; but I am always for those who are not barely honest, but can tell me *why* they are so, because they have got something within them which inclines them that way. I consider, farther, that a Family should answer the character of a little Church; and was there but a person in it that is unimpressed with Religion, he might do a great deal of prejudice, be a clog upon Family Devotion, and, like a limb that is mortified, would be in danger to spread his death over others that are unconfirmed, and upon whom the Spirit of Grace and conviction has yet made but slight wounds and traces. A religious person is one upon whom there is some dependance, and would unburthen a Master of many fears and jealousies, which otherwise might be an unhappiness to himself, and a distraction to the Family.

As to Common Servants, the case is much the same. A liar or prophane person should not come within my doors; such an one carries a curse with him, let him go where he pleases. I would give no entertainment to those who are enemies to my God. I would enlarge upon this; but what I intend is already so very plain.

* Children are here omitted, seeing it was the Divine pleasure to deny me those pledges of the Married State in my *Real Life*. And I can now, methinks, in my present circumstances, admire the Divine Goodness in withholding from me what I once imagined, if not with some sinful impatience, would have been a mighty satisfaction to me. As the world stands affected to me now, I could make no comfortable provision for Children; and my misfortunes would have pressed me with double weight, to have seen those second-hand parts of myself under unhappiness and want. It would be unkindness in God to answer every prayer *in specie* we send up to him, in regard we frequently supplicate, being ignorant of the fit matter of Prayer, for what in the final issue would prove a misery to ourselves.

2. As I am Master of a Family, the burthen of the care lies upon me to make necessary provisions for it. All lawful endeavours for subsistence, with a thankful dependance upon Providence, are my indispensable duty. The advances I have upon supposition made in my *Ideal Life* would, under the gracious inclining influence of the Spirit, keep me from over-loving the present world : but Grace does not destroy or lay any embargo upon the concerns of common life, if we do but manage ourselves within the bounds of our Christian liberty. It has not hitherto, and, I am pretty confident, never would be any temper of mine, to dispense provision to my Family with a too sparing hand ; and there is some difference to be made betwixt things that are purely necessary, and those that are comfortable. Indeed, the most prudent method I have met with, in all the *Œconomicks* I have read, is this—that expences do not exceed the incomes ; and where persons live above their circumstances, it is the ready way to bring them and theirs into wants and miseries. It would be a great uneasiness to me at present, were my narrow circumstances owing to any mismanagement of this nature ; but, upon the most impartial reflection I can make, I find nothing to charge, either on my own management, or that of dear Iris, upon this score. I only want that the methods of Providence may speak instruction to me, and, by every condition, prepare and form me for a better and a fixed state, where there are none of these ebbs and flows.

3. I am now obliged to consider my behaviour in my Family ; 1. in a common way. It has not hitherto, along my *Real Life*, been any part of my ambition to carry myself at a mighty distance and under the mystery of reservedness to any one ; and it cannot be supposed that more grace in my *Ideal Life* should much alter my temper for the worse. This kind of behaviour, for which I am much indebted to the God of Nature, would well dispose me to carry it cheerfully and agreeably to all my Family, that they should find themselves altogether as easy and as unrestrained in my company as when I was absent. It is a little difficult, I confess, to manage matters at this rate, and not to drop the governing authority ; but a little knowledge of the humours one has to deal

with makes it easy. Masters of Families that are fond of governing by the utmost extremity of their power, that refuse to make the least mild abatements upon occasion, are no better than domestic Tyrants, and are perfect enemies to peace within doors. Their manner of behaviour is strangely unobliging; it destroys all mutual confidence, and the little freedoms that are necessary and extremely pleasant. The Private Society is ready to disband upon such management as this. I know, indeed, there are allowances to be made for natural temper, which is rather the unhappiness than the crime of many persons. As for my own part, I was never inclined to be too severe and over-governing; and it was never any pain, but a pleasure to me, to see my Family at ease; and might my *Intelligible Life* be clothed with the same kind of circumstances, and I can as easily furnish out an *Ideal Family*, as a Life of that nature for myself; I would study all the measures of obliging, that I might not sit uneasy upon those I govern; that they might wish for my return when I was abroad, and be better pleased with my presence than my absence. This method of behaviour would have a mighty influence to dispose my Family for what I yet intend; which is,

4. A religious government of the Family over which I am placed. Should I neglect the discharge of Christian duties with my Family, I could have nothing to expect but the wrath and curse of the Almighty upon me and mine. Ezekiel's flying roll, which was full of curses, might justly break upon my head. I might be troubled with uneasiness at home, and meet with nothing but losses and disappointments abroad. Domestic Worship, I consider, does chiefly consist of Prayer and Praise. Prayer is so very necessary for a Family, that I should dread to become Master of one, if I might not pray with it. Prayer is our best relief under the most pressing miseries of human life; and in Families, there are many cases to be opened out to God. How heavy would the afflictions and complaints at home sit upon my spirit, was there no method to discharge myself. But, besides the common unhappinesses that might occur, there is a constant necessity to make confession of sin, to plead with God for pardon in the Mediator's name. It was

a good sign of Job's integrity, that, when his Children were feasting, he himself was solemnly engaged in the Divine Worship of that Dispensation. He had his fears lest his Children might have sinned. It was his pious care to deal with God for them. And as there are Domestic Sins, there should be Family-Confessions, in regard one cursed branch may pull down judgments upon the whole Family. I would take particular care that none of my Family should be absent at Prayer-time; and I had much rather secure such a point as this by rational argument than by positive commands. Masters of Families may indeed oblige their Servants to give attendance, and to bend their knees, twice or thrice a day; but if they have no higher motives than this comes to, their Prayers will be heartless, and want affection. I would endeavour all I could to impress upon their spirits the necessity of the duty, how very much they may get by it, and how sinful the neglect would be. Did they once feel a sense upon their consciences of their misery and their sin by Nature, they would from that time turn lovers of Prayer; they would not know how to be easy without it; they would dread to let go their correspondence with Heaven. It is a blessed pleasure to join in Prayer with a Family who have got a warm sense of Religion upon their hearts. And as it is well for Families they have liberty to pray, so it is also well for thankful Christians they can breathe up their thankfulness in praise. There is abundant occasion, in our way through life, to make our acknowledgements both for Providence and special Grace. Providence, if men are faithful to remark the methods of it, does administer a large field of matter for praise. And the divine wonders of Grace, though men may want those high joys which however are attainable, do furnish us with matter of solemn and cheerful praise; an "Emanuel," a "Mediator," a "Gracious High Priest," and a "Faithful Advocate;" an "Everlasting Covenant" built upon the Faithfulness of God, upon which Believers may cast the anchor of their hopes. These are arguments for praise, or nothing can be so. Families, especially where Grace and Providence are so necessary, and where they spend themselves so much, should have their hearts filled and over-

flowing with harmony to the great Fountain of Goodness. Heaven may very reasonably expect our praise, seeing we share so many of its blessings. It should be one of my endeavours, in my *Ideal Life*, to make those who should become my charge very sensible of their dependance upon God, both for their life of Nature, and their life of Grace; which would be at least the ground-work of praise.

As for Private Devotion, I would never abridge any of their time to perform it, because I could not answer it at the Bar of God. They should have their times to read, and upon occasion I would over-hear them. On Lord's-days I would examine them very strictly concerning the Sermons they hear, and give them all the directions I knew, to enlarge and improve their memories. I would be sure to make as certain remarks as the nature of the thing would admit, how their understandings open, and grow more capable withal; telling them, with the greatest tenderness imaginable, that Religion is intended for life and practice, to turn the posture of the heart and spirit towards God, to make living impressions on them, to stamp them with the image of God's holiness, and thereby to seal them over to the day of Redemption. I would be very cautious to impose no piece of my own service on them, that might either oblige them, or give them any colourable excuse, to neglect the duty which they owe to God. Taking these measures, I should expect the Divine Blessing upon my Family and affairs; without which I might labour in vain, neither meeting with peace within doors, nor with success abroad.

In the next place I shall fix myself some rules to be observed under the character of an Author. In my *Real Life* I have been so wretchedly inclined to scribbling, that I can scarce imagine my *New Life* should be altogether freed from an itch of that kind. I shall here suppose all the foundation of Knowledge, which the best of Books, and a Christian life, may reasonably be thought to lay for me.

1. I consider that hitherto I have not been a little unhappy in the choice of subjects for the pieces I have written. And though I have always had an inward regard that Religion and Good-manners might not suffer

by any thing of mine, yet there is not time enough in human life for trifling. When all the subjects of weight and consequence that want improvement, within the compass of useful Learning and our Christian Religion, are done with, then I would begin to write purely for the diversion of the age, and to make my fellow creatures as easy and as cheerful as I could, under the various unhappinesses of human life. Though, for a composition of this nature, Religion and a good life can furnish us with the best ingredients, I do not suppose the very genius of my *Ideal Life* would lead me to write upon those things that are the least necessary; however, I would oblige myself to the greatest circumspection upon this head. I have always been of the mind, that an impartial conveying down the History of the Times we live in is a debt we owe to posterity that lies yet unborn; and had I a *life-time* yet upon my hands, I would endeavour to discharge this debt with all the conscience and sincerity that becomes an honest man, and one that is entirely disengaged from all sects and parties which men are now so fond to distinguish themselves by. But, in regard my days are now far run, I can but just begin to live before I shall be called home; and though I am much indebted to mankind and the ages yet to come, yet I am more engaged to secure myself as well as I may, and to make sure of the good man's lot, mentioned

Epistle General of John, ii. 17. "The World passes away, and the lust thereof; but he that does the will of God abideth for ever." An ill man shall, as it were, be cast out of being, when matters come to the last great trial, and the Christian shall be the only abiding man. That I may get my last and best interest so well secured, that I may never be lost, never divorced from my God, and the blessedness on which my heart is fixed, must be the great remaining business of my life and days. However, I will leave this *New Idea*, as the best *Legacy* my circumstances do permit me to bestow, to the ages that are coming on. If some should say, "How come you to be so vain, as to imagine the world will know any thing of this scribble a hundred years hence? Why, in answer to this, I am possessed of as little vanity as you please; and if the present age, and that of those to come,

will not receive what I would leave them, I cannot help it. I shall have the satisfaction to have done all I could for them; and if it is a dishonour to die *intestate*, I shall avoid that in the best manner I can, though it is no more than a trifle I can leave; however, it is such an one as I may call an *original in its kind*; and upon which I dare venture all the hopes and the happiness I expect.—As to the Books I may yet possibly trouble the world with; they shall, in some sense or other, serve the great ends of Christianity and good living among men; this will be the way to settle matters of importance upon my own spirits; and if I can *think out* any thing for the good of others, they shall have it.

2. I consider the pieces I have wrote—that whatever subject I have applied to, I have generally *over-done* it, and so wrought it, that I have run it out of breath: by this means having made the thing so excessive plain, that the publick has admired it less than they might have done, had I but just fleshed the hints, and left them undissected, in order for others to apply the game home themselves, and to take the pleasure of doing a little more than was already offered to their view. This, I am at last fully convinced, is the vice of an Author; for he must not *devour* his subject, if he would leave any relish in it for his Readers. This fault, of never leaving a thought until one has worked it to death, I would by all means avoid, as I would expect that any performance of mine should be well received.

In the third place, might I begin my *Ideal Life*, I would take an early care to reform my style; which though it is no more than the outside of an Author, yet, being the most exposed to the Reader's view, the whole performance usually stands or falls according as he is pleased to determine with reference to the style. I know this is but too much the vice of the present age; however, men must be humoured upon this head, if you intend they should take any notice of you. It is here a matter in debate, whether a young man should first apply himself to furnish his head with good learning; or to polish his style. It is plain, on either side, that the best Scholar, without a tolerable talent at writing well, will now-a-days be laughed at as a learned blockhead;

and he who wants good thought, and the strength of reason, to bottom the harmony of his lines upon, will soon be discovered by men of good sense, and he will presently be reproved with

“Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.”

I am well convinced, by a great length of experience, that, unless a man engages upon this study when he is young, and finds a peculiar relish in it to invite his further application, he will make but very little of it. However, there are different grains of allowance to be made; according to the turn and capacity of a man's genius; there are some, let them set never so early to this study, if they want a good ear they will find hard work of it. Reading of good Authors, remarking their peculiar beauties, and writing much, are the best means to refine a man. After all, this study should take up no more than a third part of my time; the rest I would devote to the improvement of my mind. I could enlarge here with some pleasure; but these particulars, well observed, would sufficiently reform me under the character of an Author.

The method does now oblige me to fix myself some standing rules, in order to make the best improvement of my Travels. In the first place, before I engaged upon a course of Travels, I would apply myself for some time to the study of History and Geography, that I might be acquainted beforehand with the most remarkable things I should expect to meet with either in Nature or in Art. He that goes abroad, and has not travelled the World over in his Closet, or by the assistance of his Tutor, may gaze indeed at matters, but cannot make those rational inquiries which are necessary in order to be well informed. As for instance: suppose a man should make a visit to Jerusalem, and had read no accounts of the antient glory and importance of the place; if he knew nothing of the revolutions it has suffered, had heard little of the *Temple*, and less of the Mountain on which the City stood—in short, was he unacquainted with that *Land of Vision*—he might return home just about as wise as he went, and perhaps scarce so well accomplished for conversation as before. The History of “*Cities for-*

tified," to whom they belong, how often and by whom they have been besieged, and lost, and won, is a piece of Learning very necessary for a Traveller, and without which he can make none of those curious remarks that are expected from him upon his return.

I would make a Collection of the best "Travels and Voyages" that have been published; and if they were all too many to take along with me, I would make choice of a few that were recommended to me for the best. By having some good Author at hand, I might look farther into the curiosities in my way; and I should miss fewer of them than those must of necessity do that are unfurnished with Books to direct them. It would be something necessary for me to inform myself about the manners and customs of the Nations I designed to visit; what temper the inhabitants are of: this I would do in order to my own safety.

As to the various sentiments in the world about Religion, the object and the manner of Divine Worship; I would be sure to learn as much as I could from the accounts we have here at home; by this means I might know whether, and wherein, we have here been imposed upon by the Narratives of others.

The last preparation I would make, in order for my Travels upon the Continent, should be as perfect a knowledge as I could get of my own Native Country, our civil constitution, and the history of the Kings and Queens of England; and to be sure I would take a particular view of Great Britain and Ireland, before I would venture any further. A gentleman is not looked upon by men of letters, let him come where he pleases, unless he can give a pretty tolerable account of the Country where he was born; and it is expected a man should give something in return for the information and the civilities he meets with. Being thus furnished for the purpose, having secured the matter by Bills, &c. that I might not be reduced for want of money, and taking God along with me, I would set forward with as much cheerfulness as that circumstance could afford me. With reference to a Diary, digested by way of common-place, which is absolutely necessary to relieve the treachery of my memory; I can advance little more upon this head,

than any man of tolerable parts and learning may easily think out for himself.

I am now at length come, through ways that have been rough and unpleasant, to give my Readers a particular account of my behaviour in my *Ideal Life*, as I am a moral and a religious creature.

1. Under a moral capacity, I consider myself bound by the Law of Nature, which is made up of the several dictates of right reason, that shew a man what he must do, and what he must avoid. The Law of Nature points a man his duty, as he is a moral creature, both to God, his neighbour, and himself. And in regard my duty, and the manner of the worship which I owe to God, is so plainly told me in the Gospel of his Son ; I shall only take notice of the obligations that lie upon me, as they are summed up in the second table of the Decalogue. 1. The Law of Nature does oblige me to pay a cheerful tribute of honour and duty to my Parents and Superiors. This obligation comes along with the very nature which, as second causes, my Parents have bestowed upon me. As the right of Universal Sovereignty in God is founded upon Creation, and natural generation being some sort of a similitude of Creation itself ; therefore Parents, upon this bottom, have a right to govern their own Children, and to expect a reasonable tribute of honour and duty from them. Other arguments might be drawn for this purpose, from that obliging eagerness which Parents entertain for the safety and the happiness of their Children ; and from the labour and the care they are often put to, in order to maintain and support them. For my own part, might I live over my days again, I would be particularly studious of all possible returns of gratitude, though the last end I would profess in doing it should be the glory of God. As for Civil Governors, I could never observe myself to be disaffected upon that head, nor was I ever made for a Plotter. I must confess, I have much to say against the decision of the learned Dr. Cudworth, " That Religion and Conscience oblige Subjects, in all lawful things, actively to obey the Sovereign Powers ; in unlawful, not to resist * : " but this is no

proper place for it. In things lawful, none should pay a more cheerful active obedience than myself; but as to things in themselves unlawful, whether I must obey God rather than man, I dare make my appeal. 2. I consider that every man holds his life by immediate tenure from God himself, and therefore I have nothing to do with the lives of others. I take it to be absolutely unlawful to kill another, unless it be in cases of extremity, and in self-defence. As for casualties, where there is nothing of design, they do not lie within our compass to prevent. I am well satisfied that Civil Sovereigns have taken it upon them to look after the lives of their Subjects, and that the life of the Murderer should become a forfeiture into the hands of Justice. 3. Adultery is a most crying sin; it is the pollution of the parties immediately concerned; it is a wrong done to a Husband or a Wife, who are, by the Marriage-covenant, become each other's property; and it is a breach of the Christian Law. The guilt of the sin is manifold, and the offspring, in such cases, has but little religious care taken of it, upon which score the Civil Society becomes a sufferer. 4. As we are born within formed societies, so every man has his own property, and it is unlawful to break in upon it; not to mention how displeasing it would be to God, the natural tendency of theft and violence is the ruin of all government. 5. Lying, and false testimony, is the abuse of the faculty of speech, which the God of Truth has given us; it is the destruction of all natural justice, and of commerce among men. 6. An intemperate appetite after the enjoyments of other men is leveled against the government of God, and the distributions of his providence, which comes to nothing less than secret rebellion against the most just and right Sovereign of the world. In short, whatever duties the second table recommends, whatever sins it prohibits, I would make it the first care of my *Ideal Life*, to form my practice accordingly. This would lay a good foundation for Religion to build upon. Morality and Christianity, in conjunction, will lead us to happiness; but, taken apart, they are both of them spoiled.

In the next place I shall consider the obligations that lie upon me from Revealed Religion; and how my *Life*

should be formed, that I may not only wear, but deserve the Christian name. With reference to Revealed Religion, which is the only bottom I dare venture my peace and hopes upon, I consider it as "a Discovery of the Mind and Counsels of God about the Recovery of a revolted Race of Sinners." How to restore a single Sinner, and to put him into any capacity of taking up his happiness in God, both as to the possibility and the manner of it, was a contrivance altogether worthy of God himself: manifold wisdom was employed upon it. Upon the first apostacy, which was a breach of the Divine Law, and a bold contempt of God's government and authority, there appeared neither help nor hope for Sinners. Should God have forgiven them without more ado, and dispensed with the penalty of his Law, his own honour, and the rights of justice, had not been secured. However, notwithstanding this mighty difficulty, God was unwilling the whole race should finally miscarry, and that his own worship and homage should perish from the earth. His infinite Wisdom, therefore, moved by Mercy and Compassion, contrived a method how matters might be reconciled. God the Father commissioned his own eternal, co-essential Son, to take upon him the office of Mediation, that he might deal with both parties as a middle Person. The Mediatorial Office contains under it the particular offices of Prophet, Priest, and King: with all these he was solemnly invested by his Father; and, in order to discharge them, it was necessary he should take upon him our nature, that, as a Prophet sent from God, he might treat with Sinners in the most familiar terms, without the terror and amazement which the naked Deity must have given us; and as a Priest, that he might bleed and die a sacrifice for sin, that Divine Justice might receive an equivalent satisfaction for the forfeited lives of Sinners, by the vicarious sufferings of our surety. And farther it was necessary he should assume our nature with reference to his Priestly office, that, being touched with the feeling of our infirmities, he might become a tender and compassionate Advocate for Sinners in the Court of Heaven. And in regard Sinners were taken captives by the Enemy of their peace and happiness, and become the willing slaves of Satan,

it was necessary the Redeemer should discharge the office of a King, that he might "lead Captivity captive; and subdue Sinners to himself;" that he might govern and defend them. This great Redeemer appeared upon this earth above 1700 years ago, that he might accomplish this glorious design, and discharge these offices so far as was required of him in his humble state. The great errand which brought him down into this World being finished in all the parts of it, he returned to his Father, and there pleads and advocates the cause of his own purchase; the Holy Spirit being now commissioned down into this World from the Father and the Son, in order to move upon the hearts of Sinners by a gracious transforming efficacy. This is a comprehensive account how the salvation of Sinners became possible. It is here worthy to be remarked, that, should matters stop here, not a single Sinner could be saved. It will not satisfy at the bar of God, to plead the Redeemer's sacrifice, and the infinite value of his satisfaction, unless men can shew their personal appropriate interest in the Redemption that is purchased. Sin has not barely thrown us out of friendship with God, but it has made us unlike him; it has distempered our spirits—filled us with disaffection to our last end; these must all, in measure, be removed out of the way before there is any security to be had for us. God has therefore thought fit to insist upon terms with Sinners; to tell them plainly what must be wrought within them, and done by them, in order to their happiness. Till Sinners are assisted to come up to the merciful demands of God's "requiring Will," they are not within the compass of the Redeemer's saving power. I would therefore, with the utmost concern, endeavour a discovery of what God is pleased to insist upon. And I find, 1. That God requires the sincerity of the *new Nature*, under pain of everlasting punishment from himself. "Amen and Amen, Except a man be born from above," as the Greek Text should be turned, "he cannot see the Kingdom of God." So far is he from an entrance, that he comes not within sight of it, unless the New Creature be formed upon his heart. This New Nature, which God requires, is made up of an entire collection of all the saving Graces of the Spirit; therefore, the same gracious Will which requires the nature

be sincere, does also insist upon the sincerity of its gracious principles; such as Repentance towards God, Faith in the Blessed Jesus, and Love to God in Christ. "Except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish. He that believes not is condemned already. He that loves not the Lord Jesus, let him be accursed."—2. God has been pleased in wisdom to insist upon all possible improvement of this New Nature, and the gracious principles of which it does consist, that the desires of the Heart, and the endeavours of the Life, should constantly beat and point this way; that is, towards a more exact conformity to the blessed image of God's Holiness. Thus I have brought the whole of God's requiring Will into a narrow compass, that I may keep a more distinct view of it so long as I live. I know, indeed, the impotency of my nature, in the circumstances which Sin has brought upon me, to be so great, that I am well satisfied the wise God, who never laughs at the unhappiness of his creatures till they oblige him to it, did never intend that, by my own powers, I should ever bring my Heart and Life into a due conformity to his gracious Will. However, it is in mercy to me that he makes demands of duty at my hands; that, being sensible of my own insufficiency, I might apply myself, in the Redeemer's name, to the Father of all Things for a divine spirit, which he has promised, to relieve the sinful impotency of my own. I shall never quarrel with God because the terms of his requiring Will lie quite beyond my compass to perform, so long as there is the purchase and the promise of an Almighty Spirit, to take me up when I can come no farther. In short, the whole business of my *Life and Days* should be, might I have the opportunity to live them over once again, to bring my mind and heart to the nearest conformity possible with reference to what God requires of me, in order to my happiness; to work my spirit into a due temper and correspondence, to be sealed up for Heaven by the impress of the Divine Image, that God's holiness and the workmanship of the Spirit on me might answer each other, as face answers face in a glass—as feature corresponds to feature—and as the impression upon wax bears an exact similitude and proportion to the seal that made it. But, seeing my time past is beyond recovery, all I have to do is, to form

my *Life* according to this *New Idea*, and to labour for farther light from the Sacred Scriptures ; that, when my days are finished, and my breath withdrawn, I may sleep in Jesus, having my life hid with him in God ; and when the general Resurrection comes, " I shall behold his face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness."

Thus have I shewn, in general terms, how I would live over my days as a Religious Man ; but, seeing more particular directions may be thought necessary, I will here lay down a few special Rules, which I would strictly observe, *might I be trusted with a New Life* ; as, 1. Because fear hath torment, and no torment greater than the fear of Death, I would make the thoughts of Mortality familiar to me, and habituate myself into a capacity of dying : this would prevent the great amazement a fit of sickness many times begets. I would make Self-denial a great part of my study ; a resolution sometimes (upon occasion) to deny myself some satisfactions which my appetite pursued, though they seemed very reasonable, would be found necessary ; for then disappointments and cross accidents would be easy. I would endeavour never to value the censure of others, in the performance of what I apprehended to be my duty ; neither would I suffer Ceremony, or Civility, at any time to hinder business. I would never be discouraged in my duty by the foresight or opinion of unsuccessfulness. If I happened to be of a complying and of an easy temper, I would never be hasty and lavish of promises : the performance might be troublesome. If I found myself of a grateful temper, I would never accept of unnecessary favours ; the thoughts of requital are afflicting. If I was good-natured and full of compassion, I would not be unwarily free to Strangers, or Relations of mean fortune, lest they craved too much, and thought all I had their due. If melancholy, I would labour against it, as the parent of fears and scruples, which are vexatious and endless. If proud, I would consider it would create envy, contempt, and design, and is really the greatest folly ; and yet we are marvellously subject to it. If passionate, I would study the prevention of the obvious occasions, consider the indecency and the many disturb-

ances of it, and be always on my guard. If given to Women, I would consider the shame, and scandal, and slavish fear of discovery. If malicious, I would consider the enmity and danger it begets; and that I must forgive, if I hope to be forgiven. If disputatious, I would consider how disobliging and uncivil it seems. Again might I live the years that are past, I would not be inquisitive into Secrets, or meddling in other men's affairs I was not concerned with. To be always asking of questions in company, is ill-breeding. I would never name or reflect on persons in promiscuous company: I know not their Relations, or whom I disoblige. I would not believe every man I conversed with as honest as myself, upon a friendly and complaisant address: the World is a great cheat, and we are strangely mistaken in one another. I would never be ashamed to ask pardon of whom I had injured, and make what restitution I was capable of. I would be a strict observer of the Golden Rule, and in every thing "do as I would be done by." I would not hastily think any man my enemy; it might make one; a man may be angry with me, and not hate me. I would expect, and resolve to bear with, many offences and indignities; and consider that no condition of life can be free from all disquiet; for aught I know, it would be dangerous. I would not easily believe reports concerning myself, nor one in forty of others. I would be cautious of undertaking greater designs than what were just, and suitable to my condition; then, if I miscarried, I should not be contemned. I would be careful to treasure up the remembrance of all God's mercies to me and mine; for gratitude is a good guard against sin. [Gen. xxxix. 9.] In time of great crosses and affliction, I would be sure first to pray for pardon of sin, and then I might, with earnestness and hopes, beg pity. [Matth ix. 2, 5, 6; Isaiah lix. 1, 2.] When I prayed for pardon of my sins, because I often forget many sins I would repent of, I would be careful to mention "secret and forgotten sins." If I had any tenderness for the Fair Sex, I would resolve to marry; for to leave the management of my Family to Servants only, is neither for credit or profit; and to undertake all the little things of Housekeeping myself, would be gossiping. Besides,

the dull converse of Servants only will either give scandal, or tempt me to ramble abroad. If my circumstances would permit, I would put myself into that state of life which most agreed with my temper.

I would never accustom myself to be too nice, curious, and fantastical, in Diet, Habit, or Attendance. In a word, might I "live o'er my days again," I would be grave and modest in all my actions, and would "serve God throughout the whole course of my life;" and to that end, every day, the first thing I did, and the first word I spake, should tend to the worship and acknowledgment of Almighty God. Upon our first thoughts commonly the thoughts and actions of the whole day do depend; and therefore, when I first awaked in the morning, I would spend some time in secret Prayer, remembering what Randolph says,

"First worship God: He that forgets to pray
Bids not himself 'Good Morrow,' nor 'Good Day.'"

When I had finished my Closet Devotions, I would read a Chapter, and pray in the Family; which ended, I would go and use any lawful recreation, either for my profit or pleasure; and from all these exercises I would reserve a time to sit down to some good study, and would use that most that would make me greatest, I mean Divinity; it would make me greater, richer, happier, than the whole World, if I could possess it. "If any man serve me," saith Christ, "him will my Father honour." John xii. 26. Therefore, if I desired Honour, I would serve the Lord, and I should certainly have it. If Riches was my aim, St. Paul assures me that "Godliness is great gain." If I did covet Pleasure, I would set David's delight before mine eyes: "I have had more delight in thy testimonies than in all manner of riches." Psal. cxix. And in Psal. iv. he saith, "Thou hast given me more joy of heart than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." And by reading Psalm xci. I should see what manner of blessings they are that God makes his Children merry withal. And when I had once fixed my heart to this Divine study, it would be so sweet to me, that I should study nothing but my Duty; that is, (might I be trusted with Life again) I would pass every

day in such employments as might be most meet and agreeable to that condition wherein God had placed me. I would not come to the place where Sin dwelt, and would "fly all appearance of evil;" Religion hath no greater enemy than conversing with wicked persons. Neither my actions nor discourses should be vain or frivolous, but should tend either to improve my judgment, or to better my affection. I would be a constant frequenter of the Morning Exercise; would make conscience of hearing two Sermons every Sunday; and would catechize my whole Family. I would remember that I was continually in the presence of God, and ought to live in obedience to all his commands. I would exercise my Charity upon all occasions, and let not one day pass me without some good work done by me, either of real honour to God, or of real charity to them that want it. When I had thought upon all the day past, how I had spent it; that is, what good or evil actions I had done (asking God pardon for all the offences of that day); after this I would retire to my closet; and, having secretly conversed with God, I would sing a Psalm, and pray again in the Family; and after that I would repair to rest; and, seeing my bed is a representation of the Grave, and sleep an image of Death, I would close my eyes with saying, "Lord, have mercy upon me, that I sleep not in Death; suffer me not to be overcome by any Phantasies, Dreams, or Temptations; and be my Defence against all the dangers and perils of this Night."

In this manner I would spend every day of my *New Life*; and when I received the Sacrament (which should be every Month), I would examine myself, "How I stood in the faith, profession, and practice of the Christian Religion, both before God and the World." The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is the nearest and visiblest communion that can be had with God, and Christ, upon Earth.

Then what hopes could I have to see Christ in Heaven, if I never remembered his dying Love in the Eucharist? The Primitive Christians received it every day, and some amongst us* every Sunday; and for this reason (might I live over my days again) I would neglect no oppor-

* At St. Andrew's, Holbourn, and other Churches.

tunity of going to the Holy Sacrament ; and the day before I received it, I would "lay aside all my thoughts of worldly affairs, and give myself to retirement." And though all are fit to receive the Sacrament that do not "live in a known sin ;" yet, seeing "he that eats and drinks unworthily eats and drinks his own damnation," before I went to the Holy Communion, I would prepare myself thereunto, 1. By a clean and pure Conscience ; 2. By a clear and assured Faith ; 3. By a full and perfect Charity. Lastly ; were I to live over my years anew, I would be sure to follow my Father's counsel* ; that is, "in all things, and in all times, I would so think, speak, and act, as I might be willing to appear before God at Death and Judgment." But, above all, I would study and pray for a perfect resignation of my will to God's will ; and with all imaginable application of mind say, "Not my will, but thy will be done ;" and then (let the World either smile or frown) I should be as happy as I need desire.

These are some of those pious Rules (might I be newborn) should influence my Life and Practice, so far as I have yet lived : and how I spend that remaining time I have yet left, I shall here discover. In order to the better conduct of myself, I often call to mind that saying of St. Jerome, "I think I continually hear the voice of the Arch-angel sounding in my ears : 'Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment.'"

And that this may have its due effect, I thus, in my meditation in retirement, fix it in my mind. I consider the Lord of Heaven as "actually come to judge the Quick and Dead," and demanding of all an exact account of the several talents committed to the care of each, and of me in particular ; namely, how I have employed—1. The Gospel, the faith in his merits. Whether I believe him to be Jesus my Saviour.—2. Whether I have been converted, *i. e.* turned to love him with all my heart ; preferring him to all things, Honours, Pleasures, Riches?—3. Whether I have used all the other talents as one thus entirely devoted to God, and remembered each of them a trust only committed to me,

* In p. 46.

altogether unworthy, but not a propriety, to be used or not as I please ; but, 4. in Obedience to him. 5. And in hopes of Future Glory, in proportion to this obedience, due to it by his promise only ; and particularly, 1. Whether I have used my understanding to know God and his will, and not employed it in vain and useless speculations ; or such studies that are absolutely necessary for my direction, support, or, at farthest, necessary refreshment of my mind. 2. How I have employed my Senses ? first, have I used my sense of Bodily Pleasures only to judge of the health of my body, and the fitness of the things conducing thereto ; secondly, my Eyes, to view God in his creatures : thirdly, my Ears, to hear all good, but stopped them against evil. 3. How I have employed my Speech, my Time, my Wealth, my Understanding, and my Reputation. Then I consider, what answer I can make to each of these ; and as I know that no manner of excuse will then at all avail me, so I encourage my conscience to speak out, and to accuse, and to rebuke me sharply, if I have not done my duty.— Thus I spend those few sands that are yet running in the glass of my life ; and as I am careful not to fall into sin, so, being fallen, not to lie in it ; and, being surprized, not to stand in it. Confession is some part of satisfaction ; by denying a little sin, I make it great ; and by truly confessing a great sin to God, I make it none. I do not live in a known sin, or do any thing which may shut me out of Heaven : yet I will not despair if I should transgress ; for though I think every sin great, yet none so great but may be forgiven. “ Forgiveness of Sin ” is an article of my faith ; I deny the Creed if I deny that ; I cannot wrong Jesus Christ more, than by making any sin bigger than his sufferings. But “ shall I sin, that Grace may abound ? God forbid ! ”

But, if my sad experience tells me that I have kept any reserve, any darling sin, any beloved lust ; I hence am to conclude, I am not sincerely converted ; I am not the faithful Servant who fully performs his Master's will : I have not that “ charity,” 1 Cor. xiii. “ without which, all is nothing ; ” I do not love God with all my heart. And, for want of this perfect Love, I must conclude against myself, that, though I may say I believe, yet, since

Works (the most certain effect of a true faith) are wanting, I have not yet this true faith, and therefore I am left in a sad condition.

But, on the other hand, if I find never so many faults by inadvertency, or want of attention, or by sudden surprize, I think I should not so severely censure myself on this account ; but may hope my faith is true, and my conversion sincere, though I am still but a babe in Christ. However, both in this and the former case, I do my utmost to reconcile myself to God. I humbly address our Mediator ; I beg of him, on my behalf, to plead his Merits to his Eternal Father, and to Himself as God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost ; the Three Persons in the One Infinite Essence. I beseech Him, that as He, being very and eternal God, took upon Him our nature, and therein suffered for me all that was due to my sins ; so he would not now exact the same of me again, but give me leave to esteem myself wholly reconciled to God the Father through Him ; and that He would grant me "the Seal of this Reconciliation," his most Holy Spirit, to enable me to love Him without reserve, and to obey Him entirely. This done, as the task of every day, I cheerfully return to my station, and depend upon Him, that He will now assist me by his Grace, and hereafter give me such degrees of glory as He shall see fit for me.

In this manner (by the grace of God) I will spend that remaining time I have yet to breathe. And as I have shaken hands with my *Old Life*, methinks I am already so near Heaven, I am as it were launched into a *New World*, and do already breathe the air of the Heavenly country.

How have I ravel'd out my life's first thread,
And fondly thrown my precious hours away !
For which my heart wears sable, though my head
Begins to turn the black it wore to grey !
Welcome grey thoughts ; adieu, black youthful crimes :
'Tis time to change, in such a change of times.

It is true, I cannot *un-sin* the *Errors* of my past life ; but (if that may recover my innocence) I do heartily repent of them ; and if my affections are changed (though I cannot live over my days again) I am a new

an, in a spiritual sense; for the true penitent seems to breathe in another air from other men, and is as sincerely sad to this vain world, as a Stretton, Reynholds, Sten-
 et, or the humble and pious Guy. Oh, how glad could I be to go to Heaven in such company! And though I pray against sudden death, yet, when I am dying (if it be God's will) I desire a speedy passage; and I have no encouragement to hope that my glass hath any sands; for I find, by the many distempers that follow me, that I have almost acted my part, and that the curtain must quickly be drawn; but, "Lord, grant that, the last rays of the setting Sun are the fairest, so I may die assured of Heaven;" and, if I spend my remaining time according to this *Idea*, I hope my sincere (though late) repentance will be accepted.

I own there are many that are called Christians, that in crowd a whole Week's Devotion into one Prayer; yea, some think it enough if they sum up their lives, and expire their last breath with "Lord, have mercy upon me." But, if I backslide into this number, this very *Idea* will be a witness against me at the Day of judgement; "which God of his infinit emency prevent, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

I have now finished my *New Idea* for the Stage of Marriage; and have also shewn (though I cannot live over my days again) how I will spend the remaining time I have yet left. Thus, with the Pelican, have I dissected my breast, to shew the Reader where the defects of humanity reside; and as I have given a true account of my past life (to the death of Iris), so I have been sincere and open in my confession and repentance of all the *Errors* I could think of; and hope the *Idea* to each Stage of my Life is so full and impartial, as I might were I to live over my days again) venture my Heaven and future happiness upon it.

Having now made the whole world my Confessor, I will here hang out a flag of defiance to all my Enemies, to prove me either better or worse than I here declare; and therefore (as I shall shew anon) if any by these features of my confession imagine others to my prejudice, let them look to it; for I intend to fire a whole broad-

side among the Criticks; and, if they please, they may take this for a challenge to do their worst.

I thank God, I am prepared for the attacks of *Know-post* and *Vinegar*, and the worst enemies I have in the world; but they never considered this, when the Devil put it into their hearts to assault my name in the dark, and to whisper their *Enfield lies*, with "Pray say nothing you had it from me;" by which it is impossible to find out the cut-throats. But, it seems, slandering is become the fashionable vice of the age; and I observe that most slanders owe their rise to the Fair Sex; but this is none of their fault, but the fault of the men, who make it their sport to abuse that virtue they cannot de-bauch. Lampoons and satires so much in fashion (in this witty age) are a ready way to murder any person's reputation; and I have reason to speak here, for Madam *Taudry* was pleased to slander the most pious Widow I ever knew (and for no other reason but) for her care of me in a dangerous sickness, though I must have perished without her assistance. I have not boarded at a place since I left my house where their diet, &c. has agreed with my crazy body; and if I am under a necessity to board myself, can I shew a greater regard to virtue, than to have a person provide my food (and tend my sickness) that is eminently pious; that makes conscience of public and secret prayer; that is very strict in observing the Sabbath, and who receives the Sacrament every month; and if any are so uncharitable as to question this, I can prove it by twenty witnesses; but sure no person can be so vile as to doubt my sincerity in this matter, for none but an Atheist would worship God in that constant and solemn manner *Climene* does, and yet live in a known sin. I bless God I live above such treatment! But, seeing we are commanded to be "wise as serpents, and innocent as doves," I have, on purpose, discovered my lodging to two eminent Divines, who honour me with their constant friendship; and, were it not that my debts oblige me to live *incognito*, I am very sure would publicly testify in what innocent manner I spend my life; and whoever asserts the contrary, deserves the name of a wilful slanderer; for which (were I his Judge) he should be thus punished: *Slander* should be inscribed upon his

forehead; and on his back he should wear a Vulture in a gnawing posture, and before this Devourer should be inscribed *Reputation*. Thus he would appear in his own colours, and wear his own hieroglyphicks on his livery. Then, for his treatment in Conversation; the vilest inhumanities should be laid at his door, on purpose to tease, and let him feel the uneasiness which he has given others without cause. And secondly, whenever he begins to nibble at the reputation of others, the quite contrary should as often be believed, and asserted to his face; this would either reform him, or make him weary of conversation, so that he would be in no capacity of hurting people for the future. This would be a just punishment for *Knaw-post*, *Vinegar*, and *Madam Taudry*, who were all the (private) Enemies I had in my *Old Life*; but what they are to my *New*, I am not yet informed. However, it is some honour to me, that I was never reviled by persons of any credit; neither does it more trouble me, what is talked of me when I am absent, than what will be talked of me when I am dead. An ill report (which I do all I can to avoid) doth not make me an ill man; if I am careful to do nothing that deserves to be ill spoken of, it need not trouble me to be slandered undeservedly. St. Basil being asked why we should love those that speak ill of us, answered, "Because for their sakes it is that we are blessed, according to those words of Christ, 'Blessed are ye when men speak evil of you.'" I do not expect to have better luck than the great Sherlock, who could not pass through the world without a weasil nibbling at his reputation. "It is easy to dress up (even) an Apostle in a fool's coat, and to laugh at him;" and therefore I perfectly condemn slander, which operates no farther than you make it; and which nothing but an unmasculine timorousness, or slavish ambition of popularity, makes considerable.

Reader, if you measure yourself from abroad, you must be the cheapest thing alive. I will teach you the true way to popularity. "Let a sincere design of honour and justice be at the bottom of all your actions: let an exemplary piety and devotion make the world gaze upon you: let no base words, actions, or acquaintance, lessen the mention of you wherever you come." Then may you

defy censure: the good will honour, and the bad will fear you; you will be applauded by the wise, and then fools need not be courted. Whereas, on the other side, "If you shall forbear an action fit and reasonable, merely upon the account of the censure you are likely to undergo, you will often find it very hard to be honest and just;" and for this reason, I now live in a *Cell*, and study the Art of living *Incognito*.

It was here I projected "The Athenian Catechism," and "Poetic Chronicle." It is here, I am free from slander, and all impertinence. And if (as the Athenians say *), "my head is pregnant with agreeable and everlasting inventions;" it is (only) in a *private Cell* I have time to finish them.

Nothing looks in my retreat
Discontented, or unsweet;
Solitude dissolves the mind,
Makes it pleasant, free, and kind;
'Tis in shades and silence given,
Ev'ry extacy is Heaven!

I ever thought it unhappy and dangerous for a man to die full of noise and business: and men of action cannot so soon prepare for another life, as sedentary men of thought and study may. I have ever pitied those men whose necessitous employment and fortune have put them under an obligation of making even, at one time, the accounts of this world and the next. I therefore now fully resolve to *narrow* my thoughts, and take the advantage which age and experience give, of thinking strictly, and reviewing my past life; and, being freed from fancy, which often cheats the younger judgments, to consider how far the rules I have gone by, how specious soever to others, and pleasant to myself, may be consistent with a severe expectation of an account above, where pleasure, interest, and passion, must disappear; and therefore I never value myself by the good (or bad) opinion of others, but by the applause of my own conscience.

JOHN DUNTON.

* In their Letter dated October 11, 1704.

CHAPTER IX.

BRIEF CHARACTER (WRITTEN IN 1704) OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS, WHOSE VIRTUES OR ERRORS I SHALL HAVE OCCASION TO MENTION IN THE SECOND PART OF MY LIFE.

THE first person I shall here more fully characterize is our Sovereign Lady QUEEN ANNE.

The most illustrious Princess ANNE, our present Queen, was born Feb. 6, 1662. She was second Daughter to the late King James, and only Sister to the late Queen Mary. Many and conspicuous were the prognostics of a true piety, that shined forth in the early dawn of her life. She spent her childhood in those studies by which generous and illustrious souls are raised to the expectation of great fortunes. Having furnished herself as well with Christian as Royal Virtues, she began to write Woman. In her 15th year, her least perfection would render another most accomplished. She was no other than an union of superlatives. Charity, piety, virginity; all were in her at height. Her singular humility adorned all the rest; and all this while she continued a Subject, and had only the government of her own little inward Commonwealth. But a private Court was not a Hill high enough for the notice of a Virgin so exemplary; for her spreading fame reaching the Danish Court, Prince George of Denmark petitions for her Royal Heart (the only man in the world that could merit so great a Princess); and they have lived so lovingly since their * Marriage, that sure enough "The Banns of their Matrimony were asked in Heaven." The very Angels clap their wings when two such Lovers marry, and make the heavenly roof sing with joy. But, should I trace this glorious Princess through all the perfections in which she shined (either as a Wife or Christian) in a lower orb, I should not know how to begin, nor where to end. Neither was she less accomplished in the Art of Obedience whilst she was a Sub-

* Which was July 28, St. Anne's Day, in 1683.

ject, than that of Government since she has been our Queen ; as appears by the Letter she sent to her Mother (then Queen of England) upon her Husband's going over to the Prince of Orange ; for in her Letter is this expression : " Madam, never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty and affection, to a Father and a Husband ; and therefore I know not what to do, but to follow one, to preserve the other." Having proceeded thus far in the Princess's Character, and briefly shewn how she lived as a Subject, I shall next consider her as Queen of England. And here I find, that the lustre of a Crown was not able to dazzle her. As she was always like herself through the whole course of her life ; so neither did she swerve from herself at her Coronation. Our pious Queen, the more she was graced and dignified, the more she was humbled ; and was so little fond of wearing a Crown, she told the Parliament, " that nothing could encourage her to undertake the great weight and burden a Crown brings, but the great concern she had for the preservation of Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of England." Though the Queen had these modest notions of her own perfections ; yet her Subjects admired her, and thought none so fit for the supreme dignity as Anne, late Princess of Denmark. And whereas other women, had they risen to a Crown, would have studied nothing but rich tissues and embroideries to wear, and the most costly carpets to tread on ; she meditates plainness in dress and apparel ; and, if I may believe my eyes (when I was last at her Majesty's Chapel), is a great instance of self-denial in her train and look. Never was Majesty better tempered. She knows how to be familiar without making herself cheap ; and to condescend without meanness. She has all the greatness of Majesty, with all the virtues of conversation ; and knows very well what becomes her Table, what the Council-board, and what the Chapel. The perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within these five qualities — Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, and Valour : Piety fits him for God, Wisdom for himself, Justice for the Law, Valour for Arms, and Goodness for the whole World : and all these are eminent in the Life and Reign of her present Majesty. Then it is no wonder that Queen

Anne should have the love of all her Subjects; for such is the condition (and, as it were, the destiny) of good Princes: "They have a heart and soul in every one of their Subjects;" their blood and veins disperse themselves throughout all the parts of their dominions; and their least wounds are followed by public symptoms and popular maladies. Thus have I given a brief account of the Life and Character of Queen Anne, from her Birth to her Coronation; and have mentioned those five perfections of a good Monarch, that have been so eminent in her since she was Queen; by which it appears, she is the best of Queens, and best of Women. Her heart is *entirely English* *. She is kind and indulgent to all her Subjects; recommends moderation in all her Speeches; would have us entirely united at home †; and makes Religion the principal jewel of her Crown.

To conclude, all our Votes shall pass, "that her Sacred Majesty may long, long, long, reign over us." To which, no doubt, all true Protestants will say, "Amen. God save the Queen."

In short, she is——

The fairest daughter of the fairer kind,	
In form an Angel, and a Saint in mind:	
Wise without fear of danger and deceit;	}
Amidst the business of the Court, sedate;	
Watchful, yet without care, without ambition great.	}
The living standard of a Consort's love,	
Flaming as Angels, spotless as the nuptial dove;	}
Oh, may she deathless as her fragrant memory prove!	

Having given a brief account of the Life of our Gracious Queen, I should next characterize the Royal Consort of her bed, PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

To begin with his Birth. PRINCE GEORGE is second Son of Frederic III. late King of Denmark, and Uncle to

* The motto on Queen Anne's Coronation medal; on which Swift grounded his satirical lines on the Union with Scotland, beginning,

"The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her *entirely English* heart:
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch." EDIT.

† See her Speech to the Parliament, Oct. 24, 1704.

Christian V. the present King. He was born at Copenhagen in April 1653; and in 1668 he went to travel into several parts of Europe. As he came into the world with all the advantages of a Royal Birth and Education, so he has rendered both yet more conspicuous by his matchless virtues. By these, though he is not crowned, he hath a title to all our hearts. Thus the morning of his life was clear and calm; and ever since, his whole life has been a continued series of heroic actions. While he practised but the rudiments of War, he out-went all other Captains, and has found none to surpass but himself alone. He fought several Battles in Denmark, Sweden, Ireland, &c.; and wherever he charged in person, he was a conqueror. Having traced this illustrious Hero through his dawning years, and followed him through fire and smoke in the gaining of victories; I will now start back from the roaring of cannon, to consider Prince George as Husband to our Sovereign Lady. This makes him the second person, for place and dignity, in the three Kingdoms; and may he live long to enjoy this deserved honour! As the Queen and Prince are equally matched as to their birth and fortunes, so their mutual deportment is always becoming the dignity and dearness of the conjugal state. The Queen is one of the kindest of Wives, as appears by the revenue she *enacted* for the Prince after her death; and a pattern of fidelity to all her sex: and the Prince is such an instance of conjugal love to the whole Court, where once it was a jest to admire a Wife, that he never strays from his Spouse (now his Sovereign Lady) in thought, word, or deed. As this Royal Pair, to the shame of those Courtiers that keep strumpets, have been ever true to their marriage bed, so God has blessed them with several Children; the last which died being *William Duke of Gloucester*, who gave great hopes of his Princely parts and virtuous inclinations; and, had he outlived his Mother, had come in as next Heir to the Crown. Thus we see the Prince fears nothing but God, and loves nothing on earth like the Queen, and the Kingdoms she governs; and, if ever any, Prince George of Denmark is a good man. He ventured his all in the late Revolution, and did all that was possible to deliver us from Popery and Slavery. Valour is so essential a part

of his Royal Highness, that it is part of his being; and the happy effects of it, for the support of "his native Country," for he so calls England * by the endearing tie of marriage, are never to be comprehended but by admiration. In him alone are to be found all the virtuous qualities of the best Princes in the world, without the vices of any of them. To sum up his character in few words, "He is the pattern and standard of conjugal love; a universal gentleman; and, if we view him as Lord High Admiral of England, we shall see him as the soul of the Royal Navy, acting vigorously, and regularly, every particular member in its several place and office." There has always been in his Royal Highness a most tender regard to the honour of England; and this kindness to England is a love common to him with a Wife the most excellent of Queens. He is married to a Queen who only could deserve him; and they *equally reign*; her Majesty, by the Laws of the Land, and by the joint desire of all her Subjects; and his Royal Highness, by a continued series of great actions, has erected him a Throne in every heart, the noblest Seat of Empire; and may he reign and govern there, as *King*, till he is crowned with immortality; and when their *mutual reign* is ended, for they love so tenderly they will go near to expire together, may they have nothing to do but to die and be *crowned* together above! And as his Royal Highness has adorned the Crown on her Majesty's head by his *ruling* in her subjects hearts, so it shall be our daily prayer that he may further make the Nation happy, by a *legitimate* Prince of Wales, who may succeed him in his Royal virtues, and continue the Crown, *entirely English*, to the end of Time.

The Royal Tide teems in his Princely veins,
And Virtue still the kindling life maintains;
Chaste Love and Courage blazon o'er his fame,
And with meridian beams write down his name.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF ENGLAND †. She ever had the character of being a very merciful, just, and

* In the letter hesent King James, upon his going over to the Prince of Orange.

† Catharine, the Dowager Queen of King Charles II. characterized as "Kate, our Sovereign's Mate, of the Royal House of Lisbon." EDIT.

peaceable Queen, never intermeddling with State matters. For her Religion, it is that of the Roman Catholic; but she still lives in our Litany; and who knows but the many prayers that are made for her may prevail with the Almighty to accept of the sincerity of her heart, notwithstanding the errors of her Religion?

Amidst the comely ruins of her face,
Some strokes of Majesty her aspect grace;
Her Royal Virtues not more brightly shone,
When, with her Charles, she bless'd the British Throne.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA. The Succession of the Crown, after Queen Anne, and her Issue, is settled on this Lady, and the illustrious House of Hanover; who is a most accomplished person for Piety, Justice, Charity, and Moderation.

From Royal Loins her bright extraction springs,
Whilst she reflects more than her Lineage brings;
A shining host of Virtues round her wait,
And vindicate her name from Time and Fate.

The victorious *Duke of Marlborough*, Captain General of her Majesty's Forces in Flanders, &c.; and, for his great victories obtained this year in Bavaria, is now made "Prince of the German Empire." This great General has an antipathy, by nature, against Popery and Arbitrary Government; and seems made for that very end to fight a Frenchman. He has a Life at the service of his Queen, his Country, and all Mankind. The very name of Cressy or Agincourt charms him; and he would much rather be buried there, in the Bed of Honour, than tamely die at home in his own. And indeed, what need a General fear, who, like the noble Marlborough, has the very hearts of his Soldiers, by his valour and generous nature? And I had almost said his Soldiers are as brave as he; for there is not a man in his whole Army knows what it is to murmur at or dispute his commands, any more than "to fly while he in person leads the battle;" which he will, if the Enemy will stand long enough to be killed, "through a sea of blood." Our valiant Marlborough had rather get new wounds, which he wears, as great men Stars, than boast of his old; and be in a new battle, than talk of those he has

formerly seen. Nature itself he can fight with, though perhaps not overcome. Rocks, Mountains, Rivers, Deluges, and Winter, never make him afraid*. He may retire, but never runs away; and his retreat is like the Sun, which mounts so low in Winter, only to take the advantage of wheeling about, and rising again in Summer, when saucy Fogs and Mists must all fly before him. This gives us hopes that the *Wild Beast* of France all this while keeps the World at a bay, only to bring more glory to the *English Mastiffs*, in tearing him to the ground. The victorious Marlborough rises in the Spring, like a snake that has lost his cloathing, all fresh, sprightly, and vigorous, calls for "New Bavarias, new Armies, new Kingdoms to conquer, and an Enemy that dare fight him;" and, if he falls in the battle, knows his cause is well worth it, and desires no better an Epitaph than these few words,

" ——— HERE LIES AN *ENGLISHMAN*."

But I shall not here recite all those heroic actions of this great General, which all Europe have celebrated, and none have equalled; nor can we doubt but the memory of his great actions will last, when Time shall have devoured the places where they were performed. When Donawart, Hockstet, and Landau, shall be a heap of rubbish, and the names might otherwise be swallowed in the ruin; they will be remembered by the greatest actions in the world, done there by the greatest Hero. Thus we find in the noble Marlborough the true spirit and bravery of Old Rome, that despises all dangers; nor can the manly roughness of his martial temper (fierce to none but his Country's Foes) destroy the engaging *sweetness* of his natural temper. Neither do these excellences puff him up; for, to complete his character, he is the brave Marlborough I have here described, without the least tincture of Pride or Vanity:

The noblest purple swells his generous veins,
Which yet he bravely spends in long campaigns:
A thirst of fame his gallant breast inspires,
And only Albion's peace can quench the fires.

* How exactly does this describe the immortal WELLINGTON; as the *Wild Beast* does the overwhelming Tyranny of Napoleon! EDIT.

See! how in comely dust and smoke he stands,
 Whilst nodding Fortune flies where he commands;
 Nor is his conduct, or his victories less,
 Amidst the fields and softer scenes of Peace:
 He is accessible, as are the skies;
 Whilst his tongue wounds us, as his Duchess' eyes.

The generous and noble *Duke of Devonshire*. His Grace is Lord of the Manor where my estate lies*; by which means I have had an opportunity to know his character. I shall not here take notice of the nobleness of his extraction, and the greatness of his descent. These are little things, not to be named with the admirable endowments of his mind. He merits all the deference that can be paid to a man of honour; for the noble blood that has filled his veins has not swelled his heart. His Grace is as humble as he is great; and though Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, &c. he uses such an obliging mien to all, as if he thought the only thing valuable in greatness is the power it gives to oblige. Designing but a short character of this worthy patriot, let us look for him next, where he appears best, in the Noble House of Lords, if it be not a sort of sacrilege to approach that little less than holy ground; settling the concerns of such a Nation as, perhaps, requires the wisest Heads in the World to do it; righting the Oppressed and Innocent, and promoting such good and wholesome Laws as Fifty Ages hence may bless him for. He had ever a mighty zeal for the Protestant Religion, for the interest of his Country, its Laws and Liberties. In the late time of difficulty and persecution, he was a strenuous defender of them. To conclude his character, his Honour he wears decently and easily, as if he rather condescended to, than ambitioned it; more for use than ornament; and for his Country's sake rather than his own.

The learned and noble *Duke of Buckingham*. He has all the powers of the soul in the highest perfection; a piercing wit, a quick apprehension, and an unerring judgment. He understands, critically, the *delicacies* of Poetry; is as great a Judge as he is a Patron of Learn-

* At Chesham, in Bucks.

ing; and were there any merit in Greatness, the Duke of Buckingham would be adored; for he has such a noble House in St. James's Park *, as may properly be called the Elysium of England; and, were not his Grace better principled than to forget Heaven for the sake of a *perishing glory*, he would little think of Mansions hereafter, who has such a Paradise as this to dwell in; but the generous man, like this illustrious Duke, is little affected with empty Greatness; but fixes himself in the hearts of the most valuable part of mankind, where proper merit only is esteemed; and the man, not his equipage and accidental appurtenances, respected.

The noble and loyal *Duke of Leeds*. He is lord of himself. His Passions are so many good servants, which stand in a diligent attendance, ready to be commanded by Law, Reason, and Religion. He is a great Statesman, and a true Son of the Church. And where shall we find strict morals, unaffected Devotion, refined Loyalty, or that old English Hero that made France and the World tremble, if not in the great Leeds? Neither can I forget his useful and noble Charities; and, as he is liberal to the poor, so he is courteous to all. Neither are any of his graces and virtues blemished by vanity or affectation.

The pious and illustrious *Duke of Newcastle*. He has the distinguishing love of his Queen and Country; is arrived in Titles next to Royal, the highest; and is blest with a Princely Fortune. If we search into his Life and Character, we shall find it a noble pattern of Piety, Learning, and Moderation; and, which yet makes him the greater blessing, he is a zealous promoter of the *Reformation*. And, if it be not *ill-manners* to follow him so far, let us look into his well-ordered Family in Clerkenwell †; and there we shall see him exercising that hospitality which, like Astrea, might seem to have left the World, were there not some good houses, like his, where she is so well entertained as to oblige her continuance amongst us.

* Now the Queen's Palace. EDIT.

† Newcastle House, in Clerkenwell-close, was then esteemed a very fashionable residence; as indeed were several other places still further Eastward. EDIT.

The truly noble and illustrious *Duke of Bedford*. We must travel many ages back in the leaves of Time, to discover the Spring of his very ancient and renowned Family. He is Son and Heir to the great Lord Russell, who died a Martyr for the Protestant Religion; and there is no reason to doubt but that his Grace, by his own personal worth and merit, will add lustre to that of his Noble Family. He succeeds, not only to the Honours of his Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long chain of Magnanimity, Courage, Easiness of access, and Desire of doing good, is so far from being broken in his Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late Posterity; and his flourishing Youth, and that of his pious and excellent Duchess, are happy omens of this wish. I heartily join with Dr. Freeman, in his Prayer for him, "that his Grace may outlive the years of his Grandfather; and, if it be possible, outshine his Virtues." Who can sufficiently admire, or fully imitate, the sweetness of his temper? The greatness of his Birth makes him the more humble: even a Crown might be refused with pride, and worn with humility; so that Heaven has taken care to form his Grace for an Hero. He has all the advantages of mind and body, and an illustrious birth, conspiring to render him an extraordinary person.

James Duke of Queensberry. He had an eminent relation to our late glorious Monarch, when he represented him in the station of High Commissioner; and his great merits did again prefer him to the same character under his excellent Successor; so that he has been twice High Commissioner; and it further heightens his character, that he is a *Williamite Duke*, if I may so speak; for he early embarked on the Revolution bottom (was one of the first of the Noblemen in Scotland that declared for the Prince of Orange), and was eminently zealous and constant to the ends and measures of his late Majesty. And no man will doubt this, that reads his Speech to the Scotch Parliament, wherein he says, "While Religion and Liberty are in any value, King William's memory must be in perpetual honour." I might enlarge in his Grace's character, but that his Fame, by the

many services he has done the Crown, has made it needless.

His cares are pressing, as his post is high ;
 He wins not honour by Court policy.
 Long may the laurels on his temples spring,
 Counsel, and all the conduct of a King.

The illustrious *Duke of Shrewsbury*. He has a fine and just taste of what is great and honourable ; a turn of soul, and depth of judgment, which distinguish him from the Vulgar in every thing he speaks and acts.

The pious *Marquis of Hartington*. His goodness is as diffusive as his greatness is illustrious. The name which he has acquired by his Merit is as great as that which he took from his Family ; and he will transmit more lustre to his Posterity, than he derives from his Ancestors.

The wise, valiant, and charitable *Earl of Galway*, formerly Lord Justice of Ireland, and now General of her Majesty's Forces in Portugal. I shall not here take notice of the nobleness of his extraction, and the greatness of his Descent. These are little things, not to be named with the sweetness of his temper, his love to England and Ireland, and his sincere and unaffected piety. Nothing but Sin has his frown ; the good actions of men have his praise, their weakness his excuse, their afflictions his pity, and their distresses his succour.

The loyal *Earl of Rochester*. He is Uncle to Queen Anne, and Brother to the Earl of Clarendon. King William III. finding him qualified for a high post, made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Excellency seemed to be set in this conspicuous place, on purpose to guide the people into the path of love and obedience to their God and King. He is a person of extraordinary sense, and very close thinking, a refined Politician, and was ever a firm adherer to the Royal Line ; but his zeal for the Church is the most remarkable quality in him, and so perfumes the actions of his whole life, that it makes him whatever is brave, generous, merciful, just, and good. Take him in all his stations, as Ambassador, Privy Counsellor, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. there is still the same vein of English bravery, true courage, due moderation, eternal truth and fidelity, that run through

him without distinction. But I will stop here; for what greater proof of all these virtues, than King William's choice of him to represent his Royal Person in Ireland?

His Sires deceas'd in ancient Annals shine;
And he the brightest of the Princely Line.

The learned *Earl of Pembroke*. And here I am proud that I cannot flatter. Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both sexes; but Learning and Wit are confined to a more narrow compass. They are not shared by many, and their supreme perfection is in this noble Earl.

The noble *Earl of Warrington*. He has given early proofs of steering the whole course of his life by the correct and almost perfect example of his noble Father. In this respect, brave men never die; but are like the Phoenix, from whose perfumed ashes one or other still doth spring up like them.

The magnanimous *Earl of Essex*, Son to the noble *Capel*, who was barbarously murdered by Popish cut-throats. He is a bright pattern of Virtue and Courage; an Ornament to the Nobility; a Patron of Liberty, and honoured and beloved by all good men.

The Right Honourable *Earl of Dorset*. I have not room, or would treat at large of his matchless Poetry, and shew how good a master he is in the most substantial and valuable parts of Learning. It is to him we owe the birth of several ingenious Pieces. And all he advances is well bottomed, solid, and yet lively and grave, as well as shining. His Discourses are the living mirror of his mind and temper; and shew some secret charm that inspires all he says. A man cannot read his Writings a minute, and leave them in an ill humour. The serenity that runs through them lays the very passions of the peruser; and he is all filled with ideas that are calm and pleasant. The Statesman, or Poet, appears in all he writes; and every line is a vein of Oratory. His style is manly and fine; and should a man venture to give the least sentence a turn, he would perfectly spoil it. In a word, he is a complete Statesman, a first-rate Poet, and a Peer of great Honour and Learning.

The loyal *Earl of Nottingham*. I shall not speak of the wit and parts of this great Man, or of those exemplary virtues that shined so bright in his youthful days. To give a character of all these, would require a volume. He was Principal Secretary of State for several years, and was always faithful to his great Trust. All the *Finches* have been famous for their wit and learning; and this noble Earl is a master of eloquence; yet his Speeches in Parliament were never known to falter with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses; and when his name is traduced (as has been the fate of the best Favourites) his innocency bears him out with courage; so that, come what will, he either triumphs in his integrity, or suffers with it. His Loyalty and Honour have cost him much; and he does both keep, value, and employ them; and, which crowns his character, he is a Peer of strict and remarkable justice, an excellent Paymaster, and a most accomplished Gentleman.

The *Lord Godolphin*, Lord High Treasurer of England. He has a great and noble fortune; but it is chiefly so to him, because he has a great and noble mind to employ it to the best uses. When Popery invaded our Established Religion, he was one of those Noble Patriots that defended it with an upright zeal. He understood our Constitution entirely, and that made him the more hearty in asserting it upon all occasions. He is a Statesman of a profound and orthodox judgment (with a happy cool temper), which deservedly gains him so great reputation with all loyal and good men. In the Public Worship of God, he is a bright example of solemn and unaffected devotion. He is great in all valuable excellences, nor greater in any than in his most condescending goodness; and, which crowns his Character, he performs all the duties and relations of human life with sincere piety.

The polite and noble *Lord Halifax*.—I will not here pretend to give the world the Character of this great Peer. That would be as if an unskilful hand should presume to draw Sir Godfrey, and then present him with the Picture. Great Wits and great Painters are ablest to draw themselves. He has done it for himself so gloriously, by the extraordinary graces and particular fire in his Poetry, that he who will not take him for a great

Poet by what he has said in King William's praise (if there can be so stupid a wretch), will hardly believe it upon what I can declare; and he who will not believe him a judicious Critick upon his own *Remarks*, will hardly believe it upon mine.—Thus far the ingenious Motteux, in his Dedication to this Noble Wit, whilst he was one of the Lords Commissioners of King William's Treasury. I shall add to his Character—His *Fancy* is brisk and beautiful; and his Poems witness he knows how to soar to a pitch of transport and ecstasy whenever he pleases; so that those who read any of his Works must be very intent, if some beauty of expression, or stretch of reason, do not escape their notice, among that throng of delicacies which embellish his productions. He is also well read in Humanity, and familiar with the politer branches of Literature, as Morality, Oratory, &c. so that the only difficulty here is, which Faculty is his master-piece. Neither does the softness and harmony of his soul prejudice him against the knots and intricacies of the Schools; and yet he is such a Votary to Reason, that he does disrelish the notions of the ablest Philosophers, if inconsistent with the measures of good thinking. Yet all these Studies do not divert him from the Study of Himself: he repeats this lesson with constancy and severity, as the evenness and regularity of his conversation abundantly shew. To conclude his Character: He is affable, easy, and obliging, candid and ingenuous; and all these qualities are so well tempered, that he is almost without precedent.

The learned and noble *Lord Haversham* *. His penetration and deep knowledge in the affairs of Europe (as appears by his excellent Speeches) supply him with expedients in those intricacies where most other Politicians are at a stand. He is a Patriot of a public and discerning spirit (was against passing the Occasional Bill); and asserts the Rights of the Church of England, without persecuting the Dissenters. He has about him all the *tenderness* of good-nature, as well as all the *softness* of friendship. He carries himself with wonderful conduct

* Sir John Thompson, bart. having been active in the House of Commons for the Revolution, was created Baron of Haversham 1698, and died 1709. EDIT.

and loyalty; and has a quick and generous sense of the miseries of mankind.

The charitable *Earl of Thanet*. He is made up of compassion and goodness: (I could name several Families he has kept from starving); and his whole conduct may be safely followed, as the perfect standard of Piety and Virtue.

The grave *Lord Paget*. To do justice to the merits of this antient Peer, is a task of more weight than my time will allow, or indeed my abilities; for, to draw him to the life, one must speak like him (that is, with all the softness of the fair sex, and all the fire of ours). When a traveller like him appears, all are inspired with wonder and delight.

The noble *Lord Wharton*. He descended from a pious and antient Family; and, being a true Patriot and generous Man, is universally admired.

Sir Nathan Wrighte, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. He is deservedly advanced to the highest pinnacle of State Preferments; and his conduct is so wise and loyal, as convinces the world that it is only religious and real Goodness establishes Greatness. He knows, and deserves, all the respect due to his high place; but he does not suffer empty Titles to puff him up, or permit inequality of state to work strangeness of countenance. My only Brother * had an honourable post by his recommendation; and he is kind and generous to all his Relations. He was faithful to his great trust when King William reigned, and is now as loyal to Queen Anne; and, should his Country call him, would refuse no hazard, think much of no charge, to preserve it. In a word, he excels in every grace; but his great Humility is the most shining character of all his actions, and his large Charity the most useful—

The cares of counsel o'er his aspect reign;
Though great, he's just: nor, midst his honours, vain:
His life's an equal thread, correctly spun;
Secure his interest, when his days are done.

Sir John Holt, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England. He is so impartial in his administration of Justice, that we may call him "a second *Hale*." He makes the Laws and true interest of England the standard and measure

* Mr. *Lake* Dunton.

of all his actions. Wherever he sits as Judge, we behold Justice with her Sword and Balance equally dividing, and impartially weighing out, the Rewards of Virtue, and Punishment of Vice ; Poverty never excluding the innocent, nor Power absolving the guilty. His eminent Piety, as well as his high place, has ever set him above Bribes. Like the first *Hale*, he esteems them venomous though they come gilded over with the colour of gratitude. And as his Justice is blind to all Offenders, so his hands are continually open to receive the Petitions of the meanest. To conclude his Character : He is exactly honourable, pious, and faithful to his great trust ; and, if ever that character belonged to any man, it does to his Lordship—"that he lives universally beloved ; and whenever he dies (he is such a public blessing) will be as generally lamented."

The sovereign power he poises in the scale
With common rights ; nor that, nor these prevail :
He frowns on Vice, on Virtue casts a smile ;
And Albion now turns a reforming Isle.

The valiant *Sir George Rooke*. He is Admiral in Chief of her Majesty's Fleet ; and if all under him do but follow their Leader, they need do no more. How many valiant Seamen does such a courageous Captain make ! The late Victory at Sea was wholly owing to his conduct and valour. The cannons which shattered his Fleet could not move his courage. And what wonders did he do at Gibraltar ! It was here he chased bright Fame with the roaring cannon.

See, see, the volleys ! Hark ! the cannons roar,
And stop his dreadful passage to the shore !
Yet, midst the hostile noise, the power attends ;
Amidst their flying squadrons he ascends,
And now, like lightning, all their breaking ranks he rends.

"Cheer ho, Seamen ! clap on more sail, and never fear, for you carry Rooke (a braver man than Cæsar) in the boat." In a word, Sir George is patient of all hardships and fatigues ; if he may not be said rather to enjoy than endure them. He knows his business at Sea is not so much to eat as to fight. It is not Money, but Honour, he ventures his life for ; and whoever consi-

ders his matchless Bravery in the late Victory at Sea, will call him the *Invincible Admiral*.

*Robert Harley, Esq.** His merit is greater than his Fortune, though Fortune has partly reconciled the Man of Wit, her strongest Enemy, to her, by the honourable post she has judiciously conferred upon him: He is both Principal Secretary of State, and Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons. In this high place, he is the same good man that he ever was. The honour which he has received from the Queen and Parliament has made no alteration in his former engaging temper and carriage. He is still as free, and as affable to his meaner friends, as he was before; whereas we daily see many persons whom a little honour, or advancement, changes from all the good qualities they once possessed, to loftiness and pride; and though this may not cause them to lose some outward civilities from those that are dazzled with their shining grandeur, yet they do thereby lose all that reverence and esteem in the minds of men which otherwise they might expect; but this worthy Patriot never forgets the duties of his high place, the ties of friendship, or the practice of generosity. He knows the Constitution of the Government in which he lives; and knows that it has entrusted him with a high station on purpose to trim the Vessel of the Commonwealth—if Prerogative swags too far on the one side, to step over to Property; if that should be troublesome, to lean again to the other; and by his great prudence and moderation to keep all things steady and even. But, though his Honour comes to his high places with this long train of virtues, and with a purpose of doing good to all (I will not except the Dissenters themselves); yet he must expect that his high preferment will contract an envy upon him from Jacobites and Papists, whose dim eyes cannot see, or whose cankered spirits will not weigh his zeal for the Church and State in a righteous scale. “The Hill of Honour is dangerously trod, though by never so fair and meritorious feet;” and envious men hate to acknowledge a worth beyond their own; the Promotion that falls not on their own heads grieves their hearts, and is spoken against: but sure his Honour is an exception from this rule; for,

* Afterwards Earl of Oxford. EDIT.

if ever any Minister of State had every body's good word, it is Mr. Secretary Harley.

Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Knight and Baronet. His person is of the middle size; his temper even and agreeable. He loves Religion, but he hates extremes. His Piety and Devotion are unaffected, and yet as remarkable as his love to the Church of England. He was formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and is in the Parliament-house a true Englishman—"still the same:" you know where he will be; for, the good of his Country being always in his eye, he never moves. He is a strenuous assertor and defender of his Country's Religion and Rights against all opposers, and that in a lawful and Parliamentary method: being a person of great judgment. He is free from faction, and noise, and anger; and is a true lover of his Queen and Country—

Fair Albion's Senate, once a listening throng,
Confess'd the wondrous beauties of his tongue:
His Country's Patriot, and the Land's defence;
For this, as well as that, shares the kind Providence.

Sir Henry Ashurst, Knight and Baronet. He is blest with an inquisitive genius, a noble freedom of thought, and a generous love of Truth; his public spirit and shining virtues are too conspicuous to be concealed from general observation, and his Charity is not confined to Sects and Parties.

The Right Honourable *John Howe*, Esq. He is advanced to the honour of a Privy Counsellor, and is deservedly famed for his Wit and Loyalty. He agrees to a hair with the Doctrine of the Church of England, and conforms to all her Rites and Ceremonies; and yet his zeal for the Church (whatever the Dissenters may say of it) has nothing of phrenzy or passion in it. He speaks fine things in the House of Commons, dressed up in a clean and charming vehicle; and his Knowledge is of so large an extent, that, if it were not for the variety of Vouchers, I should be afraid to say all I have heard. In a word, he is a complete Gentleman, and discharges his high post with great Justice, Honour, and Conscience.

Sir Humphrey Mackworth. He is a true Son of the Church, as appears by his learned Writings; and his zeal

against Occasional Conformity has endeared his name to all true Dissenters. He is a man of a clear head, and a great ornament to the House of Commons. In most things he is a pattern worthy to be imitated; and in many things it will be difficult for most I know to resemble him. His conversation is frank, as if he had nothing else to recommend him, and as pleasant and innocent as you can suppose an Angel's. He always expresses a great deal of modesty and humility in his carriage and conduct; and his Charity is very remarkable. Censoriousness, and speaking ill of persons, or believing easily any bad reports of others, are vices he has a great aversion to. Loyalty and Kindness are his peculiar virtues. The pleasures and vanities of the World are his burthen rather than objects of his desires; and in the midst of Temporal Honours and Plenty, he preserves a mind mortified to these impertinencies.

Sir Edward Seymour. He is the Standard of Wit and Loyalty. He has considered exactly the beauties and true mystery of style; and when he speaks in the House of Commons, it is with so much reason and eloquence, he is listened to as an Oracle. His sentences never run a man out of breath, but are short and clear; and whenever he speaks to the House, he says no more than is just necessary to convey the ideas of things with force and evidence; so that his Audience is always well entertained, and surprized with something new, and out of the beaten road. This learned Patriot was lately Comptroller of her Majesty's Household; but the pomp of Greatness, attendance upon Courts, and a high Station, had something in them contrary to his humble Genius. To conclude: His Life shined in every part (both public and private); his Character is unblemished; and his Virtue too bright and exemplary to be soiled by any ordinary artifice.

Sir Thomas Roberts He is a Patriot that pays a deference and respect to all that bear the image of Christ, under what denomination soever they pass; and has a most particular zeal against all severities and persecution upon the account of Religion. The Lord's-day particularly he sanctifies, by shewing a good example at Church, and taking care at home that his Family is

employed in hearing and understanding things which belong to the everlasting peace. The Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist he has learnt to prize at a very great rate; and his preparations for it, by fasting and prayer, and holy exercises, the Week before, are such, that he convinces those about him, that receiving worthily is a thing of the highest consequence. Great prudence and discretion also appear in the management of his secular affairs. He always keeps within the compass that his estate will bear; and, when chosen a Member of Parliament, he serves his Country with great fidelity.

Sir St. Andrew St. John. He is an exact pattern of true Piety, Learning, and Moderation. It is in his Family, wherein not an oath nor a prophane jest can be heard, where sobriety is habitual, where Virtue and Religion triumph, and the worship of God is daily and devoutly performed.

The generous *Sir Owen Buckingham*, the present Lord Mayor of London. The inhabitant of his beautiful fabrick is a soul that far excels it; like a fair intelligence in a glorious Planet, it informs and directs each organ to the exact performance of their proper functions; and, which crowns the rest, Sir Owen is endued with moderate principles, a discerning judgment, and is a true friend to English Liberties.

Sir William Humphries, our new Sheriff. He was my opposite Neighbour for many years; and I can say, of my own knowledge, he is a person of a generous and open temper, an easy and free conversation, a constant and devout Churchman, and master of the art of obliging.

William Fazakerley, Esq. the present Chamberlain of the City of London. I confess, I never did, nor ever shall, vote for any man to this honourable post but the loyal and ingenious *Dockwra*; for I think the Citizens of London are obliged in gratitude to take all opportunities to reward Mr. Dockwra's chargeable and useful invention of the *Penny Post*. But, seeing the choice of Chamberlain has fallen on Mr. Fazakerley, I shall do him that justice to say, they could not fix (Mr. Dockwra excepted) on a fitter man; for Mr. Fazakerley is a Citizen of great experience and honesty; and is so

impartial in hearing the complaints, both of Master and Servant, that he generally gives sentence to both their content. One would think, by the winning terms our Chamberlain uses to quiet domestic feuds, that he was able to *reconcile antipathies*; and, sure I am, *Little-case** is a fit place for that Apprentice (or Master either) that will not follow his good advice.

Sir Salathiel Lovel, Recorder of London. His impartial Charge to the London Juries shews his great respect to Justice and the Laws of the land, and his Religion is all of a piece; for he is strictly just, as well as sincerely devout. He distributes his favours (both to Churchmen and Dissenters) with so equal hands, that JUSTICE herself could not have held the Scales more even, and with a natural propensity to do good. And he is thus devout, just, and bountiful, from a principle of conscience; choosing rather to be good than great.

Alderman Clayton. He is a rich and eminent Citizen; and, upon the account of his great age, may be called "The Father of the City;" yet the height of his condition does not exalt his mind. His devotion in his Closet and Family is constant, uniform, and regular; and he is very much for unity and peace in the Church; but his opinion is, that they might be preserved by a mutual forbearance in matters of Ceremony, without a rigid imposition of them; for he knows it is equally superstitious to shew too much zeal, either for or against them.

Alderman Stamp. He is a loyal subject, and true Englishman. He endeavours to encourage Piety and Virtue, and to oppose and discountenance all vice and wickedness. His beneficence and his alms are of the same piece with his piety. He is a true friend to mankind, and a benefactor to the human nature.

Alderman Ashurst. He is a man of a brave and generous soul; a true lover of his Country. I had the honour to dine at his table when he was Lord Mayor; and I could not imagine any good quality that is requisite to the accomplishment of a Gentleman which was not conspicuous in him.

* A temporary place of *close confinement* for refractory Apprentices, formerly in use, under the Giants in Guildhall. EDIT.

Alderman Lane. He is sincere in his piety, pleasant in his conversation, and a faithful Magistrate.

Alderman Abney. He is a most accomplished Citizen; a man of universal charity; nor has any Lord Mayor, these fifty years, kept a more generous and noble Mayoralty.

Alderman Houlton. None of his actions carry any symptom of vanity; and he is so nobly free in his whole conduct, that he is admired of all parties.

Alderman Levett. He is a great encourager of the Reformation, an humble man, and a finished Citizen.

Alderman Heathcote. He is a person of as known prudence as integrity; a good Christian, a complete Citizen, a wise Alderman, and a zealous Church-of-England-man; and all that know him must own he is very much a Gentleman. Neither is he less remarkable for his great zeal to suppress debauchery, and for his noble favours to the Sons of the Muses; which, though the most unworthy, I am able to testify from my own experience. It further heightens his Character, that he is no Bigot to any party. He loves and respects his Fellow-citizens, not as Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents, but as honest men; and for those Hot-heads that think otherwise, they can be no Friends to a good Magistrate, or their Native Country.

“ Unblemish'd in his life, as light's pure beams,
 Dispassionate, nor ruffled in extremes:
 Our hopes begin to bloom, we bless the day
 That cloath'd his merit with a Patriot's sway.”

To these *Lay* Characters, I might add some that move in a lower Orb; as,

The ingenious and courteous *Arnold*.

Orthodox and modest *Rymer*.

Athenian Mills.

Unriveted Dr. *Milbourn*.

Roger Clavel. His passions are so moderate, Fame and Glory cannot exalt him, nor unjust censure deject him; and if he leaves his Trade for a Country Life, it is that he may get to Heaven with less interruption.

Mrs. Anne Annesley. She was the first (and happy) occasion of my being acquainted with dear Iris; and

therefore to drop her pious Character would be ungrateful. She is a Wit for certain; and, however Time may have dealt by her, when I first beheld her, I thought Art never feigned, nor Nature formed, a finer Woman.

Mr. *Arwaker*. It is here we see the highest pitch of perfect wit; but to know his Character, read his matchless poem, intituled "Queen Mary's Ghost."

Industrious and thriving *John Marshal*. A man conscientious in his dealings, and a punctual observer of his word; and for that reason, I heartily wish him success in his new purchase of "The Western Martyrology."

Mrs. *Bingham*. All her expressions, both from her tongue and pen, run smooth and rational; solid, clear, and genuine; and it is impossible that any thing which is not so should fall from her. She is able to calculate Nativities; and can,—&c. but it is character enough to say she is—*Nancy's Friend*.

Genteel *Bettisworth*. His garb and gesture is free and natural, and his eyes sparkle like any thing.

Ingenious *Ward*, the famous Author of "The London Spy." He was truly born a Poet, not made, not formed by industry; and (which is a great service to a man that follows the *calling* of an Author) his Muse is never subject to the curse of "bringing forth with pain;" for he wrote that curious poem, "The Repenting Harlot," in a few days; and he writes with the greatest ease. He is a man of a peculiar style, and his Works are in great esteem.

Discreet *Blanchard*. She has sweetness and good-nature in her air and words; and if this age has produced a perfect Virgin, it is Mrs. Blanchard.

Mrs. *Judith Annesley*. She obliged me with being a Bridemaid at Iris's Wedding; and once thought me her Friend*; but, as is usual in such cases, my *misfortunes* have given a new air to my face, and I do not find she continues to know me. However, she was Iris's beloved Sister; and I will give her a true character. She is a Virgin of eminent piety. Good Books (and, above all; the Book of Books) are her sweetest entertainment; and she finds more comfort there than others do in their

* As appears by the Letters she sent to me to Tunbridge and Dublin.

Dressing-room, or Wardrobe. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul, and the course of her actions, by daily and strict examination of both.

The loyal and ingenious *Tutchin* (alias *Master Observer*); the bold Asserter of English Liberties; the scourge of the High-flyers; the Seaman's Advocate; the Detector of the Victualling-office; the scorn and terror of Fools and Knaves; the Nation's *Argus*, and the Queen's faithful Subject. He writes with the air of a Gentleman, and sincerity of a Christian; and I would towel him myself (or make his Countryman do it) if I did not think him an honest man.

Nathaniel (alias *Bunyan*) *Ponder*. He has sweetness and enterprize in his air, which plead and anticipate in his favour.

Affable *Wiggins*. His conversation is general, but never impertinent.

Precise *West*; a man once of more money than brains, but now a slave to the World. He was in wicked haste (*i. e.* he sued out his indentures) to get from under the beck of his very kind and honest Master, Mr. *Samuel Manship*; and here we see what a Saint he is, and to what fine purpose he acts the Master, that will not obey when he is a Servant.

Madam *Rachael Seuton*. Her air was charming and sweet; and (being my first Mistress) I thought her an Angel in flesh and blood*.

Mrs. *Bishop*. She is a person of a free and generous temper; and, might she have acted *herself*, would have been as grateful as I could have wished.

The kind and golden *Venables*. He is so good a man, and so truly charitable, he that will write of him must still write more.

Mr. *Nevil Simmonds*. He was very generous to his learned Author (Mr. Richard Baxter), and a Bookseller of great piety. His charity was extensive, though managed with the greatest secrecy. His conjugal affection (as well as his Son's †) was very exemplary; and though it must be owned that, with all this stock of virtue, he was subject to inadvertencies and infirmities; yet they

* See p. 47.

† Whose Character you have in p. 224.

were not cherished or allowed of, but still encountered and opposed with antidotes of repentance and watchfulness; so that his life was useful, and the loss of it was justly lamented.

Accomplished *Hardesty*.

"Big with important sense, her every line
Speaks her a Norris, or an old Divine."

Mr. *A*——. He is a second West * for suing out his Indentures, and (being big of himself) I suppose will act the Master to as much purpose.

The ingenious and pious *Godfrey*. Iris loved her entirely, and she deserved all her friendship. She devoted to Heaven the first and the best part of her time. She embraced Religion when its Professors were persecuted and imprisoned. She had ill treatment from some of her near kindred, but was still happy in the constant friendship of Mrs. *Finley*. Mrs. *Godfrey* lived with me several years; and I always observed in her a cheerful and contented spirit under all events, and a most undissembled piety; and as she lived a virtuous life (and indeed the wonder of this present age), so she reserved nothing to do for a dying bed, but quietly expired in the arms of Iris (her dear Friend) with a devout resignation of her soul to Almighty God. Dr. *Annesley* preached her Funeral Sermon; and she was decently interred (as she had desired of me) in the New Burying-place.

Witty (alias *Sylvester*) *Dancer*, a man blessed with a retentive memory, and happy fancy.

Mr. *Richard Bateman*. He is an eminent Surgeon, and Son to that famous Bateman who died a martyr for the Protestant Religion. He is devout, yet void of superstition, strict without ill-humour and the spleen. He is good-natured without weakness, cheerful without levity, and regular without affectation.

The generous and courteous *Goodall*. I call her so, as she had a hand in my second marriage; and would go a thousand miles to make Valeria, or me, happy.

I might say the same of that pleasant Virgin, Mrs. *Mary Oxton*. Her aspect is composed of mirth and

* See page 356.

modesty ; and for her zeal to get me a good Wife, I heartily wish her a kind Husband.

Mr. *Bury*, my old Neighbour in Redcross-street. He is a plain honest man ; sells the best Coffee in all the neighbourhood ; and lives in this World like a spiritual Stranger and Pilgrim in a Foreign Country.

Anabaptist (alias *Elephant*) *Smith*. He was a man of great sincerity, and happy contentment in all circumstances of life.

Mr. *Trent*. He has been my dear and intimate Friend for twenty years ; and I can warrant this for his true character : Mr. Trent is a very ingenious, bookish man ; abhors the pomps and vanities of this life ; and is neither possessed of the spirit of the world, nor conformed to it in judgment, affection, or conversation.

Madam *Fromantle* (my Sister, before her advancement). She is the only person I ever knew, whom an estate made more humble and condescending. Her life is one continued act of tenderness, wit, and piety.

Justice Oneby. He has been a pious, temperate man, all his days ; and though he is now in his 80th year, he looks as young and hearty as a man of 50. He is justly admired for his impartial justice, and great moderation, to all persons. I think it a special blessing, that I have the honour of his acquaintance, and I wish I may tread in his pious steps ; for he labours after conformity to his suffering Lord, in a spirit and life of true mortification ; and enjoys such communion with him, as works his heart to a happy relish of a mortified state. I might enlarge in this Gentleman's character, for it is only here the Flatterer never lyeth.

Mr. *Garthwait*. He is a meek and humble man in his family ; and in his public devotion there appears that gravity, and seriousness, and attention, that it is easy to perceive his soul is affected with the service.

Mr. *Herbert Jones* senior. The life of this worthy Gentleman has been a various scene, composed of brighter and more melancholy hours. He is very happy in all his children (and perhaps the World has not known a more ingenious woman than his Daughter *Kenswel*) ; and he is no less happy in himself ; for he is a man of a noble spirit ; and it is pity but his princely House at

Monmouth should be continued in his Family to the end of time.

Aged Belland. He was a faithful Servant to Dr. Annesley to the day of his death ; and I never knew a more humble man, or a better Christian.

Mr. King. He succeeded me in my Shop in the Poultry. He is a serious, well-grounded Christian. He makes as much conscience in receiving of good, as he does in doing of good ; and for his Trading in the World (wherein God hath blessed him), I have observed (while he continued my Tenant) how punctual, how just, and how impartial he would be, even to "the dust of the Balance ;" a great ornament to his Christian profession.

Mr. Benjamin Harvey. He was born in the Town where my Father was Minister ; and I shall always covet his friendship, for he is a generous good man ; never slights an old acquaintance because he is unfortunate ; and all his actions are perfectly devoted to Religion and Virtue.

Madam Hacker. She was a kind and tender Mother-in-law to my Brother *Lake Dunton*, and the most generous Friend that he ever had ; neither was he less happy in a kind and virtuous Wife. And I must say (both of Mother and Daughter) that their whole Life is a study to die well.

Mr. Durant, a Linen-draper in Cheapside. I came first acquainted with him at Tunbridge-Wells, and thought myself very happy in his conversation. He is a modest, humble, religious man ; does not judge by factions or parties ; but is universal in his duty, as well as spiritual.

Cousin Taylor. She was a tender and constant friend to my dear Iris. She attended, and helped her, in her forty weeks illness, with indefatigable zeal, and diligence, and love ; and to her, next to me, she used most freely to communicate her thoughts. She "mourned with her when she mourned ;" and, for several weeks, seemed "to wake with her when she waked ;" being, at all hours of the night, not only within call, but even to a wonder as it were actually ready to assist her ; and therefore, though some have been so ungrateful to forget her love and care of their tender Mother, I shall ever

acknowledge her affection to Iris, as it was both tender and durable ; and though I am not hugely fond of life, yet I pray God I may live so long as to be able to requite her kindness.

Sister Sudbury. I call her so, as she is the only Sister I have in the world (either by affinity or consanguinity) that has a soul brave enough to own a Friend in adversity. It is true, some others will give me a kind nod ; but the grateful Sudbury treats me as if I were still rich. Like the glow-worm, the emblem of true Friendship, she has still shined to me in the dark ; and I here take occasion to tell her, that her generous treatment has obliged a person that knows how to be grateful (and will be so) when opportunity offers.

Mrs. Johanna Milner. I shall not flourish on her outward form, her face, and shape (though these are not without their charms) ; but I shall speak of her inward beauty. This (to use the words of a late Writer) is "too great to be confined in her own breast ; it adorns her, and comforts others." She is not like those who have great virtues and great vices too, but she distinguishes herself from all others, by an unaffected sweetness and piety ; all her actions are like the smiles of sleeping Infants, without disguise or art. And as to her voice, it is so excelling all those I ever heard, that I am at a loss for words to describe it ; being only able to say, it is superlatively fine. In a word, she is a very ingenious honest Virgin ; and, though she has had her troubles, has more wit and manners in her little finger than her Sister H— has in her whole body.

Honest and courteous *Luntley* ; but a little too innocent for some men ; for Luntley asking advice about a Socinian Book, he was merely tricked out of the Copy by the very Loon that dissuaded him from it.

There are other *Lay Persons* that I either forget, or reserve for the "Second Part of my Life."

I would next insert (would my room allow it) a very particular account of the Lives and Characters of several pious, learned, and charitable Prelates ; as,

Dr. Tenison, Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*. We have excellent both Doctrine and Worship, and as good a class of Bishops and Clergy, as any Church under the

avens. Of this, the present Archbishop of Canterbury is an eminent instance. If we search into his Life & Character, we shall find it an exact Pattern of true Piety, Learning, and Moderation. It is not his being *My Lord,* or *"His Grace,"* has changed his temper, (contrary to mean spirits) his Honour and Learning *"made him the more humble."* He is the great Light of the Church of England, and may justly be called *verable*. It was this conspicuous Piety and Learning that so soon raised our Bishop, from a private post, to Minister of St. Martin's, where he erected a School & Library at his own charges, which was a useful and noble Charity. That sent him from thence to be Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards made him Archbishop of Canterbury; where he guides his high orb with admirable firmness and dexterity; dispensing the influence of his example to direct the steps of the inferior Clergy in the ways of Truth and Devotion.

Dr. Sharp, Lord Archbishop of York. Where shall I put him? When so many things present themselves, it is difficult reducing them into order; when such a variety of attributes meet, it is not easy to judge which most contribute to his just Character. Those who (like Archbishop Sharp) are raised upon Virtue, are durable and unobscured; others may shine sooner, but these surer & longer: those are as blazing Meteors, these as Fixed Stars. I shall first speak of him, in a lower orb, as Minister of St. Giles's; here his labours were unwearied, & such efficacy accompanied the Word preached (and *unexampled* Eloquence) that St. Giles's was greatly improved. But, King William hearing how useful he was to the Church, we must prepare to meet him in a higher sphere; and the next Preferment he bestowed upon him was the Archbishoprick of York; and here we find him acting suitably to the toil and greatness of that large sphere he is called to preside over.

Dr. Thomas Sprat, Lord Bishop of Rochester. He is a consummate in all sorts of Piety and Learning; is a great master of the English Tongue, and may deservedly be called the Universal Scholar; witness his matchless History of the Royal Society; and his other Works, which have supported their first character to this day:

they have flourished into reputation by the length of their date; and, like wine improved with age, they never grow stale upon our hands; not like your ordinary Coin, which may go to-day, and to-morrow be called in; but like Gold by weight, which is eternally current.

Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, Lord Bishop of *Sarum*. Men had need be very good, and very wise, that lead others; both which may be said of the Bishop of Salisbury. This generous Prelate is "rich in good works," and does as willingly seek out objects of his Charity as others do avoid them. He is crowded by the Poor, as a common Father. He delivers his Sermons with a great deal of zeal and action; and whether he unfolds the deeper mysteries of Divinity, or matters of Controversy, there is something so moving in them all, that makes conquests of his Hearers; so that they are never weary of the subject, nor over-jaded with listening. His printed Works (especially his "History of the Reformation") have done great service to the Church of England; yet men that are too warm and furious in their temper have endeavoured to represent him under all the colours of disadvantage, as though he was disaffected, and wanted a just zeal for the Church, because he treats the Dissenters with due moderation. These Hot-spurs are a little mistaken in their scheme of Ecclesiastical Policy: they think men may be frowned into reason and principle; and that inhumanity is an argument for conviction. Bishop Burnet has studied History and Human Nature to better purpose; and his great Charity, Moderation, and Learning, have made him a public Blessing.

Dr. *Simon Patrick*, Lord Bishop of *Ely*. He has read a vast deal in the Scriptures, and has gone very nicely through the whole Controversies of Religion; and that he is a true Master in the whole Body of Divinity, all will own, that read his "Parable of the Pilgrim," his "Christian Sacrifice," and the rest of his pious Writings, which were a *second* to his practice. The *first Edition* of them was in his own breast. He wears not his Religion, as he does his Lawn Sleeves, as an *extempore* Dignity; but, in all the conditions and changes of life, it was incorporated and wrought into the threads of his actions. He performs the offices of Piety with as much

ease and cheerfulness as if they had been ripened into instinct and nature in him; it runs through all the circumstances of his conduct, and diffuses itself through all the scenes and branches of his converse. In a word, he is deservedly called "the Preaching Bishop;" and, were all others like him in that respect, the Dissenters would have no colour to complain that "these Bishops *Sermonize* so seldom;" for every one of his days is a Sermon in effect, and he is ripe for Heaven.

Dr. Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of *Gloucester*. He has the affection as well as the title of a Father; tender, and mild, and compassionate, even to those that are disobedient; like those of old, "worthy of double honour;" and, which greatly enhances his character, he was (in the worst of times) a professed enemy to persecution. Had this Prelate lived in the primitive times, he had been one of the eminent Fathers of that age; and they that consider his great Piety, Learning, and Moderation, readily own he is a great honour to the present Hierarchy.

Dr. Beveridge, Lord Bishop of *St. Asaph*. He is but a young Bishop, though an antient and learned man. His inherent greatness wanted no outward accessions; and all the preferment he was ambitious of was, to go from his Flock in Cornhill unto the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. His excellent "Sermon on the Common Prayer," and "New Exposition of the Church Catechism," shew that we have in this learned Prelate the very spirits of Devotion and Church Ceremonies—like the beams of the Sun in a burning-glass, collected into one point (I mean into one Bishop), by whose rays of Goodness and Learning we may warm and refresh ourselves.

Dr. John Hall, Lord Bishop of *Bristol*. He has attained to great eminence of Learning and Moderation, and is an ornament to the Church of England. His charity to those that are in want, and his bounty to all learned men that are put to wrestle with difficulties, are so very extraordinary, and so many do partake of them, that I need not enlarge in his Character; for it is acknowledged by all, that the whole business of his life is

to feed that Flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him Overseer.

Dr. *Richard Kidder*, late Lord Bishop of *Bath and Wells*. This Prelate, before he arrived to his dignity, was afraid, rather than ambitious, of so dangerous an honour: so far from widening old wounds, that (had he survived the Storm *) he would have been willing, at the price of his blood, to repair the breaches of past ages; but shall we own that he died suddenly, when his whole life (both before and since his advancement) was a serious preparation for death!

Dr. *John Hough*, Lord Bishop of *Lichfield and Coventry*. He is furnished with a large stock of learning and piety. He has turned over the Fathers with great curiosity and pains, and paid a venerable respect to their ashes; and, as he is a Prelate of remarkable piety and learning, so he is a Hero of great temper and courage. This was seen in his resolute defending the rights of *Magdalen College*; for this noble service he is justly rewarded with the See of *Lichfield and Coventry*. Those whose actions are eminently pious and brave, will, like this worthy Champion, be eminent in place and person.

Dr. *John Williams*, Lord Bishop of *Chichester*. This pious and learned Prelate was formerly Rector of *St. Mildred's, Poultry*, where I had the happiness to be personally known to him; and I have had the honour to wait on his Lordship since his deserved advancement: I call it *deserved*, as Bp. Williams was one whom no Friends, but his own merits; no Party, but that of *Virtue*; no mean adulation, but solid worth and distinguishing goodness, raised to that place; and this advancement was with so uncontested a desert, that it would have argued negligence in King William (whose care was to promote men of his moderate principles) to have suffered his continuing among the crowd of the world. And may his Lordship go on as he has begun, to preside over his Province with a gravity of admonition, exemplariness of conversation, and integrity of discipline, till the Great Bishop of Souls shall remove him from his Palace at *Chichester* to the *New Jerusalem*!

* See before, page 142.

To these Prelates I would add (had I room for it) the Lives and Characters of those famous Divines of the Church of England :

Sir *William Dawes* *, D. D. While he was yet in the moulding, he hit naturally on the true method of study, and contracted friendship with great men, which contributed to the perfection of his mind, and were prophetic symptoms of his future eminence ; but that which finished this great man, and gave him the last polishing, was his serious and nice study of the Sacred Scriptures. This I gather from that great vein of piety and devotion which runs through all his Writings ; they (as well as his conversation) savour of the primitive simplicity and zeal, and are well fitted to make men serious and devout.

Dean *Sherlock*. His not taking the Oath to King William at first, and doing it afterwards, is such a depth in Religion and Politicks I could never fathom. But I shall drop this *Mystery*, to speak of this *great Light*, so far as I can see by it. He has cut out a new method for himself, which is modeled to edify and please. He has advanced notions about the Trinity, &c. which *Oxford* will never relish ; and his "Discourse of the Knowledge of Christ" has been often answered by the Non-conformists. I will not pretend to determine who is most in the right ; for all must own Dean *Sherlock's* compass of Learning is very large, his judgment correct and clear, and he preaches in good earnest. His present Seat is very commodious for speculation and thought ; and I suppose it was here he laid the plan of his excellent "Discourse of Death" (of which there has been fourteen Editions), and other Pieces, which are adjusted with extreme nicety to the various circumstances of a Christian life.

Dr. *South* †. He is, perhaps, the finest Orator we have in England ; and his mind is constantly employed on the best objects. He has composed a wonderful variety of *curious Sermons* (published in two Volumes) on such subjects as are most important. He can practise a *metaphysical niceness* in the most subtle points of Divinity ; but he knows how to condescend to ordinary capacities.

* Afterwards Archbishop of York.

† Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church.

What he has writ on the Trinity, &c. is not too philosophical for common Readers. He knows the fine-span notions of *Personality* cannot possibly lead a man through the mystery. To conclude his Character. His Wit and Learning are invincible. But I will not enlarge; for his victorious Controversy with Dr. Sherlock has eternized his fame.

Dr. *Stanhope* *. He is naturally formed to convey the milder messages of Peace and Grace: the very genius of his style is fine and soft, and has more of the persuasive than the terrible. He is a grave and substantial Preacher, yet has gaiety enough to make his Discourses shine. He gives them all a sparkling air of politeness, and a peculiar turn of harmony to please the palate of the curious. He also makes them moving and divine, to gratify the devout. His "Translations" are fine, and matchless; and he calculates his Writings for all sorts of Readers: they are contrived, like common air, both for Courtier and Peasant.

Dr. *Fleetwood* †. His life is a fair transcript of our Saviour's example, and only lost so much in the remove as the disadvantage of Humanity, and hereditary bias, necessarily ask. The Original Copy suffered only so much in the Translation, as might bring it down to a level for our imitation; it has no more shade and blemish in it than is necessary to proportion it to our faculties, and make it an object of our view; more *light* would have overpowered our weak organs—we could not have drawn after it. Or, in plainer English, Dr. Fleetwood is a most pious, learned, and humble man, and comes the nearest to perfection, in his Preaching, of any Minister that I ever heard.

Dr. *Wake* ‡. He was formerly Minister of Gray's Inn; but his eminent Piety and Learning have lately raised him to higher preferment. He devotes himself to Preaching and Divine Meditations; and he excels in Experimental Divinity.

Dr. *Nicolls*. He esteems Controversy as an useless province, and constantly ill-natured and ungenteel. I

* Afterwards Dean of Canterbury.

† Afterwards Bishop of Ely.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

guess this is the reason he chooses to shew us "The Vanity of the World," in Practical Books. He is highly obliged to the contrivance of Nature for the peculiar turn of his constitution. I might dwell upon this Character; for the charms of his pen, and the blameless measures of his conversation, gain him the love of his Hearers, and a true veneration from all that know him.

Dr. *Edwards*. "The Preacher," he lately published, is no more than a copy of his own practice. He is a great Critick in the Languages, a famous Textuary, and a Practical Divine. The great Learning he is master of gives him to understand that *Notion* was never able to furnish out his happiness, and therefore he seeks it by Virtue and Holy Living; and certainly, after all our pursuits, we must recur to this as the only mean to felicity. "Virtue is the refuge of the wise man." The glory and procession of life is nothing to him; he either despises it as a false flattering shew, or, at furthest, never gives it his heart so as to doat upon it. I have known Dr. Edwards ever since I lived in the Poultry, and I take this to be his true character. He is a great Scholar, and wholly devotes his time and studies to the service of Religion.

Dr. *Wincop*. We have a pious example to follow in this learned Divine; for he is a great master of his temper, and no man is better skilled than Dr. Wincop in the mystery of winning upon the hearts of men. He is well read in Casuistic Divinity, which does abundantly furnish him for treating with persons either shaken with opinions or troubled in mind; and he is a Divine of such great sincerity, that any may safely discover their cases to him without any fear of upbraiding or treachery.

Dr. *Hayley*. How little need would there be of many Books writ for "the Truth and Excellency of our Religion," if we had more such arguments as this *one Life* of Dr. Hayley's has produced. He is a great blessing to St. Giles's Parish. He is not only a zealous and famous Preacher; but is plainly and sincerely, in the sight of God, as well as in the view of men, a good Christian, "even one of a thousand." In him we see the Doctrine which we hear.

Dr. *Bentley*. He has a vast reach both of knowledge and apprehension, an universal affability, and has for ever confuted the *Atheists*, &c.; and with these, and many more excellent qualities, he has the deepest sense of Religion that this age has seen.

Dr. *Lucas*. Though his eyes are blind, he has a soul that can see every thing. What clearness of judgment, what sweetness of style, and what grace of carriage, is seen in every thing he prints, or does! He endeavours to keep up the life and spirit of Religion; and perhaps his "Discourse of Happiness," &c. is as useful a piece as this age as produced.

Dr. *Atterbury* *. He is a zealous defender of the Church of England, as thinking it the *purest* Church upon Earth. He has a mighty sense of the worth of souls, and of the vast importance of those truths which he delivers to them. He encourages Piety wherever he comes; and, though a Court Preacher, has too unblemished a candour to be capable of those arts and practices that a false and deceitful World does account wisdom. To conclude: He is a good Liver, and an eloquent Preacher; and converses with persons of all conditions without lessening his character.

Mr. *Stubbs*. He is a fervent and constant Preacher, and faithful in all the parts of his duty. His Sermons are well studied and substantial; his utterance not remiss, but *earnest*, and as one concerned to profit others; and, being himself affected, he expresses a heartiness in all he says. He preaches with mighty force and conviction; speaks the sense of his soul, and enters into the hearts of his people. He is no friend to Occasional Conformity; for, being sincere himself, he hates a Hypocrite, and would have no man halt between two opinions. Such goodness as his admits no hopes of imitation, and by that only is privileged from envy and emulation. But, though Mr. *Stubbs* is eminent in every grace, yet in nothing does he excel more than in Charity, and readiness to visit the Sick. But I shall not enlarge; for, though he has many virtues of no ordinary growth, yet we may call them to mind by reviewing his excellent

* Afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

"Sermons," printed for Mr. Mortlack in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Mr. Knaggs. The moving gaiety of his aspect, and the gravity of his deportment, with the vivacity of his Sermons, and delicate softness of his style, strikes a general respect and concern upon his Hearers; so that, whenever he mounts the pulpit at St. Giles's, he seems rather "an Angel fresh from the scenes of Glory," than a Mortal, who had only heard of those wonders at a distance.

Mr. Moss.* His Preaching and Life are the same; he is all that he looks; and it would drain any wit but his own to do his Piety justice. I shall only add, he preaches at Gray's Inn; by which it appears the Lawyers are in earnest to go to Heaven; for they chose Dr. Wake, and now Mr. Moss, and cull our "*best Guides*" to shew them the way.

Mr. Smithies. His faithful and excellent Preaching commands the attention of men, and his constancy in it procures their love. He has been Curate of Cripple-gate Parish near thirty years; and preaches the Morning Lecture in St. Michael's, Cornhill, where he is so well beloved, he seeks for no other preferment. He is a most humble and hearty Christian, of great patience and resignation to the will of God (as appeared by his carriage when he was cut for the Stone), and a most mortified man to the World. His Practical Books are in great esteem; and I heartily wish all that neglect the Sacrament would seriously read his Treatise intituled "*The Unworthy Non-communicant.*"

Mr. Bisset. He would speak "Plain English †," though he preached to a King. I would enlarge, but that his Piety and Courage are too great to be spoken, and yet too great to be concealed. For a larger character of this Pulpit-hero, I refer the Reader to my Essay, intituled "*Yet Plain English.*"

Mr. Stephens, Minister of Sutton. He differs from Mr. Bisset no more than in bare name and person; for I cannot say any thing of the Piety and Courage, &c. of the one, which may not truly be said of the other.

* Afterwards Bishop of Ely.

† The Title of one of his publications.

Mr. *David Jones* is another Bisset (or Stephens) for courage and pious living; or, if any shall doubt this, I would have them consult the Usurers in Lombard-street, or his "Farewell Sermon," printed for Mr. Parkhurst.

Mr. *Collier*. He is a breathing Library; and for Metaphysical Learning and good Oratory, he bears the bell from most that can be named. I know of none that equal him in these respects, except it be Dr. South, Dr. Stanhope, and Mr. Norris, &c. The "Supplement to the Great Historical Dictionary" must needs be a noble Work, being written by Mr. Collier.

Mr. *Dorington*. I have heard him preach many *fine* Sermons in the Meeting-house in Change-alley; but a good Living has better informed his judgment, and he is now a convert to the Church of England, and (for all my jesting) I hope *sincere*; for he writes "Books of Devotion," and spends all his time in a serious preparation for Death and Judgement.

Mr. *Marshall*. He preaches to one of the largest Congregations in London (I need not say it is St. Anne's). I should commend particulars, but then how should I end without a Volume? He bears his great commission in his looks; and his exemplary Life and Preaching are a standing reproach upon those who are negligent, and always trudging after Preferment.

Mr. *Milbourn*. Most other perfections are so far from matching his, they deserve not to be mentioned. His "Translations" are fine and true; his Preaching sublime and rational; and he is a first-rate Poet.

Mr. *Blackstone*. He was my Reverend and kind Neighbour when I lived in Jewin-street; and, having long and intimate friendship with him, I found this to be his true Character. His humour is full of kindness and good-nature; he is affable, and easy of access; and, being a pious humble man, is universally beloved in Cripplegate Parish, where he has been Reader for many years.

A full and distinct Character is also due to these eminent Dissenting Ministers:

Mr. *Charlton*. I could say much of his Piety, Learning, Moderation, &c.; but I say all this in telling the Reader, that not only *Manchester*, but the whole Kingdom, is blest for the sake of that good man.

Mr. Cunningham. He is a polite, accomplished person; fits young men for the Ministry; and is a match for Antiquity in its greatest purity.

Mr. Dixon (now Minister in Colchester). He was Mr. Cunningham's Pupil, and is a person of eminent Learning and Piety.

His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,
And Charity itself sits in his face;
Refines himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And makes almost a sin of Abstinence.

Mr. Calamy (*Edm. Fil. & Nepos*). He is a gentleman of great Learning and temper. He seems to be made on purpose for the service of Dissenters; and does not only dive into the depths of Speculation and Controversy, but can, at pleasure, unbend his thoughts, and let them run upon the easier subjects of "Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

Mr. Robinson. He is a very ingenious person; he succeeds Dr. Annesley in his new Meeting-house, and copies after his holy life. I may say the same of this learned Divine as Mr. Baxter says of the good Doctor: "He is a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God."

Mr. Eurl. He is a polite Preacher, and noted for his eminent Piety. Whoever reads his late Sermon at Salters' Hall, will own him a master of style, and a great promoter of the Reformation.

Mr. Barton. He has all the graceful parts of body and mind that might attract love, or conduce to the accomplishment of a Gospel Minister.

Mr. Ridgley. He is a man of a spreading fame. His accurate and excellent Sermons sufficiently shew his Learning; and where shall we equal his noble Charity?

Mr. Piggot. He has an air of pleasantness in his countenance, and a loud and brisk delivery, which contributes to the advantage of his performances. He is a sound Preacher, and very popular; and, being a man of moderate principles, he recommends "Union and Peace," both in his Sermons and Conversation.

Mr. Samuel Doolittle:

"His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
A living Sermon of the Truths he taught."

Mr. Pope. He is famed for his excellent Preaching, and is a man of a piercing judgment. He hath, as it were, "put a girdle about the World," and found all her *Quicksands*. He knows how to advise the troubled Conscience in the greatest difficulty. He is a man of eminent Learning and Charity, and his bounty is limited by Reason, not Ostentation. He can survey Good, and love it; and loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to out-live a good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice; and for this reason his Charity is free and secret. His Pride is but to be cleanly, and his Piety is very sincere. He preaches for no other end but "to save himself and those that hear him."

Mr. Goodwin, of Pinner. He is Son to the learned *Dr. Thomas Goodwin*, whose Practical Works have been so well received. He keeps a Private Academy, and no man is better qualified for that undertaking (I will scarce except *Dr. Kerr*, of Highgate). It is no flattery to say, *Mr. Goodwin* has the best Library (of any Dissenting Minister) in the Three Kingdoms; and is himself a well-furnished Library, full of all faculties, and of all Learning. He has scanned the "Lives of our English Kings;" and it is no wonder that he is such a great Historian, for his memory and reading are next to a miracle.

Mr. Tongue. He is a great Scholar, a nice Casuist, and an example of sincere Piety, which is the best part of a Minister. His Preaching is much esteemed. He is a true Minister of Christ, both in doctrine and life answering that title.

Mr. Collins, and **Mr. Bragg.** They succeed the famous *Mather*, and are two men eminently useful in their generation. They equal the character of their learned Predecessor, which makes some considerable amends for the loss of that great Divine.

Mr. Grosvenor. He is a popular man, and a rich and fortunate Husband. His Sermons are ordered with so much art, that they exceed all that we ever heard; yet, being sincere at heart, he is one that desires to have his fame only measured by his goodness. He knows that the Hill of Fame yields a most delightful prospect; but withal that it is most subject to Lightning and Thun-

der; and that the people (as in antient Tragedies) sit and magnify the least slip in a Minister; and for that reason, his care is to appear such to his Hearers as he would have them to be, and to be himself such as he appears; for Virtue cannot seem one thing and be another. In a word, he is the famous and matchless Preacher amongst the Dissenters; and wants nothing of an Angel but Eternity.

Mr. Cotton; a name most dear to Virtue. He understands things, not by their form, but qualities; and his quick invention (in which he excels) serves not to excuse his frailties, but to excite his piety. He is not subject to casualties, for Fortune (in that sense as we use the word) hath nothing to do with a man of his easy spirit; so that (being contented in all conditions) he is subject neither to Time nor his frailties (if he has any). In a word, he is the Servant of Virtue; and, by Virtue, the Friend of the Highest.

Mr. Stennett; whom few can equal; best, but imitate:

So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,
For fear to wrong him with a name too low.

He was born a Poet; has been educated a Scholar; and his whole conversation has been copied from the innocence and piety of the Primitive Christians.

Mr. Glasscock. He hath surveyed and fortified his disposition; and, being a wise man, converts all occurrences into experience and reason. There is Marriage! The issue are his actions; his mind enjoys a continual serenity, and his *consideration* is always at home. He is a most nice and strenuous Disputant on the most difficult points in Divinity, and an universal Scholar. It would be a wrong to his reputation to say he is ignorant of any thing; and (which makes his character shine the brighter) he is, *Mr. Stretton* and *Mr. Reynholds* excepted, the most humble man that I ever knew.

Mr. Gilson, of Colchester. He did me the honour to give me a letter of recommendation to his worthy Friend *Dr. Oakes*, of New England; and therefore to forget his Character would be ungrateful. He is a man of a steady virtue; very upright, and sincere without affectation. He lives as he preaches, and is a pattern to most Ministers for Moderation and Charity.

The mourning * and pious *Gledhil* :

When he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,
And labour in the extremes of sympathy.

Mr. Rosewell. He is Son to the famous Rosewell, and is a great honour to the Nonconformists, and to his holy Profession. If ever Virtue took a body to shew its else unconceivable beauty, it was in this eloquent Preacher :

"His speech is soft and gentle, and his breath
Perfumes the air, and makes a Heaven on Earth."

The pious and humble *Powell*. He is great that is good ; and no man, methinks, is happy on earth to him that (like Mr. Powell) hath Grace for substance, and Humility for ornament. He has had his Temptations (like other good men) ; but, being truly religious, when Death comes, he has nothing to fear.

Mr. Freke. He is *little* of size, but has a *large* soul. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of a low stature, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall that it may rise the higher) he is *heightened* in his Humility ; and it is what we might all expect, for he nourishes his pigmy dimensions, not by delicacies, but temperance ; and his great Mind, by giving it pre-eminence over his little Body. In a word, "A lark is worth a kite ;" and, though Mr. Freke be a little man, he is *greatly* admired.

Mr. Walker, of Brentford. His air and person are very charming ; his wit and virtues are written legibly in his face, and "he lives the doctrine he preaches ;" but, if you would see him in a better light, read his "Thanksgiving Sermon, preached to the Dissenters of Brentford."

Mr. Noble. He is a pious, eloquent, sincere, and temperate man, and a constant zealous Preacher.

Mr. Fleming. His Father's Character I attempted before ; and the Son merits a large Panegyrick. He calls not the variety of the world Chance ; for, being a divine Poet, his meditation hath travelled over them, and his eye (mounted on Pegasus) seeth them as things underneath. In a word, he is a person of exemplary worth ; and the respect he has paid to King William's memory (in the noble character he gave of him) ought to endear his name to all true Protestants.

* He lately buried a very kind and obliging Wife.

Mr. Crisp. He has a wonderful gift in Prayer, and is zealous in helping forward the conversion of souls.

Mr. Mayo. He was not at first designed for the Ministry; but, having a great inclination for it, by close application and study he is become an eminent Preacher; he treads in the same steps of his Reverend Father*, and leads a most pious and useful life.

Mr. Nisbet. He is a person of great learning and judgment, and "his conversation is much in Heaven." He thinks Pride and Avarice *great sins* in the Laity, and in the Clergy scandalous vices; I verily think, should any man break in his debt, he would think himself then most honourably seated when he gave Mercy the upper hand; nor would he demand unreasonable security (I mean the mortgage of a whole estate for a small sum) to the hurt of his Debtor. No; he is made up of compassion and charity, and rather strives to purchase a good name than land; and of all "rich Stuffs" forbidden by the Statute, he would never consent that his Wife or Heir should wear their clothes cut out of Cruelty and Extortion. To conclude his Character: He is both religious and merciful; and that makes him both live and act as I have here described.

Mr. Stot. He formerly sought his quietness in secrecy; and was wont, till of late, to hide himself in retiredness, and his tongue in himself; but now he is come into the light (being removed from Harwich to a Congregation in London), he shews by his useful Preaching that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. In a word, he is both an apt Scholar and a good Master; for every thing he sees informs him, and his mind, enriched with plentiful observations, can give us excellent precepts.

Mr. Norris. There is a Conformist Minister of the same name, and I cannot say which is the better Scholar, or the more *curious* Preacher. As to the *Dissenting Norris*, he is a man lives a devout life, and hath this hand over Fortune, that her injuries, however violent or sudden soever, do not daunt him; for, living in the discharge of his duty, whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both courageously; even then, like the

* Mr. Richard Mayo, whose Character you had before; see p. 174.

Sun near his setting, he shews unto the world his clearest countenance. He lately published a most ingenious "Sermon upon the Thanksgiving," which he dedicated to the Countess of Sunderland; so that our *London Norris* must be owned to be a person of great piety and wit; and for his skill in Oratory and Metaphysical Learning, he equals (if not exceeds) his learned namesake, Mr. *Norris of Bemerton*.

Mr. *Petto*. His venerable age deserves great honour from all that know him, for "his hoary head is found in the way of righteousness." His free discourse runs back to the ages past, and recovers events out of memory, and then preventeth them by flying forwards to future things; and, by comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well near prophetic. The Dissenters of Sudbury call him their Oracle; and, considering his great age and experience, I do not know where they can find a better.

Mr. *Henry*, of Chester. He is Son (if I do not mistake) to that famous *Henry*, whose "Life" was lately printed in London. I am told he does *patrizare*; for all his actions appear to be perfectly devoted to God, strictly observing St. Paul's rule in the 4th of the Philipians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things;" which Mr. Henry does with that exactness and sincerity, the very Churchmen love him; and even Malice is angry she can find no cause to be angry with him.

Mr. *Berriman*. Dr. Annesley and this grave and ancient Divine had few equals for their public spirit and sincere piety; their *excellency* (to use a word in Dr. Annesley's Funeral Sermon) lay this way. Dr. Annesley left a living of 700*l. per annum* (*viz.* Cripplegate) for the sake of a good conscience, and he devoted his whole time and estate to Religion and acts of Charity; for so "his light directed;" and it certainly directed him right*.—Mr. Berriman was just such another man; for he had a large soul, and a flaming zeal, and his usefulness was very extensive. He had a good estate; but, like

* As I have proved it at large in my "Post-Angel."

some others I forbear to mention, it did not narrow his spirit, but made him the more charitable. "He would never" (as was said of Dr. Annesley) "be rich whilst any man was poor;" and for that reason he preached for *nothing*, and gave great part of his own estate to promote the Gospel. His apprehension was quick and clear; his reasoning faculty acute and sound; his method, in all his Sermons, might be exposed to the most critical censor; and, though he died in his 80th year, his memory was admirable, nor was it impaired to the last hour he lived.

Mr. Oakes. He is a person of good learning and of a genteel spirit. He is an excellent and useful Preacher, and it is pity London has lost his company.

Mr. Hussey. His Philosophical "Discourse on the late *Storm*" shews he is a man of learning. He can dispute well, and has done it with great applause; but he is no lover of controversies, but a sincere promoter of practical godliness. He preaches in Cambridge, and some of the Scholars do now and then *peep* into his Meeting; and, I can tell them, their time would not be lost if they stayed out the whole Sermon; for Mr. Hussey is a Divine of great piety and universal moderation. Then I do not see why the Cantabrigians should refuse to hear him; for he has a great respect for the pious men of the Church of England, and never lays any stress on those *little things* (I mean Ceremonies, or such indifferent things as are not essential to Salvation), in which he is very sensible others are as much at liberty to differ from him as he from them.

Mr. Weeks, of Bristol. He is a solid Preacher, and a man of general Learning; his delight is in the Saints, his business is Religion, and his whole deportment strictly conscientious.

Mr. Kentish. He is (or was) Mr. Weeks's Assistant. His language is always neat and fine, but unaffected, free from starch or intricacy. He is a popular Preacher; and his fame is deservedly got to so great a height, that whenever Mr. Weeks dies, his large Congregation cannot fix on a better Successor.

Mr. Mauduit. He was my Customer, and Author, for many years; and I take Modesty and Learning to have

the ascendant of all his virtues. He is never dry, nor pumping, but always full and flowing. His "Discourse on the Trinity" is a matchless piece. He is a solid Divine, and a good Disputant; his returns and repartees are quick, apposite, and genteel, and it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself. In fine, he is a pious man, as well as a great Scholar; and wherever he comes, there is so much good-humour in his whole conduct, he is the very life and spirit of the company.

Mr. *Crusoe*. He was called "The Golden Preacher," and was so great a Textuary, that he could pray two hours together in Scripture Language. It is true, he was not arrived at *perfection*, as appeared by his sloth in tying the conjugal-knot; but his repentance was sincere and public (being declared in the Pulpit with his own mouth), and I do not fear but Tim Crusoe is now a glorified Saint in Heaven.

Mr. *Clark*, of London. He is a man of a very generous and public spirit. Vital Religion flourishes wherever he lives or preaches. He is a man more than ordinarily mortified to the pleasures of the flesh and the vanities of the world; and his conversation is in Heaven.

Mr. *Rosewel* senior. In 1674 he was chosen to succeed Mr. James Janeway in his Congregation at Rotherhithe. In 1684 he was indicted for High Treason, and had very hard measure; but came off with a great deal of reputation. I heard his Trial at Westminster-hall, and must declare, I never heard a more pious and learned Defence in my whole life. He had a particular veneration for Dr. Annesley; and for that reason I had the honour to see Mr. Rosewell every week at my house. He was a wonder of Humility, Charity, and Moderation; and it would do a very great honour to Nonconformity, if his Son-in-law Mr. Lawrence would be persuaded to print his Trial.

Mr. *Thomas Gouge*. Mr. Baxter says, "that he never heard any one person, of what rank, sort, or sect soever, speak one word to his dishonour, or name any fault that they charged on his life or doctrine; no, not the highest Prelatists themselves, save only that he conformed not to their Impositions." God blessed him with a great

estate; and he liberally used it in works of Charity, "which," as Mr. Calamy tells us, "he made the great business of his life." His Funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury); and in giving his character, he hath these words among others: "So that, all things considered, there have not, since the primitive times of Christianity, been many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, That he went about doing good."

Mr. Lewis. He is a person of strict morals and remarkable friendship. He zealously lays out himself in the discharge of his pastoral work, and I hear he has many seals of his Ministry. I am able to say, from the short acquaintance I had with him, that I never knew a man more heavenly in his conversation, of greater humility, or more truly compassionate to those in distress, or that had more clear and right notions both of persons and things: so that the good Samaritan I have been seeking all my days is found in Mr. Lewis.

I might insert other Dissenting Ministers, who, with all that are here named, shall have a large and distinct Character in the "Second Part of my Life;" but for the present I shall only add Mr. *Palmer's* Character; and I chuse to make his Character the *finishing stroke* to all the rest, as I pretend to know him thoroughly, and find by intimate acquaintance with him.

Mr. Samuel Palmer had the happiness to be educated under the care of the learned Dr. Kerr. He pursued his studies with wonderful application, and constantly sat to them in his study, or was employed in exercises in the Schools, as I am well informed, at the rate of seventeen hours a day. This uncommon industry, falling in with the peculiar strength and capacity of his genius, has produced a man who wants nothing but an opportunity to shew himself, in order to be as much admired above others of his standing, as his merits are more *shining* and *sixable* than theirs. His temper lies very open and sincere, and abhors all trick and flattery. He is a man of great generosity; very charitable, and very humble; for he never courts the rich, and is always

ready to attend the poorest creature; and is well accomplished for "the solemn office of a Minister," which he discharges with a great degree of faithfulness, and has been blessed and honoured with great success. His delivery, his voice, and style, are excellent; and he preaches without *Notes*, which is no small recommendation of a young Minister. Were that most ingenious and rational Sermon he lately preached upon "Conjugal Duties" but universally known and practised, there would not be a bad Husband or Wife in the world. He takes a great deal of pains with the Rising Generation; and his Catechetical Lectures are very instructive, being plain, easy, and full. He discourses with judgment, and at the same time with all imaginable freedom, upon "Free Grace," "the Trinity," &c. and such subjects that require a great depth of thought—a talent which is far from being common even among good Scholars. His acquaintance with the Antients is very considerable. He reads a Greek or Latin Author with a great deal of ease; and to this sort of Learning his mind is well turned. He is well beloved by all the Clergy and Gentlemen of the Church of England who have had an opportunity to know him. He is well skilled in Law and Politicks, and knows our English Constitution much better, perhaps, than any man of his own character that can be named. There has a Controversy fallen out of late between him and the dignified Mr. Samuel Wesley, concerning the Private Academies here at home, wherein he has fully vindicated those nurseries of Piety and good Learning from the scandal and imputation which Mr. Wesley endeavoured to throw upon them. Mr. Wesley's first Piece, addressed to the Parliament then sitting, was a most unkind Satire upon himself; the World had not known him unless he had thought fit to make himself public. I am afraid Mr. Wesley's vein has almost spent itself: the dregs come the last. Whether his last Libel be worthy of an answer, Mr. Palmer is the best judge, and that province belongs to him. His brave and generous soul is mounted above the reach of Bigotry on the one hand, or Levity in Opinion on the other; and it must be great and rational evidence that induces him to change.

By these Characters of the Dissenting Ministers (which I declare to be true and impartial, from the best observations I could make on their Lives and Preaching for twenty years)—I say, from hence it plainly appears, that Mr. Wesley's taxing their *Morals* and *Behaviour*, &c. was a malicious falsehood, published on purpose to curry favour with the *High-flyers*, and to enlarge his Pre-ferment.

I have been too brief in the Characters; but though I crowd several persons into one line (and some of them Men of Quality), yet I desire they would pardon this short draught; for in the "Second Part of my Life" I intend to paint them at full length. And if there is any person takes it amiss that he is not so respected as to find his name mentioned in these sheets, he need do no more than speak his mind freely of this Book, and then he shall certainly see himself inserted in the Second Part of my *Life and Errors*.

CHAPTER X.

THE AFTER-THOUGHT.

OR, A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND ERRORS OF JOHN DUNTON, WITH THE MANNER HOW HE WOULD CORRECT, OR SHUN THEM, MIGHT HE LIVE OVER HIS DAYS AGAIN, &c. (WRITTEN IN 1705.)

THUS have I described my *Life and Errors* in the several Stages of it, and have shewn how I would think, speak, and act, might I live over my infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood again, &c. I have also run through all the duties of the Christian Religion, and owned how defective and negligent I have been in the practice of them; but, as David says, "who can know the errors of his life?" Psalm xix. 12. And seeing I have been guilty of many faults which I have forgot to insert, I here add

a Supplement to them, which I will call "*The After-Thought*," &c. And here, Reader, I shall first acquaint thee, that I should think my *After-Thought* well employed, if any thing I can further propose would be of any force, either to prevent the pursuing a mistaken course of life, or prevail with those that are just beginning to live, to make their advantage of my *Errors*, and avoid them—it would extremely encourage me to address to all that shall be so charitably disposed as to give me the occasion, by exposing my faults to do so much good : but this is such a piece of self-flattery, I can find nothing to support it ; not being able to find any rules I could safely rely on, but such as were perfectly opposite to the maxims of the World, especially so refined as now it is, that it can make Vice and Virtue equally charming as they come in vogue. And therefore, I fear this *After-Thought* will be scarce intelligible to the age we live in ; it is therefore to the next to come (those that are yet unborn) that I address myself, with much greater hopes and expectations, that when the World has had full experience of the mischievous effects of their lenity towards Youth, they may begin to think it good to take away the privilege they have so long enjoyed to their own destruction, and to the dishonour of God and Religion. Then this *After-Thought* may be of some use, to put a little caution into the minds of young persons, and make them look in some measure to the end of their race, that they may not live for no other purpose than to make themselves the worse for coming into the world, and the world the worse for their living in it ; and that which gives the most expectation of the next age is, that we so lately had a Star of the first magnitude shining in our hemisphere, which gave great light and direction to the paths of Virtue, though the God of the World had so blinded the hearts of the men of this generation, it was little seen or regarded : but that Star no sooner sets, than another arises ; who by her bright example, we hope, will work upon that part of this age that is not so deeply engaged in wickedness, that no example can change the habit, no not the mode at Court ; but what they cannot mend in themselves, perhaps they may be content to mend in their children,

if it be but to qualify for the Queen's favour ; so that the children yet unborn may come into a world so well disposed, that any rules that point out their duty to God, or give them the least assistance towards the attaining their chief end, the love and favour of God, may be accepted. But to proceed to my After-Thought.

After a second reflecting upon my *Past Life*, I am inclined to think, were I to begin a *New*, it were impossible for me to act as I have done, had I that experience I have now. I find my Thoughts so changed, I have quite other apprehensions of this world : I could no more be cheated into the pursuit and expectation of happiness from any thing it can give me ; worldly prosperity has lost all esteem with me, that now it is almost a wonder to me how it was possible to be so blind as I was when without experience ; and to encourage others (especially great sinners) to enter upon a *New Life*, I do further assure them, I find more real joy in one penitential tear than in all the sins I ever committed. I never before but saw a beauty in worldly comforts ; but now those seem so faded by the greater lustre and beauty that I see in God in Christ Jesus, that I am astonished where I have been wandering all my days, spending my time and money for that which is not bread : yet, I am satisfied, the wisdom of Providence sees it necessary for the good of the Universe, that we should remain in this blindness for some time ; for we see the greatest part of most persons' lives are spent in so much blindness, that, before Experience can have opened their eyes, Death is ready to shut them. Especially those of eminent wit and parts are often distinguished by some fall occasioned by their blindness ; and what is more proper to mortify the pride and arrogance of human nature, than to give them a full experience of their folly and vanity ? which most needs bring them, if any thing will, to a true humility, and a perfect sense of their own weakness, when, upon a review of their lives, they find that hitherto they have only laboured to procure to themselves shame and confusion, or at least have spent their time to very little purpose—that time that can never be recalled, but carries with it youth, strength, and health, and all the prime faculties of human nature—Time, that precious

treasure so soon lost, yet such a loss as would take up all the remaining moments of our lives to lament, but that it leaves experience behind it of such use to us, it supplies the place of a thousand Masters; we need no other, to teach us the knowledge of ourselves, "what we are, what we have done, and what we might have done," in the same temptations wherein we have seen others fall. And when once we are come to this knowledge, we have finished the business of this life; and if we are continued longer in it, it is more for the sake of others than ourselves; for then we are furnished with all that this world can afford us, towards the fitting us for a better. When Experience has taught us that wisdom, to know we have laboured in vain, and missed of our happiness, by seeing it in a wrong place; then are our hearts set upon Heaven, having no more expectation in this world; and all our business now is to wait patiently till our change come.—And now I would fain see, if it were possible, to imagine (Time recalled, and a *New Life* begun) by what means I might avoid my former mis-carriages. All the disorders of my Youth were not wholly to be imputed to corrupt nature, but as much to the *Evil Customs* I learned, and the wicked *Maxims* I picked up in my converse with the World. From a corrupt heart, I had a large share of Pride and Ambition, with a violent love of myself; but, for my own interest, I sought the love and esteem of others; and when I perceived Pride and Vanity was the charming object of all people's love and affections, I gave myself up to them without reserve, as to the most perfect and lasting perfections: for, though it is possible Vanity may make but a short flourish for a while amongst gay and youthful persons only, yet Pride will be sure to keep its station, suiting itself to all persons and circumstances of life: whatever it is, we must still find something to be proud of, or else we forfeit all esteem and respect with others. And I have sometimes observed, there have been persons that without any thing to recommend them but the marks of Pride, and a high value for themselves, have gained esteem; being supposed to have some merit, only for pretending to it; but that was a deceit I durst not trust to, but endeavoured to acquire some

amiable qualities, that might justly recommend me ; and a great deal of time and money I spent with respect to the esteem and applause of the World, which I pursued without the least check, finding it to be an universal principle, recommended to all young persons as the best Industry and Labour, but not under the notion of Pride and Vanity, but of being finely bred, genteel, and agreeable.

Yet I found it a very hard task to divide myself between God and the World ; for, by his gracious Providence (as I hinted in the First Stage of my Life) I was born of such religious Parents as carefully educated me in the principles of Religion, and, by their own example and encouragement gave me the greatest opportunity to live in the practice of it. This took away from me the full liberty of taking all the ways possible to please the World ; and so I lived in an uneasy strife between both, neither enjoying the comfort and pleasures of Religion, nor, with all my industry able to make myself so considerable in the World as I expected and desired ; for I was much restrained from all public converse, by the regular orders and sobriety observed in our Family, so that all the mischievous maxims I picked up were chiefly from our own Servants, who first poisoned me with flattery and observance, amusing and filling my head with idle and impertinent fancies—and amongst the rest, all the foolish and abominable superstitions observed amongst the Heathens, as observations of dreams and ill omens ; and the high thoughts they had possessed me with, though merely for their own interest, so puffed me up, I thought myself above my equals, and acknowledged no superior but my Parents.—But, when I was come to the age that I was thought fit to be trusted with my own conduct, I still ran on in the same mistake. I thought all my happiness depended upon the opinion of the World ; I little valued what I thought or knew by myself, so that the World knew nothing that might lessen their esteem of me. I found it no hard matter to impose upon a blind World, which encouraged me to make it my business to set myself up for an Idol in it ; and it was but a little way I was advanced in this design, when Vanity forsook me, so that I grew indifferent to all the

distinguishing pomps and gaieties of life; but Pride stuck close to me, and much assisted me to reproach and condemn Vanity, wherever I found it. I might very well perceive the advantage I had over those that were devoted to Vanity, without setting such a value upon it as filled me with such contempt for others. But this is the true nature of Pride, wherever it is entertained; it fails not to turn even our very Virtues into Sin.

Thus Pride went on, deluding me into a mighty observation of the faults and imperfections of others, that I had not time to see my own. I almost thought I had none, unless it were any defect that obstructed some ambitious design; such I could not chuse but see and remember, which could vex, but never humbled me; for I submitted entirely to my fancy, and made my own reason and discretion the only rule to judge by, as well for others as myself; but never thought of bearing with any persons' faults and infirmities, for I would allow them none, supposing I had none myself, at least not such as theirs; and whatever I could do or suffer, I believed others might if they pleased, and therefore had the less compassion for them in their extremities. Thus Pride furnished me with all the ways of disobliging, when at the same time I was studying to make myself loved and esteemed; but my aim was at commanding their esteem by my perfections; when that was done, their love or envy was equal to me; to so much folly and presumption had my Pride brought me.

Thus had I raised a prodigious structure of Pride; and little thought how soon it would be destroyed, much less that I myself should do it, and by the very same way I took to raise it; for, not being able to support any disgrace of my Family, no more than my own, whenever their credit required my assistance, I was ready to help them beyond my power. I foresaw none of the mischiefs I was falling into, such an absolute dominion had Pride over me, it could lead me into any danger. But yet I must own there was much of natural tenderness and compassion, that helped as well to transport me to that degree of rashness, as not to see that what was done to help some, was as much to the prejudice of some other of my Relations, which is now my greatest trouble. Could

suffered by myself alone, I should have thought it so, because it proved such an effectual means to conquer my Pride, which was come to such a height, it had baffled a smaller force; and to be rid of such a Power, makes amends for many sufferings. Thus Pride and Vanity were all my study in Youth: but how much had I employed my first thoughts in inquiring, "Why I came into the World? and upon what errand?" This would have led me to the knowledge of the infinitude of the Power, Goodness, and Mercy of God, which first created, and then redeemed me; and that I am his by so many *Titles*—besides, being sworn and dedicated to Him at Baptism, I cannot, without committing the highest sin, misemploy upon myself or the World, any of the gifts of body or mind God has blessed me with. It was the blindness of my first years, that I sought my happiness in a wrong place; so that all my notions were filled with nothing but trouble and contention.

Now at length my *Errors*, how vainly I had spent my strength and labour for that which satisfieth not; and by this I lost the *advantage* of getting an early habit of Wisdom and Virtue, which had been my best defence and armour against the temptations of the World; in which we are once ensnared, we cannot hope to be delivered without many sorrows and afflictions; which, though I had great comfort in, and can bless God for them, I should be glad those who are yet unborn might be warned by experience, that God may never see it necessary to punish them by afflictions, but that his Mercy and Compassion may even lead them to repentance of their daily sins and infirmities! for, could we be as really touched with the sense of God's love to us, as we are with the weight of sorrows and afflictions, that alone would move us to a continual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, which would render all crosses and afflictions useless, and serve the best of any thing to make us draw near to God.

Therefore, were I to begin my Life again from the beginning, to prevent at least my particular miscarriages, I should carefully be kept from the company and conversation of Servants, or any other person but those that could instruct me; and no liberty allowed me to waste my time in idle follies, but strictly kept to silence and

obedience to all my Superiors, which should be all persons above me in age and experience. I would be taught as soon as possible the best and readiest way of doing my own affairs without the help of a Servant, which would be both exercise and employment for body and mind, and take off the necessity of any other diversion ; for what pleasure can diversion give greater than what the mind takes in doing well and wisely the necessary concerns of life ?

I would have all my time measured, and a share allotted for each business, and change of employment should be all my diversion—I mean from that which takes up the mind to some other that exercises the body ; but Reading should have a principal share of this time, as it relates to the greatest concern, the good of the Soul—chiefly the Holy Scriptures, in which I would have my memory wholly exercised, that, when I heard it publicly explained in Sermons, I might have the readier apprehensions of it. I would not be permitted to read what Books I pleased ; but have my Books chosen, not above my capacity, to confound and discourage me, but such as should instruct me in the plain and easy principles of Religion, and have them explained to me in a familiar way, so as to make me understand what engagement I had to God, and what to the World. And now, I presume, this continued for some time would give me such a habit of a sober and regular way of life, I should think it a doing violence to my nature to alter it, which, I am persuaded, would pretty well secure the time of Youth.

Then to proceed to my coming to act in the World. My first study must be how to avoid both the pleasing and displeasing it : there is danger in both ; and to secure me from the necessity of pleasing the World, that is, of submitting to its laws, I would chuse to be hid in obscurity, that my actions might be little known, and less regarded. The smaller their value of me were, the more I should be at liberty, and in the less danger of displeasing them. I would keep my time and money out of their dispose ; and therefore they should not know how much I had of either to command it ; but, where it might do any real good, I would freely give some share of both, what I could spare : but I should hardly have

so much of either, as to be willing to afford any considerable part for trifling Conversation, Plays, Raffing, China, Tea or Chocolate, fine Cloaths, or great Equipage. And if the World disrespected me for that, I could only beg their pardon, should I disrespect them, so as not to care. I am fixed; for my Experience tells me, those things are nothing at all; however the World esteems them, it is all but Children's play: and that so much respect should be had to the judgment of our Fellow-creatures, sinful, blind mortals, like ourselves; that all our fortunes, ease, and satisfaction, should be sacrificed to the keeping up our credit with them; that evensuch a Slavery could be imposed upon us,—would be thought the greatest wonder, were it not for another much greater, that at the same time we should decline the service of that great God, our Creator, who has placed us in the World only to do his pleasure, and one on whom all our well-being depends, who has made “his service perfect freedom;” that, could we but keep the World from exhausting so vast a proportion of our time and money, we might find more than enough of both to serve him with according to his will; so easy has God in his goodness and mercy made our duty and service. But I am not only convinced of the danger of “pleasing the World,” but I find some reasons also to oblige me not to *displease* it. I was not born for myself, but “for the glory and service of God;” but I make myself unserviceable, if by my words and actions I give offence, filling people's minds with prejudice against all I say or do, which would leave me no power, by example or instruction, to do the least good. I would therefore keep fair with them, by complying as much as I could, and so conform myself to their customs and manners, as never to reject them without a perfect necessity; and since it is God's pleasure that Vanity should be the subsistence and support of so many people—till he sees fit to alter it, I would never affront new modes so much as positively to oppose them, but follow only such to which some way or other it is possible to give a decent and sober look; yet should allow the same liberty I take, and suffer others to approve what I did not.

I never found myself infallible in any thing. I have lived to see my *Errors*, that I can look with the less rigour upon those of others, considering how easily we slip into them, and in what we condemn others we have as much reason to condemn ourselves; which reminds me how much I have been mistaken in judging of others by myself. All persons are not liable to the same faults: there are faults some may abstain from with more ease than others; and some persons find more difficulty in the exercise of some particular virtues than some others; so that *allowance* must be made for both; what that must be, God only knows, who sees the heart. I would therefore learn to pity and compassionate the faults of others, and save all my *indignation* for my own, which may best be judged by my own measure; for, how little soever I know my own heart, I know much less the hearts of others. But for those that carry their vices with pride and ostentation, I would keep myself at the greatest distance from them—not out of respect, but abhorrence, both to avoid the contagion of their ill example, and to approve myself a true and faithful Servant of God, that will never be brought to have affinity with his enemies: for what greater mark can be given of reprobation? It goes beyond the Fool that “makes a mock at sin.” One shews his folly and ignorance; the other a diabolical spirit that defies Heaven, which extremely justifies me in this severity: otherwise I could wish to be as merciful to the faults of others as I am partial to my own, which is to that degree I can never know and hate them till I see them in others, and then am hardly brought to own them for mine; so natural I have ever found it to esteem one’s self, and despise others. But experience tells me, if ever I would be easy and happy, I must change the object, esteeming others better than myself. This will cover most of their faults, and set their virtues in a full light, which will bring me to take pleasure in yielding and compliance with others for their good, and not think this indispensable duty such a hard service, for Love makes all things easy. Every virtue, therefore, should engage my love, and every fault my compassion; and could I thus live without pleasing or displeasing the World, I should enjoy a great blessing, the blessing of

Peace ; and gain to myself all that time that is generally spent in bearing and relating all the weaknesses, follies, and infirmities, that have occasioned any miscarriages in the World, which fills it with so many uncharitable animosities and divisions. So that you see, Reader, I publish this *Idea of a New Life*, to refine and spiritualize my own practice ; and if, by divulging my *Errors*, I bring thine to remembrance, it will not only compensate my labour in *Writing*, but thine in *Reading*.

I come now to reflect upon the most considerable part of my acting in the World. Though I would chuse not to live by chance, and let the World impose upon me, and, rather than rack myself to satisfy its expectation, find a way to look too inconsiderable for the World to mind me ; yet I very well know by experience, there is no chusing one's way of living ; but whatever Divine Providence sees fit must be my lot ; for the troubles I brought upon myself and others by a foolish way I took to avoid them has plainly convinced me, that, when God determines to humble us, the very methods we take to avoid it shall bring it upon us. There is no resisting his will ; and, blessed be God ! there is no reason to desire to do it, all his Dispensations are so tempered with mercy ; for in all my afflictions I have found such favour ; and his miraculous Providences over me have plainly shewed me, " it is of very faithfulness God has caused me to be afflicted," and to give me occasion to praise him. " I called upon him in the time of trouble, and he heard me," according to his promise ; not only heard me when I called, but with many great providences prevented such mischiefs as came not to my knowledge till after I had escaped them. I see, therefore, it is God that must " chuse which way " I shall glorify him ; for, though there is a plausible pretence for " desiring riches, to be enabled to do good, and exercise many virtues," yet who would change for the virtues of poverty, that knows truly by experience what they are ? The World sees and approves the virtues of Riches, and the honour and respect it pays them requites in some measure the labours and disquiets that attend them ; but " God only sees and approves the virtues of Poverty," and finds ways to reward them even in this life. If he strips me of all,

and leaves me nothing I can call my own, but "feeds and cloaths me, as he does the fowls of the air, which, like me, can neither toil nor spin;" yet he assures me of his fatherly care, who both knows what I need, and with what means to supply me.

I may conclude, I have no reason to desire any thing I have not, because God knows I have all I need. But there are many virtues must go to the making me thus wise; which if God's having placed me in an humble state of poverty has procured me, by taking from me all earthly supports, to keep me from foolishly relying on them—and at the same time giving me such instances of his bounty and liberality, that my trust and confidence are by that means made to surmount all my fears—what can deprive me of joy, peace, and comfort, which must needs establish me in many virtues, of Meekness, Patience, and Long-suffering; but, above all, in a perfect Resignation to his Will, who has made me a Stranger and Pilgrim with him in this World, so giving me earnest of a better inheritance with Him in Glory? And, since my poverty procures me so many blessings, I cannot be solicitous to consider by what means I might have prevented it. I could never think, after a thing was once come to pass, there could ever have been any possibility of preventing it. Yet it is myself only I charge with all the folly and infirmity that effected it, and to which, for my comfort, it was merely owing, and not to a mistaken design of passion or self-interest, which had been much worse; and I have still so much of the same weakness, I know not how to frame rules against it. And this I esteem the greatest affliction I have; for, having been too remiss in the *First Part of my Life*, I have now (if I get to Heaven) a great way to go by a setting Sun; but, seeing every temptation I overcome will be a shining jewel in my Crown of Victory, I will strive hard (will repent of all I have done amiss) that I may take Heaven by violence, and (if possible) get in at the strait gate. In a word; for those few moments I have left, I will do what I can to improve them to God's service. Not my unworthiness and ill-deserving could hinder Him from pouring his benefits upon me; neither shall any human respect withhold me from entirely devoting to his honour

and glory, my time, with all the precious talents and gifts he either has, or shall hereafter, bestow on me.

It shall be my care and business to make my way of living (as much as in me lies) conformable to this design; and the greatest obstacle I apprehend, is the contempt and disrespect of the World: for we are apt to think their very pity uneasy to us; and it is plain to perceive, that to be envied composes all the pleasure of the rich and great; for what is too little for their minds, they find too much for their bodies: neither the toil of riches or honour could ever be supported, did it procure them Pity, instead of Envy. Though I think I neither "love the World, nor the things of the World," yet I find one ill sign of too much respect to it, which is, that I am readier to bestow my money where it is expected, than where it is needed. I must therefore be fortified on that weak side; which to do, I need only reflect upon the grossness of this idolatry, that sets man above God. If in a low and contemptible condition I can be acceptable to God; "what is man, that I should have such respect to him, and his opinion of me?" But it is an ill impression we receive from our infancy, being long acquainted with the World before we can be taught to know God, and the fear and awe exacted by Parents and Governors (those especially that affect an arbitrary dominion) inclines us to think all our well-being depends on their pleasure; and knowing too well how far flattery, lying, and dissimulation, goes toward the deluding them, we have recourse to those arts, as the only way to be able to support their tyranny, as well as to gratify our foolish passions, so often crossed by their authority—besides a natural pride we inherit from our Parents, which they take more care to improve, than to suppress; teaching us to decline at any price the bringing upon ourselves, or them for our sakes, the least contempt or disrespect. While we forget "all honour comes from God;" the World is no proper Judge of it; that which the World gives, too often ends in shame and confusion.

Then, might I live over my Life again, were it possible, I would live the Life of an Angel; for can he be too religious, or think too much of "mortifying every lust," that hopes to be rewarded with Heaven at last? "Seeing

all these things must be dissolved, what manner of men ought we to be !"

I will therefore set myself with so much earnestness to perform my duty to God, I will not be at leisure to know or consider what the World says or thinks of me. I look upon Religion as the highest privilege God gives to any creature. We are not born, but made Christians, and by the will of God only, not man ; and since it is God that bids me, I count it my duty, to believe that I am one of those God has ordained to eternal life ; and dare not make the least question of it, upon account of my sins and unworthiness, as if any goodness foreseen in us could be the cause of God's election, and not, as St. Paul writes to the Ephesians and others, " that it was according to the good pleasure of his Will, to the praise and glory of his Grace, having from the beginning chosen us to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the Truth." This should make me strive " to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called ;" and to be sure to let nothing discourage me, neither " weakness within, nor temptations without ; not the malice of the Devil, nor the treachery of my own deceitful heart." None of these can hurt me ; for whatever advantage any one, or all of these together, shall get over me, shall turn to my good ; for God " brings good out of all the evil He permits ;" glory to Himself, and much good to his Elect. And since a long trial of myself has given me a full experience of my own weakness, I will never presume upon my strength or ability in any thing either spiritual or temporal ; but give up myself to be governed and guided by Almighty God, as his Holy Spirit and Divine Providence shall direct ; and in every thing I do will beg his assistance, having the confidence that " whatever we ask according to his Will, He heareth us ;" and whatever we do according to his Will, He prospers it ; and to know his Will, that I may do it, shall be the whole business of my life.

To that end, I will allot myself a considerable portion of Holy Scripture, to read every day, beginning always with prayer, and ending with meditation and thanksgiving ; for it is only by a constant application to God that ever I must expect to overcome " the World, the

Flesh, and the Devil ;" to which I am engaged in a combat to my life's end ; and I had need to watch, and be careful to take every advantage against such powerful adversaries. But, could I make my converse with the world, and the necessary affairs of life, acts of Religion, it would prove the strongest bulwark of defence that could possibly be made against them ; which might be done, would we deny our passions and appetites in every thing, and make God's Will the rule and reason of all our actions. How hard soever this may look at first, Custom and Experience will make it both easy and pleasant. We cannot but be sensible how often our Passions have misled us, enough to discourage our indulging them ; for to what can be assigned the miseries of life so perpetually lamented, but to some inordinate appetite of the Mind or Body ? But, did we often deny to satisfy them, they would in time lose the habit of expecting it ; and then nothing would hinder us from designing all our actions to some good end, which makes them religious duties ; and it will be as easy to conclude there must needs be some pleasure also in doing the only thing wherein we can testify our love to God, when we know with how much pleasure we can cross any of our inclinations to shew our love to a Friend. This is all that goes to the making an active life as religious as a contemplative ; for the closest walking with God is to consider him in all we do, which will require a strict guard over our Thoughts, Words, and Actions, that we be not mere strangers to our own hearts.

I must also reflect upon the true use of all the benefits God has blessed me with in this life, so that I may not abuse them, but answer the ends for which they are given. My Time especially I will employ to the best use I can ; the first and best, in the morning, after rest and the refreshment of sleep, I will give to religious duties ; and my necessities shall after that have as much as they can justly challenge, upon the account of being natural, so must be provided for ; but I will take care to destroy all necessities of my own making, if neglect will do it : and that method which Physicians use, to correct the ill habits of the body, by repeating the medicine three times a day, seems to me no less needful for the Soul to

take, by returning three times a day to religious duties, to strengthen and support the soul, especially of such whose condition exempts them from any labour of body or mind : for, as with high feeding and no exercise the body contracts many diseases, which require much physick to prevent or cure ; so those souls whose station gives them much leisure feed too much upon amusements and vain talk, that fills them with many diseases, that, unless prevented by physick and exercise, concludes in Death ; but Reading, Prayer, and Recollection, are the best physick and cordials, and the serving our own and others' necessities the best exercise, both to preserve the health and keep up the strength and vigour of the soul. Of this I am by experience so convinced, I will neglect neither, but join to religious duties the serving my own and others' necessities ; nor will I rest satisfied till with St. Paul I can say, " These hands have ministered to my necessities " and those of others : for, let my station be high or low, they may be equal in this respect ; for, if I am obliged to keep more Servants for state and attendance than for necessity, this may easily be made an act of great charity, and give me occasion to " serve to their necessities, " which I shall do, if I take care to have them well principled in Religion, and so employed that no time or opportunity be given for idle converse together, to strengthen one another in the wicked maxims of the World ; and by setting the best examples I can of thrift and good management, and keep them always working for themselves or me.

But I cannot approve of so much good Housewifery as hinders the Poor ; all honest Trades should live ; and to manage so as to have little occasion to employ Tradesmen, instead of good management, would be wicked and unjustifiable, because in that I cross the ends and order of Providence ; this hinders not but that I and my Servants may find work enough to exercise us for the supply of others' necessities, though not my own, and procure to myself and my posterity the blessing and prayers of those that cannot work for themselves, who are the only persons I shall work for. Besides, the World will be the better for Servants so well taught ; for, when they come to have Families and Children, they will teach them to

get their living by honest labour, and conscionable trading and industry.

But, in a lower station, my exercise must be the supplying my own necessities, as well as the needs of others; and for those of mine, they shall be brought into the smallest circle I can possibly, by cutting off all the claims of custom, fancy, or the general vogue and opinion of the World; and then I shall have none but of cleanliness and decency, which will be soon supplied, and give way to others' concerns, which I should place before my own: yet shall my care for either be moderate; for whatever it is I undertake, I will leave the success to God's good pleasure. If I do nothing but with respect to my duty, God will certainly prosper it first or last, how adverse soever some things may seem for the present. — I know nothing comes to pass but by Divine Providence: why then should I murmur or repine at any cross event, affront, or injury; or be angry at the actors in them? Let it be interest, folly, or malice, they acted by, they are their own enemies, not mine. I will both pity and pray for them; and for my encouragement to this, I have often found their ill designs have had a quite contrary effect to their intentions; and that, by suffering patiently, and forbearing to publish their injuries, I have given them occasion to change their minds. It shall therefore be a rule with me not to give way to any resentment (and I may truly say, it is so easy to me to forgive injuries, that it is scarce a virtue); my unworthiness and ingratitude to God makes me deserve no better treatment at the hands of men; and so little right have I to the love and esteem of any, it were injustice to exact it. But such care has God taken for the comfort and support of his creatures, he has made it a law to Christians to love and assist one another; and I should shew myself unworthy of such a mercy and favour, could any injury nourish in me hatred or revenge. I will set no mark upon those that are not disposed to do me any kindness, but I owe the more to those that are; and in my gratitude to them I pay my thanks to God, who has made them his instruments to do me good; which has sometimes been those my corrupt nature would never have chosen to be obliged to;

but I can choose nothing for myself, which is my happiness. So much better it is to be ruled and governed by God, than by the best wisdom of our own, that, now I know the pleasure and comfort of it, I shall hardly suffer any more the World, the Devil, and my own unruly passions, to exercise their tyrannical dominions over me; I never served any of these Masters that ever I was paid my wages. Pride and Ambition made me serve the World, that I might have honour and esteem; the Devil I served for fear of suffering disgrace; and my passions promised me content and pleasure, and all agreed in disappointing me. But I could never say that ever I crossed my passions, or resisted a temptation for God's sake, that ever I failed of my reward; and till all my desires are brought to centre in the will of God (which sets me out of the reach of every disaster), where can I expect ease or safety? There is no blind person but would think it a great security to be under the protection of those whose care and conduct would perfectly supply all the inconveniences of that defect: such is my case; how should I fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction, as (says St. Paul) they do that will be rich, did I not distrust my own blind conduct so much as wholly to rely upon the guide and protection of Divine Providence! Our first parents' fondness to have their eyes opened hath so deprived us their posterity of sight and light, there is now no stirring a step without a guide; and where shall we find any but blind guides, unless God himself should vouchsafe to guide us, which of his infinite mercy He has, in giving us "a Saviour, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of Death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace?" Who would not rejoice in this light and direction, and seek no other; for indeed we are never brought into the way of peace, till we renounce all our own wisdom and human reason, and humbly and meekly give up ourselves to the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, in all the ways he takes to teach and conduct us through this World—as by his Word (read and preached), and by his Divine Providence to ourselves or others, and that experience by which we come sensibly to feel the weakness of human

nature perfectly, incapable of Divine Knowledge; and it is my happiness that I am come at last to that experience; and time enough, it was as soon as God saw it necessary for his glory. And now, after all, a new experience is added, by writing this Essay; for, by a deep and serious reflection upon my past failings, and the way and means to avoid them, I have learned that it is not experience that can humble us, or teach us any thing, till God's Holy Spirit has truly mortified us, which no care and industry of ours can accomplish. Though Religion is more experience than knowledge, yet that experience must be taught of God, and by his own way and method too; that is, in time, and by degrees.

How then can I imagine I could mend my past life were I to begin again? Which way can I avoid the passing through the first follies and ignorance of youth, and then the errors of our violent passions in our riper years, which help us to form wicked principles, and contract vicious habits? And after all this mischief is done, then comes Experience, to make the discovery of our faults, which is all it can do, for it is only the grace of God can mend them. And what power have we over this grace, which God gives when and to whom he pleases? We, for our part, are much better at resisting than procuring it; but if, by a deep search into my heart and mind, I find there the least spark of Grace, all I can do is to esteem it a precious heavenly treasure, which I should study to preserve, by heaping about it all that were capable of increasing it to a flame, that might make it visible to myself and others, and never be extinguished. But I must be highly to blame, and shew myself insensible of this divine favour and mercy, if I do not give it full power and authority to govern and direct me in all my thoughts, words, and actions; especially my thoughts, for nothing less than the grace of God can rule them; and it is from them our words and actions spring, if they are the true interpreters of our minds, as in truth and sincerity they ought to be; and it is a vain attempt to go about to regulate our words and actions, without beginning at the thoughts, though I should allow the advantage our words and actions have above them; because it is they only, and not our thoughts, can pass

the judgment of the world, which we so much respect; but no perfection in our words and actions, while they differ from our thoughts, can advance us higher than to the being Hypocrites, detested both of God and Man.

But, if by God's grace I can regulate my *thoughts*, I need not study so much my words and actions; for to be so very exact and careful of my words and actions that relate to men, but very careless of my thoughts (one of the chief ways of my converse with God), can there be any defection in corrupt nature that ought to give more horror and confusion? Though I am very sensible I am not able of myself to think a good thought, I will endeavour to avoid the entertainment of loose and evil thoughts, and whatever gives nourishment to them: this if I can do, will put the surest restraint upon my words and actions, whatever opposition my corrupt nature shall make to it.

I know how tedious every thing is which we do without delight, and it is apparent that all reading and conversations are chosen to delight our depraved passions and inclinations. I can remark from my youth how I was pleased with Tales and simple Stories, when I had nothing in my head but childish fancies.

After that, when I was possessed with Ambition and Curiosity, I found much pleasure in Novels and Romances, or any other pieces of wit and novelty; but when I was once acquainted with the charms of virtue and sobriety, I quitted all my former, for the single pleasure of contemplating the happiness of a virtuous way of living, and no Books pleased me but of that subject. But now at last I pursue a pleasure transcendant to all these; it is, to be united, and enjoy the presence of God, and all the ways that lead to it: to that end I place my whole delight in reading the Holy Scriptures, humbly beginning with Prayer. It is a holy conversation, that leaves an impression upon the mind, of the power, the majesty, and the infinite goodness and mercy of God to poor Sinners, "so full of love to us, and pity to our failings and infirmities," that there is nothing to discourage us, either in ourselves or him; and where else can we hope to find so much joy and consolation? But I remember the time when I had rather have read

any other Book of Divinity ; and am therefore willing to hope it is a mark of God's love revealed to me, which has in some measure taken up my thoughts and affections ; and made this change.

Thus, having God and his Holy Word for my guide, I may go on cheerfully, but no farther than that leads me. I will not presume to tread in the paths of the great Saints, unless I had the same measure of zeal and devotion ; for so I may lead myself beyond my strength, and make Religion a penance instead of a delight. I had rather take my measures of devotion and prayer from the love and zeal I find in my own breast ; not that I should decline any labour or difficulty that meets me in my duty, for I know I am a soldier, and must endure hardness. But, for all whatever I could possibly do or suffer, I should desire no greater reward in this life than to delight in acts of devotion, which, with the blessing of God, will naturally follow ; for what is our duty but to pursue the destruction of all the enemies to truth and holiness ? And could we obtain an entire victory over them, nothing would obstruct our communion with God, our joy and our delight : but, knowing how much my enemies exceed me in strength and power, I must be ready with all my forces, and give them no advantage by my sloth and negligence. I will be careful to beg of God that assistance I need, and content myself with such a victory as he is pleased to give me ; “all my desires shall wait on his pleasure ;” for that great God that at first made me what he pleased, and sent me into the world in that circumstance he approved, has the same right to dispose of all he has given me—soul, body, and goods : if I be not slothful and negligent, but thankfully make use of those means his good Providence brings me for the support of myself and those that depend on me, it is all I can or need to do as to what relates to the temporal things of this life ; for, by taking care, I shall but make it worse. “Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.” And if I am so unable to provide for my body, much more for my soul ; for if God did not prevent me with his grace, I could not so much as desire it, or take any delight in using the means he has ordained for obtaining it ; and blessed be God, that has not

made our well-being depend upon our performances: they are his good gifts alone that preserve the life both of body and soul; and, for our comfort and security, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. To be sure, he will finish what he has once begun; and as to our condition in this world, a mediocrity in our desires and expectation is best. I will, therefore, with a faithful Servant of God, pray, "Lord, let me be a sharer with thy Saints in the life to come; and let me act in this life what part it pleases thee to impose upon me."

But for spiritual gifts and graces, there is nothing too great for us to hope and expect from God's bountiful and gracious promise—even the Holy Spirit to those that ask it; so that no failing and infirmity of mine shall discourage me; but I will pray, "O Lord God, if I cannot be like Thee in holiness, let me be like thy Angels in obedience." And if I can attain to neither, let me at least aspire to both; and what I want in power and performance, let me supply with vows and prayers.

And thus has my *After-thought* brought many *Errors* to light, which I forgot to insert in the several Stages of my Life. But though by ransacking my Life and Actions I find myself guilty of many *Errors*; yet I challenge the worst Enemy I have to prove "black is my eye" with respect to Women, Avarice, Drunkenness, Injustice, or any other immoral practice: not but the *single life* I am forced to will make people the more censorious, and some that have been in the *Oven* will be raising lies of me (so common to men under a cloud): but I refer them to Time to clear me; for, by the grace of God, I shall live such a *New Life*, as "I may have a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards Man."

It is a comfort that accusations make no man a criminal (Aristophanes was accused ninety-five times, and ever acquitted); or, if they did, my Friend Mr. *Richard Taylor*, and all the Houses where I have lived, are ready to testify in what innocent manner I spend my hours. Or, supposing there were such a *She-Lunatick* (for my own sex was never guilty of such *madness*;) as to mind the words of distracted people, such a *Tawdry* is fitter for *Bedlam* than those confined to a chain, or a

dark room. Not that the greatest innocence will clear a man of reflection (even charity to a Widow in Bedlam, or the requiting of innocent favours, shall pass for I know not what) : but shall I be ungrateful (a vice that my soul abhors) because the World is uncharitable? God forbid! I will ever do what I think my duty, and bid the World go whistle. I live above undeserved slander; and dare, whenever I am wronged, trust Heaven with my vindication. I may indeed suffer awhile (should my Enemies live concealed). But it cannot be long, for the Sun, though curtained with clouds, yet in time dissipates the congealed vapours, and gets the victory, and dissolves those veils to thinness, and so to nothing. So honest men (like Socrates) dissipate calumnies by the innocence of their lives, as the crystal currents of rivers carry along the small flying dust. All the arrows of reproach (as is seen in the disgrace that befalls slanderers) return upon the calumniator (for I will find him out if he be not hanged). Thus a Basilisk desirous to infect a looking-glass, killeth himself by repercussion of vapours which proceed from his own body; and the slanderer doth the like. When (like the accusers of Socrates) he meeteth with an unspotted life, it is a smooth glass, which killeth him with his own proper arms; and for this reason, when Philip was advised to chastise the Grecians for speaking against him, he only answered, "If they slander me without reason, what would they do if I should do them hurt? But," added he, "they make me a better man; for I strive daily, both in my words and deeds, to prove them liars." I will imitate Philip in this excellent practice, and hope to lead such a *New Life*, that even the Devil himself shall find it hard to accuse me, were it possible, of one sinful thought. But, could I refine myself to an angel, or were as innocent as those in Paradise, there are some in St. Alban's, could it save them two pence, would rail at me. Almost every man knows so much ill of himself, that he is very forward to censure another; but (as in the former part of my life, so in the conclusion of it) I judge of all men's Religion by their charity. Prejudice and mis-information have murdered the reputation of many innocent persons; and for that reason I never judge any man un-

heard ; but now-a-days men are bold to speak any thing, since many are willing to credit all, but more especially lies. Lies are sooner believed than Truth ; and for this reason, one man will slander his neighbour, to pick a thank ; another, to revenge a quarrel ; a third from the pleasure he takes in doing of ill turns. And every man thinks, be he never so scrupulous in other respects, that to *be-rogue* another is to *be-saint* himself ; so that, if I believe one report in forty, I give a very large allowance.

For my own share, two old maids have talked very freely of me, and for no other reason but that my Wife and I are parted. But my conscience is better than a thousand witnesses ; and those actions of my life which some have thought the most culpable, I solemnly declare to be the most innocent. It is true, my hereditary distemper, the stone, often brings me so very low, that I am not able to help myself. At Mr. *Marshal's*, in Suffolk, I could not turn myself in my bed, for several months. At Mr. *Lutwiche's*, I was brought to the brink of Eternity. At Mrs. *Gardiner's*, I was consumed to a mere skeleton. At Mr. *Wilson's*, I was given up for a dead man. And I am often seized in the streets with such fits of the stone, as I can neither stand nor go. This makes it necessary for me, except I would perish to save charges, to have the constant assistance of some person ; and none so fit as those, for my own sex make but odd nurses, that have been indefatigable in the saving my life ; and as zealous (nay perhaps have been over-righteous) for the health of my soul.

The Reverend Mr. *Charles Buck* * gives *Climene* the character of being “a very good woman, and an excellent nurse.” And Mr. *Henry*, who lived with her several months, assured his Friend † “that she is a very virtuous person in all respects ;” and all the persons that know her assert, that she strives to be so like Virtue, by fasting every Sunday, and receiving the Sacrament every month, that you can scarce know one from the other. This is that Guardian-angel that has kept me from Sin and Death ; and none but rogues and the worst of women will slander such a necessary and pious Friend. In a

* In his Letter, dated September 25, 1703. † Mr. P. Bowtel.

word, Virtue and Innocence were the rise and cement of my friendship to good Climene. Neither would I desire her help, though to want it would end my life, did I not think her chaste so much as in thought.

But, though my frequent disorders of body and mind make it necessary for me to have the constant service of some person; yet no Creditor is a farthing the worse for the charge that attends my sickness, as I *slave* for it at my fingers' ends.

Perhaps such a miser as *R*—— will abuse me for taking such care of myself. But, as no man shall lose a farthing by me, I may justly despise such merciless creditors. Indeed all men under a cloud are called rogues and scoundrels: it was the fate of the two *B*——*neels*, and that true Nathaniel, Mr. *William Emp—n*; but it is a word I could never digest, and, by the grace of God, I will never deserve it. Yet I cannot deny but most men owe, not only their learning to their plenty, but likewise their virtue and their honesty; for how many thousands are there in the world, in great reputation for their honest and just dealings with mankind, who, if they were put to their shifts, as others as honestly inclined are, would soon lose their reputation, yea, turn rogues and scoundrels, as the vulgar think, and generally call, such as are not able to pay their debts! I question not but want and self-preservation, for hunger will break through stone walls, would put some of them upon those very hard shifts they now blame so much in others.

But, if my marrying a fortune has made me a scoundrel, for my bond would pass for six thousand pounds if my Wife would let it, it is but while I continue a Widower bewitched; for that very minute she opens her purse, which, it is thought, will reach from hence to St. Alban's, I shall be counted the same honest man which I was before, and will run to meet her with open arms.

But I need not apologize here; for, to do my Creditors justice, they are all equally civil to me; if any have exceeded in kindness, it is Mr. *Grantham* and Mr. *Hool*. But, if I had nothing left but a *New Life*, I have enough in conscience to bear my charges to Heaven. So that you see, Reader, none will censure those Friends that serve me, but such as would slander Virtue itself,

were she dressed in petticoats. But, alas! some men are so vile, that, when no merit of fortune can make them hope to enjoy the bodies of those beauties they are charmed with, they will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fames suffer. It is true, to such women, innocence is the safest armour (for just Heaven will never forsake the innocent); yet this lewd revenge is a double villainy, for certainly Women are necessary evils; from our Cradle to our Grave, we are wrapt in a circle of obligations to them. Dr. Tom— was of this opinion, or had never sent so often for Iris; and I am sure such a mortal as I, who am helpless at best, cannot live without their assistance. But how many times do believed misinterpretations cause men to have undue or evil opinion of us, and our innocent and faultless actions! And for that reason, I will never deny myself an honest solace, for fear of an airy censure; why should another man's injustice breed my unkindness to myself?

I would not, for the Manor of Sampsil, to which Madam Nicholas's promise has given me a just title*, contribute to my own destruction; which I must do, should I, to humour censorious people, rather die in a fit of the stone, than receive help from the hand of a woman. No, dear Spouse, assure yourself I shall not deny myself of a necessary assistance, because the world is uncharitable. I am more afraid of myself than of all the world. A man cannot run from his own conscience. Now if I live according to this *Idea*, a fig for B—, N—, W—y, and all those *Summer-friends* that now requite me "evil for good," and would, by their private slanders, *unmake* those favours they can never requite†.

It was said of Chrysostom, "that he never spake ill of any man;" but your right slanderer will publish that

* "As for that sort of debt which is brought upon a man by his own voluntary promise, it cannot, without great injustice, be withheld; for it is now the man's right, and then it is no matter by what means it came to be so. Therefore we see David makes it part of the description of a just man, Psal. xv. 4, "that he keeps his promises; yea, though they were made to his own disadvantage." Thus far the Author of "The Whole Duty of Man," p. 227; and, he adds, surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, either as that signifies the Church here, or Heaven hereafter, that does not punctually observe this part of justice.

† As they formerly owned in their Letters to me.

to all, that he dares not own to any : their hands can never be clean that throw so much dirt in other men's faces. Sure I am, the abusive language of *S——*'s children has made them as black as Hell. They now act the ungrateful Spaniel, who, when he gets out of the river, shakes off that very water which supported him. But, when they come to their death-beds, I cannot see how they can die in peace, especially *Parson Grubb*, without asking my pardon for those many false and injurious things they said of me, and of those innocent persons before mentioned. By this it appears, as I said before, that "accusations make no man a criminal;" and that there be many things that look *odd*, when we inspect into the causes of them, are strictly virtuous; and for this reason, might I live over my days again, I would believe no man's eyes nor ears but my own; or, "If there were any need that a man should be evil-spoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad qualities should be mentioned together; otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an indifferent man may be made a monster. They that will observe nothing in a good man but his failings and infirmities, may make a shift to render a very wise and good man (and I never pretended to be either) very despicable. If one should heap together all the passionate speeches, all the froward and imprudent actions of the best man, all that he had said and done amiss in his whole life, and present it all at one view, concealing his wisdom and virtues; the man in this disguise would look like a madman or a fury: and yet, if his life were fairly represented, and just in the same manner it was led, and his many and great virtues set over against his failings and infirmities, he would appear to all the world to be an admirable and excellent person: but how many and great soever any man's ill qualities are, it is but just that, with all his heavy load of faults, he should have the due praise of the few real virtues that are in him *."

One would think this passage of Archbishop Tillotson was enough to cure *censuring*. It is certain, had the innocent persons before mentioned but met with this

* Archbishop Tillotson's Works, p. 515.

just treatment, they had passed, as they really are, for excellent Christians. However, I have here inserted what false things have been said of them, that the world may see what a vile thing slandering is, especially the private slanderer. "The thing is true ; but pray say nothing you had it from me !" is a wound can never be cured ; it is stabbing a man behind, and is the worst sort of murder, as it leaves no room for defence. And for this reason, for the time to come, I will rather be silent than speak ill of any man, though he deserve it ; and that I may do so, I will observe this rule : "Whensoever I hear one ill spoken of, before I second it, I will examine mine own heart ; and it is odds but I shall find in myself either the same fault, or a worse than what he is accused for ; so I shall be forced either to mend myself, or not to condemn him ; which if I do, it shall be to his face ; for the private slanderer is the blackest of all villains. Besides, it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark ; I mean, that sends lies to St. Alban's without a name ; and then, like a serpent, creeps into his hole again, for want of courage, or witnesses, to prove them. This way of stabbing is so unmanly, that Anthony put those slanderers to death which could not prove their accusations. The design of these private varlets was, to make a difference between me and Valeria : but I am much mistaken in my present Wife, if her great innocence does not set her above suspicion. It is only guilty people are jealous. Or, if it does not, my innocence is too great to need my concealing the worst that malice or slander can say of me ; for there is no sex in souls ; and I shall think it a duty to respect Virtue wherever I find it. My first Wife was of this opinion ; and therefore told the Pindaric Lady *, that "Platonic Love is the most noble, and may be allowed by all." The learned Norris published several letters which he sent to his Maiden Friend ; and, sure I am, none but such as are lewd themselves, and so cannot help suspecting of others, will censure a Friendship where the body has nothing to do.

Now if any are so vile as to nibble at this *confession*, they may go about their business ; for I have not an

* See before, page 198. EDIT.

acquaintance in the whole world, I will scarce except the reverend Sam. Wesley, but may find enough in his own life to damp his censuring me, and those virtuous persons that out of mere charity endeavour to save my life.

Thus have I finished my *After-Thought*, which concludes the account of my *Life and Errors*; and, if my Reader apprehend me such as I am, I have my end in this Publication. But if, by these features of my confession, he imagine others to my prejudice, let him look to it; for I would come again from the other world, to contradict any one that should represent me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. But I think I may assure the Reader, that, if he practises my *Idea of a New Life*, and avoids the *Errors* I repent of in these sheets, we shall meet in Heaven at last; for, though Pride and Vain-glory may incline that man to recommend Mortification and Repentance, and extol even the Stoicism of Cato, who privately hugs his darling lusts, and lives as sensual a life as the late Earl of *Warwick* *; yet, Reader, if thou and I, which is true living, in the vigour of our youth, and the full career of pleasure, set bounds to our inordinate appetites; if we begin a new life before sickness comes, and retire from the world and its vanities before they leave us, we plainly demonstrate that there is some more sublime happiness we pursue after, some more perfect good which attracts our affections.

To persuade to this *New Life*, is the design of this *Idea*; and (that we may want no helps in the way to Heaven) one end of our Saviour's coming into the world was to be "a pattern of holy living and dying," to convince us that, notwithstanding the infirmities of our nature, the most stubborn lusts may be subdued, the most alluring temptations may be rejected, if we call in his Grace to the assistance of our honest endeavours.

So that, you see, Reader, my *Idea of a New Life* is no feigned matter to beg applause of men, but is all (except the two Prayers of Sir Richard Baker) what I collected from my own breast; and is my true thoughts in sincerity. It was written in *solitude*, and wants those

* Edward-Rich, who succeeded his Father in 1675, and died in 1701. EDIT.

embellishments which it might have had was I near a Library ; but it is as much to the purpose to assure my Reader I wrote it with my own hand, as a register of my fixed resolution to practise it.

I hope I would rather die a thousand times than commit again the *Errors* I have here confessed. Indeed, it was a saying of a Father of the Church, "that it is more easy to find one that has preserved his innocence from his baptism, than a sincere and hearty penitent, because few are converted as they ought to be." Nevertheless, God, out of his infinite goodness and compassion, does from time to time turn the hearts of some prodigious sinners; demonstrating to the world, that he is truly "a God of Mercy;" and that there is no man who has been never so desperately wicked, but he will receive him, if he enters upon a *New Life*, and does it with a heart truly sensible of his former sins. "He does not desire the death of a sinner, for he came to lay down his life for such; but only that they would be converted, and live."

Then shall it suffice, O my God, to acknowledge thy benefits? will it be any recompense to employ the remainder of that time in thy service, which hitherto has been spent in affronting thy Majesty? or will the divorcing those unlawful pleasures to which I have been formerly wedded satisfy thy justice, and blot out my transgressions? In short, will it be sufficient to secure me from Hell, that henceforward I will aspire after nothing but Heaven, the fruition of thyself, and those ravishing pleasures which are at thy right hand for evermore? If so, blessed Lord, I will endeavour, by thy Grace, daily to act faith and repentance, and direct all the future steps of my life towards Heaven.

And as I wrote this *Idea* to influence my own practice, and to caution those who are yet unborn, or but just entered into the world; so I also publish it for their sakes, who, having seen their *Errors*, are desirous to reform their lives, and "bid adieu to their vain conversation;" and I hope it will put all, especially old sinners, upon a new way of living. Sure it is time for us all to examine what public and secret sins we have been guilty of, and to imitate that repentance which I press so much in every Stage of my Life.

But, let the Atheist, or Libertine, live as he please; for myself, I am desirous to bid a long Farewell to *Life*, which, at best, is but a dull repetition of the same thing; and, if I spend the remaining part of my days according to this *Idea*, when I come to die, I hope I shall have nothing to do but to die. Not that I would be delivered from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary Traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. It is true, the Manor of Sampsil is a fine sight; but he that looks up to Heaven will not care for the World. "Oh, how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! One day in thy courts is better than a thousand." There is nothing in this World but Vanity, Disappointment, and black Ingratitude.

Oh, that I was stripped into a naked spirit, and set ashore in a better World!

What though I must pass through the gates of Death,
It is to come to Thee that gav'st me breath;
And Thou art better, Lord, than dunghill earth.

When shall I come? Lord, tell me, tell me when:
What! must I tarry threescore years and ten?
My thirsty soul cannot hold out till then.

When I consider that Sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that there is no soundness in my mind, memory, will, and affections, it makes me even weary of life. Indeed, Death is called "The King of Terrors;" but I do not fear Death for the *pain* of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in Life, as I shall find in Death; and I trust God, who hath loved me in Life, will not neglect me in Death, but will succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat. Neither do I fear Death for any *loss*, for I shall but lose my Body by it, and that is but a prison to my Soul, an old rotten house or ragged garment; nay, I shall not lose that neither, for I shall have it restored again at my Saviour's second coming, much better than now it is; for this vile body shall be like the Body of Christ; and by Death I shall obtain a far better Life.

But, seeing Sin will cleave to me to the last moment of my life, and seeing upon that moment depends Eternity, I would expire with these or the like words:

MY LAST PRAYER.

"Eternal and ever-living God, I am now drawing near the gates of Death, and, which is infinitely more terrible, the bar of thy Judgement. Oh, Lord, when I consider this, my flesh trembleth for fear of Thee, and my heart is wounded within me. But one deep calleth upon another, the depth of my misery upon the depth of thy mercy. Lord, save me now, or I perish eternally. Lord, one day is with Thee as a thousand years : Oh let thy mighty Spirit work in me now, in this my last hour, whatsoever Thou seest wanting to fit me for thy mercy and acceptance ; and then, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil. I cannot without some reluctance think of leaving my friends and relations, and for ever shutting my eyes upon that World where I now live, to go into a World where I never was : but, though the light is pleasant, and a joyful thing it is to behold the Sun ; yet let it abundantly content me, O Lord, that, whether dead or alive, I shall be always thine: Help me, O Lord, in every passage of my Life and Death, to say, ' Thy Will be done.' If it be thy Will I shall die now, receive my Spirit ; and although I come in the evening, at the very last of all, grant unto me that I may receive eternal rest. Blessed Lord, seal my pardon, before I go hence, and be seen no more : and since Death is my passage into thy presence, suffer not the thoughts of it to be terrible unto me. Blessed Jesus, have mercy on me ! Pardon the Sins of my whole Life ; and when my breath is gone, grant, O Lord, that I may see and know *her* * again, who died praying for my everlasting happiness. Into thy hand, O Lord, I resign my Body and Soul. Blessed Saviour, receive my Spirit. Even so ; come, Lord Jesus ; come quickly. Amen."

When the trembling Soul has Heaven thus in sight,
Oh, with what joy and ravishing delight
She spreads her wings, and bids this World good night.

I would have this Prayer be my last breath, till my lips fail, and my tongue cleaveth to the roof of my mouth ;

* The person I mean here is Mrs. Elizabeth Dunton, my first Wife

for, as the Sun shines brightest at his setting, so should Man at his departing. In this manner I would correct the *Errors* of my past Life, and (by repenting of all my Sins), as it were, live over my days again.

To conclude. I desire the World to date my age, not from what I was, but from what I am; for no man can be said to live, till he forsake his Sins, and resolves for Heaven. And for this reason the day of my Birth should now be reckoned from the day I forsook all my *Errors*, and began that *New Life* I here recommend. And if he that repents is innocent, I am to all intents and purposes as innocent as the child unborn, &c.; for whose sake this Essay was published. So that, if I practise my own *Idea of a New Life*, I may say, as the converted gallant once said to a strumpet that tempted him after three years' absence, "Ego non sum Ego."—"Do not you know me?" said she; "why, it is I!" "Yes," said he, "but I am not the same Man."

CONCLUSION OF THE "LIFE AND ERRORS."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE
Life and Errors
OF
JOHN DUNTON,
CITIZEN OF LONDON;
WITH THE
LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND
CONTEMPORARY DIVINES,
AND OTHER PERSONS OF LITERARY EMINENCE.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
DUNTON'S CONVERSATION IN IRELAND;
Selections
FROM HIS OTHER GENUINE WORKS;
AND A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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1818.



Selections
FROM
THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
JOHN DUNTON.

CHAPTER XI.

DUNTON'S JOURNAL, PART II.

OR, A PANEGYRICK ON THE MOST EMINENT PERSONS FOR PIETY, LEARNING, COURAGE, MODERATION, CHARITY, AND OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS, NOW LIVING IN THE THREE KINGDOMS*, 1706.

I SHALL begin the "Second Part of my Journal" with this assurance, that I will praise no person (whether rich or poor) but such as I think deserve it.

And the first person I intend to characterize is the *divine Sabina*; being obliged thereto by the following Letter, directed "To the Author of the Panegyrick on Eminent Persons: to be left at Claypool's Coffee-house in Swan-alley, in Birchin Lane."

* This and the Twelfth Chapter are selected from a small and very scarce volume published by Dunton in 1706, intituled, "The Whipping Post;" which contains nothing worth notice except what will be here extracted. EDIT.

" SIR,

Manchester, April 6, 1706.

" I thought myself obliged, though at this distance, to make some return for the pleasure which the niceness and curiosity of your *Living History* has given me in effigy. I would have you begin your History with the Character of a Lady in these parts, commonly called 'The divine Sabina.' The accomplishments of this lady have sufficiently signalized her, though the bashfulness of her residence has done all that in it lay to shroud her from applause. I am very sensible she is like to suffer, as your most racy and generous liquors do, in the transfusion. She flourishes in her own soil, but will look faint and withering in comparison of the primitive piece. However, I hope it may provoke a hand as celebrated as her own to ravish the pencil from such a Dauber as I am about to shew myself. I confess, too, I were better have initiated my hand with an inferior draught; yet suppose me in the best circumstances, and I am only like to give it you in shade and miniature, and therefore ascribe none of the unfinished strokes to the original. I shall further add, that, if this first Character meets with encouragement, I shall send you the Characters of Dr. Row, Mr. Cunningham, Dr. Lee, &c. and of other eminent persons in Manchester.

" But to return to the Character of 'the divine Sabina.' She is a Lady by birth and fortune, and is not only an ornament to her own illustrious family, but to the age she lives in. She hath wit, not only above most of her sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values itself so much upon it; to which is joined a judgment very correct and solid — two things seldom found together in the Fair Sex. This is the reason that she never runs into those little extravagances, or commits those witty fooleries, which many of them who possess the first are guilty of for want of the latter (Wit in Women being often a very ungovernable thing); but she bears her advantages with less ostentation and more temper than those of her sex who have any excellency above the rest usually do; which is a virtue by which she is as much distinguished from them, as they are from the ordinary rank of women. She is a very good judge of persons; and as there is nobody more competently

qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for she always speaks her mind, and spares nobody; but then (I know not how) she orders it so well, that it may be understood as an obligation; and her severest reproofs have something in them so sweet, so gentle, and so allaying of their own gall, that there is hardly any of the bitter to be found; like pills wrapt up in sweetmeats, you swallow them with a pleasing relish. And as dextrous Executioners perform their office with such a sleight, that it is with little pain, and almost insensible to the sufferers—so she manages her most *kill-ing* reflections with such admirable art and softness, that the persons concerned are never offended at it; for she does it in terms very ambiguous, like antient Oracles, that might be interpreted either way; it requires some consideration to find out which it is she intends; and what she designs as a reflection, without a very strict examination, may pass for a panegyrick.—She is extremely critical, and likes or dislikes upon great niceties. The last is much more frequent to her than the first, for she seldom finds any body to her mind: her friendship, therefore, is obtained with great difficulty, and very easily lost; for, to the keeping of it up, it is necessary one should have all that in the same degree which was the cause of her contracting it; for, upon the first discovery of any failure, her kindness fails too; that is, she cannot pass by the little errors and miscarriages of her Friends. So that it is in her Friendship as it is in Musick, where, if the instruments are not kept up to the same key and pitch, it disturbs the harmony; though, if she always continues to proceed by this rule, she will hardly ever have any very durable friendship, it being difficult for her to make it upon equal terms. She is very scrupulous in all the little and indifferent actions of her life; and a most rigorous observer of that which they call Decency, even to the smallest punctilios; and makes herself a great slave to Custom and Opinion: that is, she will never do any thing till she hath first very well considered with herself what other people may think of it.—Her conversation is very agreeable, and she hath complaisance enough, yet loves you should oppose her,

and delights very much in contradicting you ; but does it so handsomely, and in such a manner, as easily shews her design is only pleasure and divertisement, and she never fails of her end. She hath a sense of things by herself, very subtle and fine notions ; and is rather pleased with something particularly odd, than any thing in the common beaten road ; that is, she had rather make trespasses on Nature, and break into her inclosures, than keep the high-way. She never makes herself a slave to her opinions, nor believes she is always obliged to think as she once did ; nor is so obstinately constant to any one tenet as never to recede from it. By this I mean only such as are not material, but indifferent in themselves, and are the subject of ordinary dispute and conversation. And her design (as I have told you) being only divertisement, you shall see her one time defend a proposition with all the earnestness imaginable ; when, perhaps, the next time you meet her, the stream will be diverted into another current, and she will maintain quite the contrary, and say as many fine things against it as ever she did for it, if it serve better to that purpose of diverting. So that her opinions are like Laws in a State, which change with the circumstances of affairs ; and that which was before of force and valid is made void upon some present exigence and necessity. And for the rest of her life, it is nothing else but Devotion.— To sum up all : she hath a great deal of wit, a true and discerning judgment ; she is hard to be pleased, very nicely scrupulous, singular in her notions, uncertain in her friendship, pleasant in conversation, inoffensive in her raillery, sincere in her piety ; and all these are so qualified, and so intermixed, that, like different elements, they make up a most excellent composition."

I shall next insert an Epitaph on the Reverend Dr. *Manton*, written by the ingenious Dr. *Wild*. The Gentleman that sent it to me desires I would insert the Character of Dr. *Manton* in this Journal ; for, though he is characterized by Mr. *Calamy*, yet (to use my Friend's expression) "too much can never be said of so worthy a person." I agree to what this Gentleman says, that "too much can never be said of Dr. *Manton*, &c. ;" but the Character that is given of him by Mr. *Calamy* is so com-

plete, that I shall not presume to add any thing to it ; and therefore I hope I shall not disoblige my Yorkshire Friend if I only print Dr. Wild's Verses, which, I am told, were never printed before ; and so refer the Reader for Dr. Manton's Character, to be found in "The Abridgement of Mr. Baxter's Life," written by Mr. Calamy.

"Two words (but ah! too hard)—*Assent, Consent,*
 Had made this Stone a stately Monument ;
 Then it had run with a more lofty style,
 "The Dean of Rochester lies in the Aile."
 Nay, peradventure, higher, "Here lies dead
 A Learned, Reverend, and Mitred Head."
 Now a *small Character* must serve the turn,
 So Gold lies hidden in an earthen urn.
 Here lies a *Father*, who in Jesus died,
 With six dear Children sleeping by his side.
 Here lies a *Great Divine*, a learned man,
 Smart Disputant, well-read Historian,
 Accurate Textman, Orthodox avow'd,
 If our Church Articles may be allow'd ;
 Severe of brow, but in discourse serene,
 Whose tongue could say well all his mind did mean.
 Hearers inquir'd not how the time did pass,
 Nor listen'd to the clock, nor look'd at glass.
 Tedious he could not be, though much he read,
 The warp and woof were both so fine a thread.
 Black Envy look'd asquint, gnash'd, swell'd, and swore,
 To see so many Coaches throng his door.
 His sentences to many a Noble Ear
 Were richer than the jewels they did wear.
 His Printed Books (pity they were so few)
 Ten times perused, yet appeared new.
 When his bright Soul enter'd the Blessed Place,
 After the smiles of his great Maker's Face,
 Methinks I see those two Apostles rise,
 St. James and Jude, and, with delighted eyes,
 Behold, embrace, welcome with heavenly greet
 Their Scholar, feasting him at their own feet ;
 Then, by th' appointment of the Throne, and Votes
 Of that high House, approv'd and prais'd his *Notes*,
 So faithfully and fruitfully annex'd
 To their Epistles, and the Sacred Text.
 Then glorious David, from his sun-like throne,
 Bedeck'd with stars and many a precious stone,
 Welcom'd the Saint into the Heavenly Quire,
Thanking him for his Lesson on his Lyre :

Moving an Order, which not one withstood,
 They might be publish'd for the Church's good.
 Next 't was resolv'd Heaven would be very kind
 To his poor Wife and Children left behind :
 His absence should not make them fare the worse,
 God's *All-sufficiency* should be their purse ;
 His Providence their all—and all this done
 Without their Father's *Intercession*.
 'T was lastly voted, his Remains below
 Should to their dust with Love and Honour go ;
 And that a wise Embalmer make and shed
 A Box of Precious Ointment on his Head."

If any question whether this Poem was written by the ingenious Dr. Wild (though I think the very style sufficiently shews it) ; if Dr. Manton's Son-in-law will give me a private meeting, I will give him full satisfaction that it was written by Dr. Wild, and left by him with that very Gentleman who sent it to me.

I shall next step into Yorkshire ; for designing a "Pannegryck on the most Eminent Persons in the Three Kingdoms," I shall survey every Town and County that comes in my way. And here I shall present the Reader with the Characters of several Eminent Persons, both Men and Women.

The first I shall name is, the truly honourable, noble, and elect Lady *Hewly*, of York ; a person of exemplary piety and seriousness. God hath blessed her with a great estate, and also with a large and bountiful heart and hand. Her Charity is not only a Cistern to supply the present age, but a Fountain to supply generations to come—in that goodly Hospital she hath lately erected in the City of York, and so largely and liberally endowed for aged persons of her own sex ; in which she is so far from assuming any honour to herself, that, like David of old in his preparations to build the Temple *, she gives all the glory to God, as appears by the inscription thereupon, "Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the Poor †." And yet, notwithstanding this public structure, the principal streams of her charity run in secret, according to the rule, Matth. vi. 4. ; this Noble Person, in the distribution thereof, not letting her right

* 1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

† Psal. lxxviii. 10.

hand know what her left hand doth; many having been refreshed by the streams of her bounty, that never knew the fountain whence it came. Her endeavour (like our blessed Saviour's) is "to do all good possible, both to the souls and bodies of men, and that in sincerity and singleness of heart, having respect to God's glory; whatever she does doing it faithfully, both to the Brethren and to Strangers." This excellent Lady, notwithstanding her great love to the Public Ordinances, and her conscientious attendance thereupon, when her health and strength will permit, yet she leaves not her Religion there, but hath God duly worshiped in her own Family by the morning and evening sacrifices of prayer and praise. She spends much time also (in her secret retirements) in those sweet duties of prayer, holy meditation, and converse with her own soul; having that serenity of mind and peace of conscience which is the result of well-doing, and which most are strangers to.—God hath been pleased to continue her (though under frequent bodily infirmities) to a good old age, wherein, to use the Psalmist's phrase, she still "brings forth fruit, and is fat and flourishing." May it please the Lord yet long to preserve her precious life; and when her days are determined, that she may sleep with her Fathers, vouchsafe her an *Eubavaria*, an easy and comfortable passage out of this World, and an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The neat and accurate Mr. *Thomas Colton*, of the same City, is a person of exemplary piety and seriousness; a very eminent Preacher, as appears in those two excellent Sermons of his lately printed; but would appear much more if the world might be so happy as to see his "Discourses upon the Heads of Divinity." He is a very prudent, peaceable man, of the primitive stamp, no bigot to any party, but a lover of all good men of what persuasion soever; and of such a sweet, regular, obliging conversation, as makes him to be beloved of all—another *Demetrius*, having "a good report of all men," and of the truth itself.

Mr. *Joseph Dawson*, of Morley, is a grave and Reverend Minister of Jesus Christ, "an Israelite indeed, in whom

there is no guile;" an angelical man for meekness; another Moses; a man of such a holy and exemplary conversation, and venerable behaviour, as gains him respect and reverence from all men; a deep Divine, of great ministerial parts and abilities, and of a sweet and happy delivery, being affectionately desirous of the good of souls; is willing not to impart to them the Gospel of God only, but his own soul also, because they are dear to him; exhorting and charging every one, "even as a father doth his children," as the Apostle speaks, 1 Thess. ii. 8. Though he is now such another as Paul the aged (being near the 70th year of his life), yet he is as indefatigable and diligent in his study as if but just entering upon his work (as our blessed Saviour before him), "doing the work of Him that sent him while it is day, before the night cometh, when no man can work." In a word, he is "a burning and shining light," a very pattern of holiness, meekness, humility, and zeal for God's glory, &c.; one whose whole conversation is in Heaven. He trained up four young men, all sons of a Friend of mine, in Academical Learning; three of which are now actually in the Ministry, and do worthily for God in their generation.

Mr. *Peter Peters*, of Leeds, is a truly good man, and faithful Minister of Jesus Christ; one that fills up his post to very good purpose; of a healing Christian temper and disposition; but, alas! under great indisposition, by reason of the stone or gravel, or some worse distemper, whereby we have great cause to fear his removal, though but a young man, in the midst of his days.

Mr. *Ralph Thoresby*, of Leeds, Fellow of the Royal Society, is a very ingenious, sober Gentleman, and industrious Antiquary, who hath a curious Collection of Natural and Artificial Rarities of many years' standing, and is still as diligent as ever to make additions thereunto. He is also a great Preserver and Ingrosser of Manuscripts of all sorts. He is kind and respectful to his Friends, and never better pleased than when they can present him with some piece of Antiquity, or valuable Manuscript.

Mr. *Nathaniel Priestly*, near Halifax, is of great parts, and excellent Ministerial abilities, an universal Scholar,

"Cui est ingenium subtile in corpore crasso." He is of a truly candid Christian temper, a lover of good men of what persuasion soever, and is generally well beloved and respected. He hath a good Collection of the best Books, which he keeps, not for ostentation, but for use and service, being a most industrious and indefatigable Reader. His love and delight in Books is such, that he may (as a great and learned man of this Kingdom once did) truly confess himself *"extatico quodam librorum amore potenter abreptus, et nullius rei preterquam librorum avarus."* He is much addicted to solitude and retirement. *"Bene vixit qui bene latuit,"* may be his motto in this respect; and I cannot better express the temper of his mind than in that wish of Cicero: "I would give," said he, "all the wealth in the world, that I might live in my study, and have nothing to hinder me."

Mr. *Thomas Dickenson* is a man of gravity and seriousness, reads much, and is happy in a tenacious and retentive memory; a hard student, excellent in prayer and preaching, temperate in all things, and of an exemplary conversation. He is a man of learning and worth, very scriptural, solid and substantial in all his Discourses, a judicious Divine, and Workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth.

Mr. *Accepted Lister*, of Thornton in Bradford-dale, is a little man, but one that has a great soul, rich in grace and gifts, of a strong memory, good elocution, *Accepted* with God and all good men, and one that serves God faithfully in the Gospel of his Son, naturally caring for the good of souls, and longing after them in the bowels of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. *John Firth* was forty-five years Vicar of Mansfield, and one of the most famous and eminent Preachers of the age wherein he lived; a man of courage and magnanimity, that feared not any man in the discharge of his duty; but, like John the Baptist, would reprove even a Herod to his face. A very hard student, leaving some thousands of Notes, written exactly, which well deserve the press: one that exceeded the most of his Brethren in his Ministerial parts and abilities. He was an excellent Orator, and engaged the attention of his Hearers by his grave, authoritative, and affectionate delivery,

preaching in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. He was indefatigable in his labours, preaching twice every Lord's-day, so long as strength would permit. He died May the 5th, 1699, aged 74; and whatever invidious reflections some that could not endure sound doctrine may cast upon the memory of this excellent person, Mansfield shall know they had a Prophet amongst them. He lives in his Son, Mr. *William Firth*, a truly candid, courteous Gentleman, an inheritor of his Father's virtues, and one that hath made it appear he can forgive his greatest enemies; who, though a man of the Law, hath at all times a Chancery in his breast and bosom.

Mrs. *Bathshina Brooksbank* of Ealand, is of a good mien and presence; but, which is much more, of a noble genius and elevation of mind and thought, above most of her sex. Her natural parts, which are extraordinary, being so greatly improved by her diligence in reading the best Authors, doth make her a very accomplished Gentlewoman. She is a great friend to Learning, and all laudable and pious designs, which she will spare no cost to promote. She understands a Book well, and hath her Closet richly furnished with a curious collection of the best Authors: in the ordering of which she affects a peculiar neatness, as she does in her other family affairs and concerns. In short, she is a solid and substantial Christian, of a candid temper, a lover of good men and Ministers, whom she esteems very highly in love for their Works' sake. She is, for her seriousness and constancy in the duties of Religion, another *Anna*; for charity and kindness, a *Dorcas*; and the *Phoenix* of her age, for a constant, faithful, generous Friend.

Mr. *Abraham Sharp*, of Horton, is one that enjoys the riches of both the Indies, the pleasures of Court and Camp, City and Country, in his beloved Retirement, and Mathematical Projections and Improvements, in which he is arrived to a great eminency; having a curious mechanical hand also, and performs his operations relating to that Science with an admirable and almost unparalleled neatness. "Through desire," saith Solomon, "a man having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom;" as doth this worthy

Gentleman, who hath such a passionate love for these Mathematical Studies, as I cannot better express than in the wish of one of his Predecessors of the same genius. "Crede mihi," saith he, "extingui dulce esset mathematicarum artium studio." However, he is not so taken up with these mathematical niceties, as to neglect the main matter, the One Thing needful, being also a very serious and solid Christian.

Designing "A general Panegyrick on all Ranks and Degrees of Men," I shall next present the Reader with

A SECRET HISTORY OF THE WEEKLY WRITERS, &c.

I call it *A Secret History*, as it discovers such things of our Town Authors, as have hitherto lain concealed. And I call them *Weekly Writers*, to distinguish them from "The Moderator," "Wandering Spy," "Rehearsal," "London Post," Interloping "Whipster," and that rabble of scandalous Hackneys, who merit no place in our "Panegyrick;" and for that reason, are kicked to my "Living Elegy," as being fit for no company or honour but a House of Correction. And there I leave them, whilst I give the World "A Secret History of those Weekly Writers that deserve a Panegyrick."

And here I shall send a distinct challenge to "The Review," "Observator," "Gazette," "Post-Master," "Post-Man," "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant," "English Post;" for these eight are Authors of credit; and for that reason I will say the worst that I know of them, to provoke them to a Paper Duel.

And the first that deservedly leads the way in our "Secret History," is *Daniel De Foe*. This man has done me a sensible wrong, by interloping with my "Question-Project." Losers may have leave to speak; and I here declare, I am 200*l*. the worse for De Foe's clogging my "Question-Project." His answering Questions Weekly put a stop to my "Monthly Oracle:" for, though his answers were false and impertinent, (and for that reason his interloping continued but a few weeks) yet, being published every Tuesday, they ruined my "Monthly Oracle:" for most are seized with the Athenian Itch, and chuse rather to be scratched *Weekly*, than stay till the *Month* is out for a perfect cure. Such a

dolt as I have laid the Plan of near Fifty Books (besides Sixty which I have written since my confinement). Then it is strange that such a first-rate Author as Daniel De Foe should be so barren of new Projects, that he must interlope with mine; but the mischief he endeavoured to do me will fall on his own head; for I have now set up a "Whipping-Post," and resolve to lash him (if he dare draw either pen or sword) until he has done me justice. And in the mean time I will take the satisfaction to tell the World, that whatever questions De Foe has answered shall be all answered again (with the best of his Thoughts, and my own Improvements); my resolution being to publish an entire Volume of the "New Oracle" every year, till the "Question-Project" is completed. To this sneaking injustice of interloping, De Foe has added that of reprinting a Copy * he gave me. He could not but know that the *giving* or *selling* a Copy gives the same right to the Printer: and therefore, till he gives me satisfaction upon this head, "he continues to pick my pocket." And if he thinks that expression harsh, I am ready to meet him, when and where he pleases, to prove it. But, though De Foe has wronged me in these Copies, and once in protecting his Platonic Friend, yet I must do him that justice to say, "he is a very ingenious useful Writer." And I hope (as much as he talks of debt) he is in no danger from Serjeants.

His Body should not be confin'd
 Who 's a true Monarch in his Mind;
 One who with his majestic Pen
 May give the Law to other Men.

Then, if De Foe quarrels with this "Journal," he shall never fail of an Answer. And, to provoke him to fall upon me, I now *draw* upon him in an honourable Challenge; I mean, I here dare him to answer the following questions. 1. Whether the Author of "The True-born Englishman," "Reformation of Manners," &c. has not, contrary to all Grammar and good sense, mistaken himself in the use of *this* and *that*, *these* and *those*? And, whether a Gentleman who does not know how to dispose of such little words as these may, notwithstanding, be

* "The Character of Dr. Samuel Annesley."

well enough qualified for a Judge of Style and good Language, and to answer all new and curious Questions, as he pretended? I must take the liberty to imagine that Author has never met with this rule in the common Syntax, "*Hic et ille, cum ad duo anteposita referantur; hic ad posterius et propius; ille ad prius et remotius propriè ac usitatissimè referri debet.*"—2. What authority has the Author of the "Review" for his Metamorphosis of Time into a Female? where is the Rod and the Ferula!—3. Whether there be any such thing as a "Genus Epicænum?"—4. Whether have the Grecians a *Casus sextus*? If not, why do we meet with this verse in Juvenal,

"Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,"

and with many mixed sentences, such as these, in other Authors, *ἐν πολιτικῷ* genere, ἀποδύηται nihil altius, nunquam in majore ἀπορία fui, *ἐν χειρὶν, σὺν Θεῷ*, &c.?—5. Whether can Father Lilly be defended for putting *Vir* among his "Masculina acutè crescentia;" and *Mulier* also as an exception to "Mascula in *er*, scil. acutè crescentia?"

When De Foe has given a satisfactory answer to this Challenge, I shall send him a third; for this is the *second Pass* I have made at Daniel De Foe in vain*; so that if he does not answer it now, I will post him up for a — Friend. But, if he thinks good to answer my Challenge (I mean to *review* that nonsense I charge him with), I will either renew the fight, or fairly own him the Victor. But, to do him justice again, take him with all his failings, it must be acknowledged that De Foe is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. Whatever he says upon the subject of Peace and War is so true and correct, that (like Pythagoras's *ipse dixit*) it might almost stand for an infallible Rule. He is master of the English tongue; can say what he please upon any subject; and, by his printing a Poem every day, one would think rhimed in his sleep. It is his misfortune that a prejudiced person should write his Character. But (with all my revenge) I cannot but own, his thoughts upon any subject are always surprizing, new, and singular; and, though he writes for bread, could never be hired to dis-

* As he will find, if he consults the "Athenian Catechism," No. 16.

grace the quill, or to wrong his conscience. And, which crowns his Panegyrick, he is a person of true courage. It is true, I have reason to think Daniel De Foe dares not quarrel with John Dunton: but I believe he fears nothing on earth but myself: and he says as much, in telling the world "I adhere firmly to Truth, and resolve to defend it against all extremities*." He "reviews" without fear, and acts without fainting.—He is not daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to Moderation and Peace. Loyalty to the Queen is his Guide, and Resolution his Companion; and a lawful occasion † makes him truly brave. It was this sent him to Weymouth, Exeter, Crediton, to preach Peace and Moderation to the High-flyers: and, though they had not the manners to thank him, yet I hope to see them all on their knees, for not listening to his wholesome doctrine.—"Peace!" It is a dangerous experiment the Western Tackers could not approve of; and for that reason the Weymouth Gothams had fettered him, whipped him, and perhaps burnt him, had not his known courage (and "great Party of Two Men ‡,") set him above their malice. To sum up all: De Foe has Piety enough for an Author, and Courage enough for a Martyr. And, in a word, if ever any, Daniel De Foe is "a True Englishman;" and for that reason, he is more respected by men of honour and sense, than he can be affronted by Alderman B——, Justice S——, and the rest of the Western Blockheads. Now, if such an Author as this should attack my Journal, I shall think there is reason for it, and will endeavour to answer him. And, to speak the truth, it is pity this Peace-making Traveller § should have any enemy but Error, and such a weak assailant as John Dunton.

Another Weekly Writer that deserves a Panegyrick is *John Tutchin*; a person no ways inferior to Daniel De Foe, for Learning, Wit, or Courage, &c. This Gentleman, if honest Roger would permit him to correct my

* See his Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

† Ibid.

‡ They are De Foe's words, in his Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

§ See his Character more at large in the History of my Life and Errors, page 180. And in De Foe's Review, Vol. II. No. 75.

Journal, would be a person worth my contending with:
 * Tutchin is a person
 of an even temper, not cast down in a Prison, nor elated
 when the World smiles. In Prosperity he gratefully
 admires the bounty of the Almighty Giver; and useth,
 not abuseth, Plenty. And in Adversity (as was seen by
 his carriage after his Trial) he remains unshaken; and,
 like some eminent mountain, hath his head above the
 clouds. Should ever Poverty fall to his lot, he would
 cheerfully entertain it, as knowing it the fire which tries
 Virtue; and he who, like John Tutchin, could want in
 a Prison† without murmuring, may be poor, but never
 miserable. Tutchin is a man of a daring spirit; yet not
 so bold to bring Divinity down to the mistake of Reason,
 or to deny those mysteries his apprehension reacheth
 not. He is a bigot to no party; but, like a true "Observer,"
 has discovered the right way to Heaven between all
 extremes. His "Observers" have made him popular,
 but nothing can make him haughty. Pride he disdains,
 when he finds it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth
 it in another. Nor can any man's error in life (I will
 scarce except his infamous enemy *Fuller*) make him siff
 in censure; since seldom the folly we condemn is so
 culpable as the severity of our judgment. *Lesley* and all
 the Tackers are his sworn enemies; but I cannot imagine
 for what reason, for he only strives to reform them, and
 pities, not despises, the fall of any man. To conclude
 his Character: He is a Gentleman of invincible courage
 and bravery. Death, how deformed soever an aspect it
 wears, he is not frightened with: he fears nothing but God,
 and loves nothing on earth like his Country, and the just
 Liberties and Laws thereof. And I speak this with the
 greater assurance, as Tutchin is the only person that
 ever had courage enough to petition for the *favour* (as he
 expressed it) of being hanged. In a word, he is a loyal,
 witty, honest, brave man; and, I might add, so very
 generous, that to forgive injuries is so easy to him, it is
 scarce a virtue.—Then, so ho! House, fetch a *Butt* of

* Here is given Mr. Tutchin's character, as already printed in the History of Dunton's Life and Errors, page 356.

† See the Narrative of his Western Sufferings. Printed for John Marshall in Newgate-street.

October, and let us drink â health to Captain Tutchin, and Honest Roger his Countryman, &c.; and may they publish an "Observer" every Wednesday and Saturday till they are both Knighted, as was their Predecessor Sir Roger *L'Estrange*—only with this difference, that Tutchin writes for the good of his Country, and Sir Roger only to please Knaves. This is the true Character of John Tutchin (from the best observations I could make on his Life and Actions for twenty years); and as it gives the lie to all that Fuller and other scoundrels have wrote against him, so it sufficiently justifies (should he *would* any thing in this Journal) the utmost pains I can take, in answering a man of such true worth.

The next Weekly Writer in fame and honesty is Mr. *Post-Man*; and for that reason, whatever faults Monsieur * finds with this "Whipping Journal" shall ever meet with a courteous answer: for his Learning deserves respect, and his Gravity a Weekly Panegyrick—His sagacious look is an index of his thoughtful soul. *Fonvive* is one so wise and knowing, that a man would think Nature had made all the rest of mankind in jest, and him only in earnest. He is ever cheerful (the gaining 600*l.* a year by a Penny Paper would make any man so); but never dissolved into indecent laughter, or tickled with scurrilous or injurious wit. His "*Post-Man*" is that general Echo, whereby what is done in London, &c. is heard all over Europe. He cunningly searcheth into the virtues of others, and upon the first occasion liberally commends them: but for the vices of men, he buries those in a charitable silence, and reforms their manners, not by invectives, but example. In short, *Fonvive* is a Weekly Almanack, shewing impartially what weather is in the State; and, like the Doves of Aleppo, carries News to every part of the known World. Monsieur, to carry on this Weekly Chronicle (as to Foreign News), has settled a good correspondence in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, Holland, &c. And, as to Domestic News, that nothing may escape him that is worth notice, he sits quietly himself at the stern, and, calling all his *Athenians* together,

* It is Mr. *Fonvive*, a French Protestant, that writes the *Post-Man*.

he commands one to the Top-sail, another to the Main-sail, a third to the Plummet, a fourth to the Anchor, as he sees the need of their course and weather requires; and doth, in collecting of News, no less by tongue and pen, than all the Mariners with their hands; so that his intelligence is universal, of which his "Post-Man" (every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) and concise History of every Year is a sufficient proof. As his News is early and good, so his style is excellent. His fancy is brisk and beautiful, and his remarks witness he knows how to soar to a pitch of fineness when he pleases. Those that read his Papers must be very intent, if some beauty of expression, or stretch of reason, do not escape their notice, among that throng of delicacies which embellish his Writings. In a word, "The Post-Man" (or rather "Post-Angel") out-flies "The Post-Master," "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant," &c. (and those lesser-flyers, the "English" and "London Post")—so that Fonvive is the glory and mirror of News-Writers; a very grave, learned, orthodox man; and (would it not offend his modesty) I would here give a remarkable instance of his generosity to a Brother of the Quill under great distress.

The fourth Weekly Writer I would challenge to a Paper Duel is Mr. *Ridpath* (Author of "The Flying-Post.") This worthy Gentleman is Mr. "Post-Man's" equal in all respects; and, if he was not my Friend, I would say he exceeds him. Neither am I singular in this opinion; for Tutchin says, "the honestest of all the Newspapers is the Flying-Post *;" so that, if any thing in this Journal displease the Post-Man, or Flying-Post, I shall be ready to engage in a Literal War with either of these Authors. For, as to the Post-Man, you heard before what fame he has in the learned World; and the "Flying-Post" (if a Flying-Post) must needs in a few years, leave the "Post-Man" sweating behind him. However, this is certain, Mr. *Ridpath* is a good Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages, &c. † As Mr. *Ridpath* is a very generous, learned, courteous, humble Man; so he is a person of sincere piety, &c. His fair

* See *Observer*, Vol. IV. No. 53.

† Here is given Mr. *Ridpath's* character, as already printed in the *History of Dunton's Life and Errors*, page 179.

conditions are without dissembling. He is a constant observer of the Golden Rule, and a perfect enemy to falsehood. He is a pious and devout observer of all the ordinances of God: and, as Religion made very early impressions upon his mind, so he dares subject every word and action of his whole life, to a high and just censure. He is a man of that strict justice, that in a controversy of 200*l*. I proposed Mr. George Ridpath for the sole Arbitrator, which (he being known to the whole company) was readily agreed to. In a word, Ridpath is a true "Temple of God" (though built with a low roof); and if there be a pious and honest man in the world, it is George Ridpath. I heartily condole his loss in the death of his Son; but I am the less concerned, as contrariety of events can but exercise, not dismay, so holy a person. He may see a Divine Hand invisibly striking with such a *sensible scourge* as is the sudden death of an only Son; but I ask his pardon, for I do not presume to be capable of giving any advice to such a person as Mr. Ridpath, who is every way so far above me. I have indeed more necessity to learn of him, who has attained to the maturity both of grace and age. All that I presume to do by these *secret* hints is only to refresh his memory with such things as he already knows; and what can he be ignorant of, that (like George Ridpath) can fetch his counsel and his sentence from his own breast, and is equally armed for all events? Such a man, should he lose a *Wife* (which is much dearer than a Son) he might speak of her with an unconcernedness, as if another's, not his own; and might say (as Dr. Annesley did in the like case) "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." To conclude: Mr. Ridpath hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body. He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world; and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his Friend. "It is his very trade and recreation to do good!" He is well provided for both Worlds; and, having devoted his whole Life and Studies to the service of Religion, is sure of Peace here, and Glory hereafter. Whenever he follows his Son (for he is only gone to Heaven before him) he will make no more of dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed

when he is weary of the day. I could enlarge in this Gentleman's character, without suspicion of flattery; but George Ridpath is a modest man, and my good Friend, and I am loth to provoke him further by a larger Panegyrick. However, I have said enough to convince the World what honour I should get by a literal combat with this Author, and how kind he would be both to me and the world, would he let me know what errors he finds in this and the following "Journals."

The next I shall challenge is a Weekly Writer, whom I only know by his *Church-phiz* and spreading fame—for Mr. *Post-Boy* (alias *Boyer*) is a man I never saw—but I bear such a good Character of his healing temper, and weekly news, that, if he affronts any thing in this "Journal," *I shall draw upon him in black and white*. It is true, his Bookseller, Mr. *Roper*, is as generous and honest a man as any I know in London; and for his author, he is as much a Gentleman as any person that can be named. But Self-defence is the Law of Nature; and he that *pushes* at John Dunton assaults a man that will fight him; neither will I give or take any quarter in a paper duel), but more especially from such an Author as Mr. Boyer; for he is a Critick worth my anger; and, if he censures any thing in this "Journal," must expect to feel it. If you ask me why I put such a high value on a person that differs from me in many things—answer, we agree in more things than we differ; nay, perhaps we agree even in what we differ: for persons do many times contest about words, while they do heartily think the same thing*. And that is reason enough to oblige me to give Boyer a good character; and indeed I should wrong him if I did not; for he outshines his Predecessor *Thomas* in all respects, and is a most accomplished person. It is true, Boyer's simple brightness works in him such credulity as cannot escape sometimes being imposed upon by his Correspondents; and it is seen by all our Newspapers that custom hath so far prevailed, both at home and abroad, that Truth now the greatest News: but, if ever Boyer publishes a false thing, he is the first that tells it, and his very *Peccavi*

* See my "Living Elegy."

does him as much honour as the most authentic Relation published by another man. Drunken *P——s* may snarl if he please at his *freshest Advices*; but he can never find the least flaw either in Boyer or his Correspondents. No! Boyer is a faithful Historian, and scorns so much the vices of the World, that he will hardly stoop to a virtue which is not heroic; or, if he do, it is by his good improvement of it to make it so. He is a man of refined principles, and speaks nothing that needs correction. Boyer is one to whom "all honour seems cheap, which is not the reward of Virtue;" and had much rather want a name, than not deserve it. Every Weekly Writer I have yet named has some excellence that the rest are strangers to; and that which recommends Boyer above the rest is that nice and large account he gives of the "Spanish and Home News." So that Boyer's "Post-Boy" (published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,) might properly be called "The Spanish and English Intelligence." It is no small recommendation of the Post-Boy, to tell the world that the ingenious Boyer writes it. The bare naming the Author is a Panegyrick upon this Paper; for it is that Boyer who writes and translates like the famous L'Estrange. Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the French Tongue (witness his "French Grammar" and "French Dictionary") and the most impartial Historian (witness his "Annals of Queen Anne") of any we have in England.

Whoever reads Mr. Boyer's "Letters of Wit, Politics, and Morality," must own that the accuracies of his observations, and the matchless beauties of his style, have deservedly given him the name of being a master of the English Tongue. It is in these Letters that all sorts of Men and Professions have their palates pleased, and their wit refined: but more especially all pretenders to History are extremely gratified; for, as I said before, Mr. Boyer is an impartial Historian; or, if any doubt it, let them read his "Annals of Queen Anne." It is here they will be fully acquainted with all the changes and transactions in England, Holland, Germany, &c. since her Majesty's glorious Reign. In these "Annals" are many examples of Virtues, as copies drawn for our imitation; and not s

of Vice, as Sea-marks to warn us. It is impartial story that gives us the best prospect into human affairs, and does, as it were, consociate the remotest regions. This we find verified in Boyer's "Annals;" for we have read it three times over, and find it so faithfully written, that it reduces tradition into profitable knowledge, tempers our minds, and forms them to a perfect shape and symmetry. We may, by reading Boyer's "Annals," reconcile the future and present tense; see Hungary in England; travel Italy, Spain, and Portugal; visit the fighting Camisars; go to Vienna with Dr. Brown; behold the Illustrious House of Hanover; hear the States their grand Debates; sail with Lord Peterborough to Barcelona; hear Charles III. proclaimed at Madrid by the Earl of Galway; sit and consult with Prince Eugene of Savoy; review the Irish and Scotch Parliament; go to School at Paris; and, with a free access, hear all the secret and public transactions in her Majesty's Court, &c.—Thus you see, Reader, though I am a stranger to Mr. "Post-Boy," I am very familiar with all his Writings, and more especially his "Annals of Queen Anne;" so that I verily think, were it thoroughly known who (since Thomas's death) writes the "Post-Boy," it would certainly have the *loudest cry* in the streets, and no Coffee-house in the Three Kingdoms would be without it. To conclude: Whatever Boyer writes is admired, especially by men of sense; and for that reason, if he ever persecutes this "Journal," I am resolved to hang in the skirts of him till I am stifled with argument.

The ingenious *Buckley* is another News-Writer, that, should he quarrel with this "Journal," will deserve an answer. This Weekly, or rather Daily Author, was originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing. He is an excellent Linguist, understands the Latin, French, Scotch, and Italian Tongues; and is master of a great deal of Wit. Sam Buckley, by a liberal education, has been softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men profess is an indigested chaos, which may contain the seeds of Goodness, but it wants form and matter: yet Buckley is no flatterer neither; but, when he finds his Friend any way imperfect, he freely, but gently, reforms him; nor yet shall some few errors cancel the

bond of Friendship, because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is a thoughtful man, but not in the least exceptionous; for jealousy proceeds from weakness or guilt, and Buckley's virtues quit him from all suspicions. In a word, he is a generous Friend, yet he is as slow to enter into that title as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary virtue did first unite. Buckley is a great master in the Art of Obliging; yet he is neither effeminate, nor a common Courtier. The first is so passionate a doater upon himself, he cannot spare love enough to be justly named Friendship; the latter hath his Love so diffusive among the Beauties, that he has none left for his own Sex. He is engrossed in a world of business, as is seen by his writing and printing a "Daily Courant," and "Monthly Register;" yet he is not accustomed to any sordid way of gain. He is a sober honest man, and just to a nicety. He never exacts of either Author or Bookseller; and if his Servant mistake but a word in an Advertisement, I speak what I found by him, he will print it again for nothing. As Buckley is a person of general Learning, of strict Justice, of obliging Carriage, of great Diligence, and of generous Friendship; so he is also a Critick in all these, as is seen by his frequent and ingenious answers to Mr. "Review:" yet, when he looks on other men's errors, he values not himself virtuous by comparison; but examines and confesses his own defects, and finds matter enough at home for reprehension. And indeed every good man sees enough in his own breast to damp his censuring others. Or, if any Athenian might sit as a Judge upon other men's Writings, it is Mr. Buckley; for he has many perfections that no other Newsmonger can pretend to. In a word, his "Daily Courant" is an abridgement of all News, as his Life is of all Virtues; and, as he orders the matter, is a sort of universal intelligence. Then, Sam, be thinking of the great horse; for, if the "Courant" flies as it has begun, it will soon overtake the "Post-Man" in fame and riches: and less could not be expected; for Buckley, besides his admirable Genius and critical Learning, is a person of extraordinary judgment, which always governs the heats of his

imagination, and makes even his silence considerable. So that to war with Mr. "Courant" would be a Daily improvement in all Literature; but he writes and prints too much to be at leisure for Paper Duels. Then, Sam, good bye t' ye; for (as De Foe is your enemy) your fame is so ticklish a point I shall leave it, and desire the World would take a fairer draught of Mr. Buckley's Character from the living Original, to be seen every day at the Dolphin in Little Britain.

I shall next *leer* * on my Neighbour *Crouch*, as a Weekly Writer worth my notice. It is said he is the Author of "The English Post," and of that useful Journal intituled "The Marrow of History;" which "Marrow of History" was first begun, and continued with increasing reputation, by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*; and, had it still been carried on by the same hand, might perhaps have found a better acceptance; though, as it is, it is a very useful and valuable History, and makes a shift to bear its own charges. But why Mr. Larkin continued it no longer, is a secret I know not how to justify; and it appears so much the more unaccountable, as Mr. Crouch was no ways concerned in taking it from him; but, being warned by the unkind treatment that Mr. Larkin found from those that engaged him in it, he was so wise as to make better terms for himself. But, though this "Marrow of History" suffered some disadvantage by the change of its first Author, yet, as it is a useful Book, I hope it will get ground every day: for, to say the truth, Mr. Crouch collects his News with so much accuracy and judgment, that he is only outdone by the "Post-Man," and those High-flyers I named before; so that I admire "The English Post" should still continue in the number of the Lesser-flyers; for Crouch prints nothing but what is very useful, and very diverting: so that *R. B.* (alias *Nat Crouch*) is become a celebrated Author †. But "I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies at Collection. He has melted down the best of our English Histories into Twelve-penny

* Why *leer*, you will see in the History of my Life and Errors, p. 206.

† As you find in the History of my Life, p. 206.

Books, which are filled with wonders, rarities, and curiosities; for you must know, his Title-pages are a little swelling." However, Nat Crouch is a very ingenious person, and can talk fine things upon any subject. This Weekly (and Monthly) Author endeavours to fit his matter to the capacity of his Readers, as desiring rather their profit than his own applause. In any controversy (and I had many with him in days of yore) he more delights to shew the strength of truth than his adversary's weakness; using soft words (as we used to say) but hard arguments. He is very circumspect in ordering his own conversation, as knowing that ignorant people learn as much, if not more by their eyes than their ears. In a word, Nat Crouch is a Phœnix Author (I mean the only man that gets an estate by writing of Books); and, if he *leers* upon this "Journal," I have a broadside at his service: not that I have any thing to say to his morals; for as to them he either is, or should be, an honest man; and I believe the former, for all he gets will wear well, he *collects* and enjoys it so quietly. So that Nat Crouch runs an even path in the World, and juts against no man, myself excepted; for his conversation is a kind of a continued compliment, and his life a practice of honesty. Yet I do not think he is perfect; for, though I have a hearty friendship for him, yet I must say "he has got a habit of *leering* under his hat, and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of 'Second Spira' *:" yet his natural temper is some excuse; for he is exceedingly in love with his humour, and cannot bear to be contradicted. But, to this day, I find it hard to forget his unmannerly treatment of "Second Spira;" for certainly no action of man hath so great a soul of malice in it, as to endeavour by unjust slanders to abate the esteem of others: for such endeavours tend to the murder of a man's good name, which is the noblest part of life; and therefore so much the more ungenerous and inhuman. But, abating but this fault, and where is the man but has this, or worse? his whole life is but one continued Lecture, wherein all his Friends, but more especially his two Sons, may legibly read their

* Of which the Reader has a large and faithful account, in the History of my Life, p. 154, &c.

duty. By what I have said, it appears, it will be no dishonour to enter into a Literal War with Nat Crouch. And if he says but half as much against this "Journal" as he did against "Second Spira," I will sound his *bell*, and attack him in good earnest; for the design of this "Journal" is great and good; and however weak the performance is, I ought to defend it to the last extremity: or, if Crouch is contented to hold his tongue, I have nothing further to say to him, till we meet and embrace in Heaven.

The eighth and last Weekly Writer I would challenge to a Paper Duel is Mr. "Gazette." And I name the Gazette in the last place, as it is guilty of more blunders than all the other Newspapers. I own, "The London Gazette" has the stamp of *Authority* upon it, and for that reason I shall ever obey and respect it: but it is not the saying "Published by Authority" that makes an Author infallible: and therefore, till such time that Mr. Gazette thinks good to refine his style, and avoid blunders, he must not think he is unmannerly treated that I make him the last of those Weekly Writers that I challenge to a Paper Duel. Having shewn the dark side of Mr. Gazette, it is but justice to him that I shew his light; for, as Bishop Tillotson says, "If there were any need that a man should be evil spoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad qualities should be mentioned together; otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an indifferent man may be made a monster*." Therefore, as I have named the blunders of Mr. Gazette, it is also fit that I tell his virtues. And here I shall do him the justice to say, that, in all capacities but that of an Author, Mr. Gazette is an excellent person. It was eminent loyalty and virtue that did first direct him in the way to honour; and they do not leave him now he is in it, but are his constant attendants, and resolve to accompany his whole preferment. He merits the *Post* that he has at Court; and though he is no Critick at writing News, yet he is a person of great integrity, and does not make any wilful mistake: so that we may well forgive him a few blunders in writing,

* Archbishop Tillotson's Works, p. 515.

for, to make amends, he is almost perfect in Loyalty, Justice, Charity, and every other Virtue. In a word, take him with all his faults, he is a pattern for imitation, and would be accounted more than human by those that know him, were not one part of him mortal. However, it is his first care and endeavour to make this mortal part of him such as may make it apparent to the world, how great an excellence may be the companion of so much frailty. Reader, learn by this Character, never to slander a man till you know him thoroughly: for, as satirical as De Foe is upon this Author (and indeed his many blunders have given occasion for it), yet you see, by a review of his Life and Virtues, that Mr. Gazette is a finished Christian. And though I affront his honour so far as to make him the last of those Weekly Authors that may expect an answer if they snarl at the Author of this "Journal," yet my design is not to expose his frequent blunders, but rather to excite him to such accuracy in all future Gazettes, that even Envy itself may not be able to find more faults in his Writings than the most critical eye is able to see in his Life and Practice.

Thus have I finished "The Secret History of the Weekly Writers;" viz. "The Review;" "Observator;" "Gazette;" "Flying-Post;" "Post-Man;" "Post-Boy;" "Daily Courant;" and the "English-Post." Now, if you ask me which of these Eight Newspapers are the best, I should answer, "They are all best;" for, "The Observator" is best to *towel* the Jacks, &c.;" "The Review" is best to promote Peace; "The Flying-Post" is best for the Scotch News; "The Post-Boy" is best for the English and Spanish News; "The Daily Courant" is the best Critick; "The English Post" is the best Collector; "The London Gazette" has the best authority; and "The Post-Man" is the best for every thing. And they are all so *good*, or rather *best*, as to deserve an answer, if they quarrel with this "Journal."

I have here challenged eight of our Weekly Writers to a Paper Duel; and, as they are men of learning and worth, I hope they will accept of it. But as to "The Rehearsal;" "Moderator;" "Wandering Spy;" "London Post;" Interloping Whipster, &c.; they are

such a *rabble* of Hackney Scribblers, they merit no place in our "Panegyrick Journal *." But, though they are kicked out for Wranglers in this place, yet they are all whipt in "The Secret History" annexed to my "Living Elegy." I have often wondered what should persuade "The Rehearsal" and his Hackney Brethren to write so much of Religion and Government (for that is their usual theme). If you say their eyes are not open to discern their own weakness, and the ill success of their Facking Projects, I wonder the more how they can see to write in the *dark*. But, be it as it will, they have no right to a Panegyrick, and indeed, are not worth my Satire; but for this once I have given them a few lashes in my "Living Elegy."

Having dispatched "The Secret History, or Panegyrick on the Weekly Writers;" I will conclude this "Second Part of my Journal" with the Character of my worthy Friend Mr. *George Larkin* senior.—His very Life is a sort of Panegyrick on Dunton's misfortunes. He has been my constant Friend for Twenty-five Years, and the first Printer I had in London †. He is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his Stars have not been kind to him, he having had great losses, yet he has borne all with a great presence of mind. He is a particular Votary of the Muses; and I have seen some of his Poems, especially that upon Friendship, that cannot be equalled. He formerly wrote "A Vision of Heaven," &c. (which contains many nice and curious thoughts); and has lately published an ingenious "Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing;" which will immortalize his name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. "A Friend is born for Adversity;" and sure I am Mr. George Larkin does sympathize with me in all I suffer, and I was going to say in all I think. I ever thought my acquaintance with Mr. Larkin a special blessing; for,

* As is proved in my "Living Elegy."

† As was formerly hinted in the History of my Life and Errors, p. 245.

like the Glow-worm, the emblem of true Friendship, he has still shined to me in the dark. True Friendship, like the Rose, flourishes best amongst thorns. I hate a noise where there is no performance. And in this we are both agreed; for George is no Summer Friend, but, like myself, loves a Friend the better for being poor and miserable. So that in George Larkin I have a true Friend, and one that loves me. I am his soul; he lives not but in me, nor can I act without him. His bosom is a safe closet, where I can securely lock up all my complaints, my doubts, and secrets; and look, how I leave, 'so I find them. We are so closed within each other's breasts, the rivers are not found that joined us first, that do not reach us yet. We are so mixed as meeting streams, both to ourselves are lost. We are one mass: we could not give or take, but from the same; for George is I, I George. We are two souls transformed into one; our joys and griefs are the same. All kindness done to him, is the same as done to myself.

Yes, dear George Larkin, my esteem for thee
Is equal to thy worth and love for me:
Oh, dearer than my soul! if I can call it mine;
For sure we have the same, 'tis very thine.
'T was thy dear Friendship did my breast inspire,
And warm'd it first with a poetic fire,
But 'tis a warmth that must with thee expire. }

But why should I say *expire*! for, though Death should divide our bodies, that is all it can do; for our souls have a true sympathy for each other, and will meet and careen were we dead and buried.

Thus we may double bliss, stol'n Love enjoy;
And all the spight of place and death defy.
For ever thus we might each other bless,
For none could trace out this new happiness,
No make-bate here to spoil or make it less. }

By a sympathy, or intercourse of souls (a new way of converse which Friendship has found out), in Life or Death we are never parted.

So, that nothing can deprive me of the enjoyment of my Friend, while I enjoy myself. If I have any joy when he is absent, were such a thing possible, it is in

his Picture, which adorns my chamber, or in his Letters, that divert my mind. Cowley says,

“There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings.”

And George Larkin is one of them. He is all, and the only man I can call a Friend. And therefore, Larkin, in thy death, I bid Friendship an eternal farewell, except, Phoenix-like, from thy ashes another Larkin could arise; and then I cannot say but I might enter on a new Friendship, for I love to look on thy image, though but in a dead picture, and shall ever receive thy children with honourable mention of thy name. But why do I talk of Survivors? No! part us, and you kill us: for, when soul and body part, it is death. Then live, my better half, and add to thy 64 (for thy blooming looks and temperance speak as much) 150 years; that so, by living to the age of Parr, thou mayst give me all myself, for thou art all! So great our union is, if I have any life or pleasure unknown to thee, I grudge it to myself; methinks I rob thee of thy part. Then let us publish the banns of union, and sign articles of Friendship, that so by Marriage of Souls our Friendship may be immortal.

In a word, Mr. Larkin is that noble, undesigning thing, we call a Friend; and was ever so from the first moment I saw him. And, which makes me respect him the more, he is the only Friend in the World of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise. Friend! The name of Friend is too narrow for him, and I want a word that is more significant to express him. So that Mr. Larkin is my “*Alter ego*,” or rather my very self is a better Edition. And, to sum up his character in nine words: Whatever he does it is upon *the account civil*.

Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same name and trade with himself; and four Grandsons (besides *Larkin How*, his Grandson by his Daughter); which, humanly speaking, will transmit his name to the end of time.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIVING ELEGY:

OR,

DUNTON'S LETTER,

BEING A WORD OF COMFORT, TO HIS FEW CREDITORS.

"Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." Matth. xviii. 26.

MY GENEROUS FRIENDS, *April 10, 1706.*

MR. *Thorp*, being much in debt, retreats to the Mint, where he falls to writing "A Poem on himself," which he calls "A Living Elegy;" and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his death. But, Gentlemen, though I call this Letter "The Living Elegy," you will have no reason to lament my *Life* or *Death* on the account of any loss you will receive by me; for I have taken care, as you will hear anon, that, if any Creditor come to my Funeral, he will have cause rather to lament the loss of my *Life* (were it worth a tear) than any thing else he can lose by me. So that if a fixed resolution to pay my Creditors, whether I live or die, will dry up your tears, and make you cheerful, you will laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shall not miss of as much compassion as this "Living Elegy," or word of comfort to you that trust me, mourns and laments for. And the truth is, I greatly admire that men that stand in need of mercy themselves should be hard-hearted and cruel to their poor Debtors. I own, Gentlemen, this is none of your temper or practice; for I have traded with you for many years, and can say, from my own experience, none can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more willing to succour the unfortunate. And I must say, if there be such a thing as a Friend (which some question) it is only he who has the courage and honour to defend and assist us from the beginning of Winter to the end of it; for, when the Summer (of health and prosperity) comes, all the World will caress and serve us.

But where are these Winter Friends? For my own share, my few Creditors excepted, I never saw the man that would own a Friend in adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has to serve others in their distress. This I have done for several; but, upon the first cloud that arose, I found those that I most obliged the very first that would cut my throat.

However I am treated now by ungrateful persons (or *Summer-friends*, for they are synonymous terms), I have all imaginable reason to be thankful to the goodness and care of Providence. I had my length of prosperity as well as other men; nor am I yet such a forlorn hope, but my Sun may rise again, and chase those shadows in which I am now a wanderer. And I have always entertained a very grateful sense of the goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smiled on me so long as dear Iris * lived; and indeed, ever since, my Life has been no more than a waking dream, or rather a living death. And for that reason I call this Letter "The Living Elegy;" for all such as are poor or unfortunate, though alive and well, are dead to their rich Friends. Whilst I lived in Ireland, my Friend Mr. Larkin brought me acquainted with a Gentleman who in his perfect health sent for the Sexton to ring his knell. Being asked the reason, he replied, "Because he was dead; that is," said he, "in a civil sense I am dead, though I walk about: for my money is gone, and I were as good be out of the World." This Gentleman, that thought he was as good as dead when his money was gone, might have some cause to think himself really dead, though he walked about, perceiving the fear every one's countenance discovered at the sight of him. Those also that grudge themselves the conveniences of life may be said to be dead whilst they are yet breathing, as much as the aforesaid Gentleman; for the one is starved for the want of money, and the other is starved with his abundance; and in this sense each Miser is dead: like a dog in a wheel, he will to roast meat for others eating, and therefore is a fit subject for "A Living Elegy." So that you see, Gentlemen, it is a clear case: if I have a great deal of

* My first Wife.

money and no heart to use it, I am dead (and buried in my useless heaps). Or, if I want money to pay my debts, I am dead to my Summer-friends; which is my case. And as I am civilly dead, "A Living Elegy" is the fittest title for this Letter. But, when an enlarged fortune shall make me alive again to my *quondam* Friends, that is, when I can breathe so much as to tell the World I am out of debt, I shall then come into being again: which is such a word of comfort to all my Creditors, as will, till I close my eyes on this vain World, further prove this Letter "The Living Elegy;" so that my want of money (in the opinion of fools and knaves) hath changed my now living body into a dead carcase. But, if I can grow rich, my Summer-friends (like Timon's admirers) will think me alive again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and, if I be not partial to my great losses, I have as much reason to expect this resurrection from civil death (or new life of credit) as any Debtor whatever. For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask compassion to my own misfortunes, than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same circumstance (of which *Fineaux* of Canterbury, *R—d* of St. Omers, and *M—ry* of Cornhill, are three late instances); but, till that enlargement happens, the best, I might add the only Friends I have in the World, are my very Creditors, who have known my life and dealings for twenty years. But though, Gentlemen, by trading with such as you, I have fallen into generous hands, yet it must be confessed that Debtors are commonly the most abject creatures in the World; and there be very few Traders, yourselves excepted, while they pity and relieve them, but at the same time have a great deal of contempt for them; so little reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all Debtors, not having the least right to the poorest blessing upon earth (for what was given at our creation was forfeited by rebellion): so that every thing lives under a necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are; and this debt I can never pay.

As to the moneys I owe you, it is more than I can pay at present: but I do not owe more than I am willing and able to pay; and therefore, as no man will lose a farthing

by me, I presume I have still a title to your good opinion. I have ever had a great aversion to be in debt, in small as well as in greater matters. I suppose, Gentlemen, most of you will own this, when you call to mind my evening with you, and all the world, every six months. It was this made you forward to trust me for twenty years (the time I traded in public*); and as ready to compassionate that melancholy circumstance some people's † *unnatural avarice* had laid me under. You considered, when I ceased to be less punctual than formerly, that it was owing to my great losses, and not to any neglects or injustice. For this reason, like generous Creditors, my misfortunes did but excite and enlarge your Friendship; for you have been as willing to trust me since I lived *incognito*, and out of your reach, as you were when the World smiled: so that the 200*l*. I am still indebted is chiefly owing to the trust you gave me since D——y ‡ and my Summer-friends treated me like a Bankrupt.

Gentlemen, how far I have deserved your good opinion, will appear by that full payment I hope to make you in a few months. I confess I have just finished a merry paradox, proving “No Man is honest but he that is Rich.” But this is only a paradox to divert that melancholy I groan under for being so long your Debtor; for I will make it appear that you are not deceived in Dunton, but that he is and will always be as honest as you can desire.

Gentlemen, whatever my losses in trade were, I still took effectual care they should be none of yours (saving the waiting for your just debts a little longer than usual). And, to convince you of this, I shall now (as a word of comfort after long waiting) tell you the *very day* when I shall pay you all to a farthing. It is true, as I said before, I had great losses in trade (many of which have been owing to *Malthus* telling me there was 400 sold of a Book when there was not 60)—and have had a much greater disappointment in the sale of my Woods; for, on the account that the mortgage on my estate || was expired,

* Viz. In Princes-street, the Poultry, and Jewin-street.

† His Mother-in-law's, Madam Nicholas. EDIT.

‡ Darby the Printer, see p. 247. But of this I have my doubts. EP.

|| At Chesham in Bucks. EDIT.

I was forced to sell that for 300*l.* which, could I have helped it, should not have gone for 600*l.* But, as good as the bargain was (my three Farms being jointured), had I not surmounted a hundred difficulties, been at a great expence to secure the Title, and, besides that, met with a generous Chapman (the only good Samaritan that would part with money to heal my wounds), I could not possibly have cleared so far as I did : but now, the mortgage being paid off, 200*l.* is all I owe in the world ; and could my Sister *B*—— now pay me that 200*l.* * I can prove she owes me, I would clear with the whole World before I slept. However, this 200*l.* is a further argument to convince my Creditors that I shall pay them all at the time I promise ; for my Sister *B*—— is a very grateful and just person, and, as I never asked her till now for the money she owes me (in mere compassion to her great losses), so now I expect to be paid in a few months out of her Jamaica windfall, which will amount to some hundred pounds.—But perhaps you will say, “ Suppose your Sister should never pay you, what, must we lose our money ? ” No, Gentlemen ! no man shall lose a farthing by me ; for, as I have now cleared the mortgage to the full satisfaction of those concerned, so I have made provision (as you shall hear anon) to satisfy those *few Creditors* that are yet unpaid. But, though I do not wholly depend on the money my Sister owes me, yet it was necessary to mention it in this place, to humble those who forget to own it (and the voluntary offer I made of boarding *gratis* a fatherless Brother and Sister), and, which is ten times blacker, to abuse me for it.

It is the misfortune of some men to run in debt to mere *Upstarts* (I mean such as are distinguished from all others by their ingratitude to their old Friends) ; and the insults and contempt they frequently meet with on that account are such as no flesh can bear.—But to return to my generous Creditors.

Gentlemen, I can now assure you, that the trust you gave me in Trade will be but few months longer unpaid than the credit others gave me in Ready Money. It is true, Gentlemen, I cannot pay you at the time I pro-

* Or rather more, in Principal and Interest-money. See before, p. 84.

mised ; for my Woods did but just clear the mortgage and old arrears for physick, cloaths, and very subsistence : yet you may depend upon this (except I should disappoint you so far as to pay you sooner), that October the 10th, 1708, I will sell the reversion of *Bottom Farm*, but I will clear with the whole World.

It is true, Mr. *Tooke*, an old Creditor, importuned me for work that very week my goods were attached ; adding this friendly expression (which I can never forget, as it was spoke in my greatest extremity), “ that I was served but right, for going to Printers that did not know me.” And Mr. *Brudenell* was so kind and generous as to tell my Friend Mr. Larkin, that, if I would still employ him, he would never ask me for a penny of money till some windfall happened. And another Creditor has been so noble as to send me word “ he would take Ten Shillings in the Pound, and give me the remainder to trade with.” But I scorn to pay either him or any man else less than Twenty : for, it was ever my thoughts, that Composition (where it can be avoided) is plain cheating ; or, at least, it would be so in me ; for as hasty as the two * *Attachers* † were for their money I loo’d on by Malthus to delay her accounting with me ‡), I am able to prove (if my Relatives do me justice) that I shall have Ten Thousand Pounds to enjoy §, after every penny I owe in the World is paid. Then, how base was Malthus and her associates ¶ to call me “ Bankrupt,” “ Jail-bird ;” and to tell the World “ I was starving,” &c. when none of my Creditors ever questioned their money, and were here told to a day when they shall be paid every thing I owe them. Had Malthus called me *Sot*, or *Madman*, for trusting such a Hedge Publisher, perhaps those that did not know me might have believed her ; but to call me “ Bankrupt, Jail-bird, one that writes to

* A legal process within the City of London.

† Benjamin Harris and M——ls.

‡ M——ls (one of the Attachers) hinted this to myself and another person ; and with this addition, “ That, had he not been put upon attaching my goods by Malthus, he had never done it.” And, to shew his sincerity in this matter, both he and his Partner in the Attachment withdrew it at their own charge ; which engaged me to write a paradox, proving, “ To imprison a Debtor is to set him at liberty.”

§ In possession and reversion.

¶ The Moderator and Wandering Spy.

prevent starving," is a malicious falsehood. Nay, says another of Malthus's Hackneys (for she hired these fellows to blast my credit if possible) "Would I hang myself, no Chandler in Town would trust me with a penny cord."

"Bankrupt, Jail-bird!" &c. Why, poor Dunton, is thy own estate of Four Thousand Pounds*, and Six Thousand Pounds that is owing to thee from near Relations, of so little value as to be worth nothing—no, not so much as a penny halter to dangle thy wretched carcass? Why, Malthus, with what face can you publish such known and ridiculous lies as these? for you cannot deny my Printers and Stationers knew the misfortunes I laboured under; and as they had the product of their own trust to a farthing (so far as I have yet received) it is both base and sordid to reflect thus for present deficiencies, seeing they will be made good to a tittle. And it is yet the baser in these detractors, as one of them (Malthus) is still in my debt, and the rest never saw my face.

As fractured and starving as Malthus would now make me; till I had great losses, I even dunned the Printers to take their money; and shall do it again in a little time.

The "*Wandering Spy*" was sentenced in the Old Bailey for a fabulous, obscene, scandalous Writer. His word is, "A merry life and a short." I know not how merry it is, but I am sure it is short enough, he consuming just like a candle at both ends, betwixt wine and women; without which, he holds, there is no pleasure in this world; and for the other, he would fain be an Atheist, and believe there is none at all, whilst his manners and ignorance supply his want of faith, for he lives like one, and knows no soul he has; for he cannot but own, he repents more the omitting an evil action than any Saint would the committing it. He makes a jest of repentance and modesty, and is an artificial fool (or Jack-pudding) that gets his living by making others and himself ridiculous. In a word, he is the rich man's antick and the Devil's factor, that, by a strange "Fable of Invisibility," sends men laughing to Hell. And all this is the true character of the "*Wandering Spy*."

As to "*The Moderator*," he is rather worse than the

* In present possession and reversion.

er; for, being a designing hypocrite, and mere money Author, there is no hopes of his repentance or amendment; whereas the "Wandering Spy," owning himself a rake, may with the Prodigal return at last. But there are no hopes of the "Moderator;" for all his papers are abusive, dull, and foolish, they can be writ for no other end but to get a penny, and distract the Kingdom. This fellow is a cunning archer, that, looking to the service as the mark he aims at, yet squints aside at his own ends (*viz.* bread to keep him from starving), and is the true butt all his "Moderators" are shot at. He fights with a *tacking-gun*, and yet has the impudence to tell the world his "Moderator" is published for the purpose of peace, and reconciling of differences between us. St. Jerome tells us there was a woman that to the body appeared a beast, to Hilarius only a woman. The same may be safely asserted of this weathercock "Moderator;" he seems to all men a blockhead, a rascal, a *boutefeu*, a scoundrel; to himself only he is a "Moderator," the only wise man, and reconciler of differences; but he seems so to nobody else: for, as *bin** observes, "Let the 'Moderator' look to his own conduct, and see whether his paper answers it; and, whilst he reflects on others for unmannerly language, let him consider whether his Readers may not say, '*Clodius ut Machos*,' and what difference there is betwixt the *moderate* and *exasperate*." The "Moderator" is an unfitting changeling that ever was to reconcile parties, for, being neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm (for in all the *moderation* we find in his dull papers), he is testable both to God and man. In "Moderator, b. 1." he tells us, "Here are scandalous Clubs †, to teach the Citizens' vices, and teach the Government what to do; and here is a scandalous 'Observer,' that cooks up puns, and dishes out his malicious bombast, to render the High Church ridiculous." But consult him in his other papers; and you will find Mr. De Foe much in his favour, and the "Observer" a useful paper. The "Moderator" is a mere polypus, always of the same shape of the side he meets with; for he varies his shape

* Observer, Vol. IV. Numb. 58.

† Meaning Mr. De Foe's Reviews.

and Religion as often as his company. In short, the "Moderator" is a mere every thing; and if he have two ears (which I much question), honest men have been deprived of theirs. His Religion is yet to chuse; what he shall be he knows not, nor what he is; for he tells us*, "he writes for no denomination of people in particular;" yet I hold him an Independent; for, whilst he sides with all Religions, he will be sure to none; like a pair of compasses, the one end of him stands fast, whilst with the other of his speeches he walks the round of every prevailing faction. No man pretends more to Religion and the public good than the "Moderator;" and yet no man intends it less: and well may he in shew advance that which keeps his grinders a-going—like that notorious Pick-pocket, that whilst (according to the custom) every one held up their hands at rehearsing the Creed, he by a device had a false hand, which he held up like the rest, whilst his true hand was false in other men's pockets. In a word, the "Moderator" is a very blank, wherein you may write any thing that will make for his profit: with the hedge-hog, he turns his den which way soever the wind of prosperity blows. He proposes "to have all papers but his own suppressed:" but, as a judgment upon him for telling so many lies of their kind reception, his own papers have led the way. "*Ears!*" can such an *ambidexter* have ears? No! it is to call in question the understanding of men of learning and temper to say he has had either *ears* or *credit*, ever since he disgraced that excellent virtue of Moderation in pretending to write for it.

Thus have I given a brief (but true) character of those *Earless Fellows* (if they had their due) the "Moderator" and "Wandering Spy;" that, to oblige Malthus, said all they could to blast my credit with Printers and Stationers.

I come next to "*The Whipster*" (drunken Alecto), who stole my title of "Whipping-post," and then spits, and froths, and drivels as much nonsense, malice, and vanity at me, as *Tom S*— would pay him for. This sot of an Author is a compound of all that is vile, dull, and abusive, in the "Moderator" and "Wandering Spy,"

* Moderator, Numb. I.

his addition, that P——s* is the greater sot. In
 to his preferment, P——'s friends sent him to
 b, where he ate, and drank, and slept, played a
 or two at foot-ball, perhaps stole a pig, ran away
 he Proctor, and studied three or four years to as
 purpose as was his stealing my "Whipping" title;
 ey did not steal my title, let them clear themselves
 affidavit—and then I will fairly own there is no
 g, but only good wits jump in the case. But
 : this, let the world judge how basely they have
 l me; as if it was entailed upon S——'s Family
 l both Titles and Projects from John Dunton;
 bulky *Whipster* is Son to that very S——s who
 ined my "Question-project," till he lost about
 pounds, and then flung up his "Lacedemonian
 y t," as his Son has done the "Whipping-post,"
 just reward of an interloper. So that, if I am not
 in, here is *Trim-tram*; or, whatever the Master is,
 in the rake, or tool, he employs, is both sot and
 ab. His head is like an Irish bog, a spongy
 ire; his brains are in a perpetual souce-tub: the
 (since he stole my Title) is only changed from
 Wine. This profound Soaker is one of the com-
 orns of all civil people, as carrying about him all
 ns and tokens of a shameless sot. His eyes are
 o tumble out of his head; and, as the Beast hath
 the Drunkard's mark, so he hath their rewards,
 and Poverty. If you dare take his word for it,
 lies only at the Tavern; for, in his "Miscellanies
 laret," he tells his Readers, "But, as *Motteux de*
 is Letters (after postage paid) to be sent to the
 house, so we have two or three among us such
 ing Drunkards as to submit to no place but the
 b. At present our Office is kept at the Rose
 without Temple-bar; which may be as well
 an Office of Credit as the Land Bank, for we pay
 :konings after the same manner Dr. *Chamberlain*
 s salaries; that is, not at all. But no matter; our
 rd is an honest man, that he is; though I believe
 be soon weary of his Poets, for we have just now

lips, the Translator of the "Present State of Europe," see be-
 e 181. EDIT.
 before, p. 190.

chalked up a crown with him." These are his own words in his Preface, by which he insinuates, "He that drinks well, sleeps well; and he that sleeps well, thinks no harm;" the falsehood of which may be soon confuted, because he *staggers* in the argument, and, which is yet worse, he glories in his Drunkenness; for, to convince the world he is a shameless sot, in his Dedication he tells his Patron *, "My Lord, We are four or five, some say honest, others foolish, but all say drunken fellows, now drinking your Lordship's health at the tavern; and our poetical inclinations are all attended with poetical pockets. Some of us have sixpence and eight farthings; some neither eight farthings nor a sixpence; so that the chiefest of our dependance is upon the strength of this Dedication. And since the majority of us are too dirty for your Levee, we have picked out the nicest spark of us all to make this present by. He is our Plenipotentiary; and we give full power to receive, &c. any thing your Lordship shall order towards the continuance of your Lordship's health. Your Lordship may guess by him what a figure the rest make, for he is the very quintessence of gentility among us all. But the rogue of a Drawer will bring up the reckoning unless we call for more wine; therefore, to avert that judgment, we beg leave (though abruptly) to subscribe, my Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful and obedient servants, &c."

Thus, Gentlemen, you see that P——s is a drunken sot by his own confession; and for that reason, if he have any *ears*, the Pillory, or Stocks, is the most likely place to find them. And, that he might want no accomplishment necessary for a Town Rake, he is as great a Sharper as he is a Drunkard; for "he will offer a dinner, or bottle of Claret, out of his joy to see you; and, in requital of this courtesy, you can do no less than pay for it." So that no man puts his brains to more use than P——s; for his life is a daily invention for Punch and Claret, and each meal a new stratagem. — *Ears!* can such a mercenary shameless Toper as this have ears? It is to whip all the Beadles of Bridewell, to say he had either ears or a sound back ever since he tricked Dr. Read of 3s. 6d.; reeled to the Star Inn, &c.; abused

* The Earl of Dorset.

Mr. Willis for his Healing Sermon before the Queen ; and stole my Title of "Whipping-post."

My last undeserved and public Enemy (and consequently the last I shall lash in public), is *Lesley*, theicking Author of that scandalous Paper called "*The Rehearsal*." This Hackney Writer has more wit and earning than either "The Moderator," "Wandering py," or "Drunken Whipster;" and therefore I would lash him more severely than I do those empty Block-heads, did not his Reverend Gown protect him. This scribbling Levite hath flung a great deal of dirt at me and the present Government; and for that reason his hands and soul are so foul and black, I will not stain my paper with answering of him. However, I will draw his picture, that my Porter (the fittest man to correct him) may find him out. What I shall say of him will chiefly respect, 1. His Scholarship; 2. His behaviour towards Dissenters; 3. His Religion; and 4. His Loyalty.

As to his *Scholarship*. He should be learned, for he is always in controversies about the Government. His "*Rehearsal*" is a mere horse-fly, engendered of the corruption of a Kingdom, when too much Peace and Learning hath set men a-quarreling. His sophistry lies in telling the world that some sort of Government must necessarily be *jure divino*. One would think he had had a kiss of his Holiness's slipper, as the first step to the Popedom; for he would be thought infallible in what he says of the Primogeniture*; and disputes Liberty and Property out of the World. He is a Critick in Royal Titles, and can prove (if you dare believe him) "that one man is marked by God above another; that Kings come booted and spurred into the world; and may (*jure divino*) ride and tyrannize over their subjects, &c." But it is Treason to follow him here; for De Foe has proved that Lesley's Project of Divine Right is no other than "a denying and invalidating the Queen's Title; superseding all Parliamentary authority; and the introducing a tyrannic and arbitrary power in its full exercise." So that, whatever skill he has in the Sciences, it is plain he is Master in the Art of Bullying† and Tyranny; and, if ever *young Perkin* return, he will prove

* Rehearsal, No. 57.

† See Rehearsal on that subject, No. 21.

persecution a Royal virtue. So much for his tyrannic and jesuitical knowledge. I come next to his *gown*; and here I must tell the world, he took his degrees in Dublin, and had, what he never deserved, Episcopal Ordination: yet I cannot call him a Clergyman, for he sometimes wears a Grey Coat and Sword, instead of a Gown and Cassock. But, whether he embrace the title of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the martial or spiritual sword, I will not determine. Yet this I am sure: he has impudence, I should say courage, enough to hang or burn all the *Cuckoos* * (for so he calls the Whigs) in the three kingdoms. He thinks De Foe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" might justly be made yet a little shorter; or, if any one doubt this, let them read his spiteful remarks upon that book.

And this leads me, having done with his Scholarship, to the second head I promised to treat of, his *Behaviour towards Dissenters*. And here I shall prove he cares not how maliciously he spits at and abuses the loyal Dissenters: witness his *look* † into Mr. Burgess's meeting, and bunching the moving stars. He will rail at the plainest truths, if a Dissenter speak or write them. Read his answers to De Foe, or Tutchin, or what he says of the Oxford Weathercock, Salters' Hall, and of the Dissenters keeping the 30th of January, &c.; and you will find lying and slandering his Master-sin. How many false stories did he tell about the affair of Sandwich ‡, and Tutchin's Trials, &c. ! He is not inferior to a woman in malice, for she is that way limited, though determinable, but he transcends; accounting it his pomp to be infinitely abusive, if the subject be a Dissenter. Dissenters! he thinks them Fanaticks, and had rather be a Rebel than a conscientious Whig. In brief, Lesley is an absolute Bigot, or, which is worse, a Tacker; and, having lost all moderation and candour himself, is loth to find it in another; but "curst cows have but short

* See his Rehearsal, No. 50.

† In his Rehearsal, No. 18.

‡ At an election for Sandwich, May 10, 1705, a Flag was asserted by one party to have been displayed, in honour of Sir Harry Furness and Mr. Burchett, at the Anabaptists' Meeting-house, whereon was the old Common-Wealth Breeches, a crown reversed, &c. This was denied by the other party; and the subject afforded matter for the Newspapers for a few days. *Edr.*

orns;" for this Bigot's religion consists much in venting his malice against that people and truth he never well understood. Could he have his will, to use one of his witty sayings, he would massacre all the Dissenters and Low Churchmen "by way of moderation. Yet who can blame him? for he tells you, "The Dissenters attack the Creed *; that Popery is at the bottom, and that the Dissenters are the cat's-foot, &c." But he that is so well acquainted with the Religion of other men, I doubt, can give no certain account of his own; for he puts his foot into *Perkinism* in France, into the *Faction* in Scotland †, into *Tackism* in England, tenderly as he treads on it, and pulls it out again; and still something unanswered delays him: yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him than one. And this leads me to consider his piety.

For his *Religion*, if he have any, it is altogether for the liberty of conscience; but, whilst he keeps loose his own, he sticks hard for an Occasional Bill to bind other men's. He would make a bad martyr, and a good traveller: for his conscience is so large, he could never wander out of it; and in Amsterdam, as much as he hates Dissenters, could pass for a stiff Independent; for things that are furious never last; and he that is a bi-ototed Churchman to-day would, should the wind of Government turn, be as much a Dissenter to-morrow.

This is the arch, or Spiritual, guide to the Lay-Tackers. He talks high for the Church, &c.; but could like the grey hairs of Popery, did not some dotages there stagger him. In our differences with Rome, he is strangely un-*fixed*; for he wants to see which side will be uppermost; yet would be a Papist, Jew, Turk, &c. or any thing rather than a Presbyterian. Yet, which is a great paradox, he has not any design of Religion in what he writes against the Dissenters; for he cares not, as Tutchin proves ‡, "whether the Directory be in Scotland, the Mass-book in England, or the Alcoran in Ireland. His business is to create feuds and animosities, to clear the way for his little Master at St. Germain's. And for this

* Rehearsal, No. 32.

† See his Rehearsal, No. 26.

‡ Observer, vol. IV. No. 91.

reason he always sides with the Tackers, and is more furious against Protestant Dissenters than he is against Papists or Libertines. He would come wholly over to the Church of Rome, did not the scandalous name of Turncoat affright him; so that his Religion is Tyranny and Popery, and he is a Jesuit or nothing. If he commends Moderation, it is to banter the Government; and his pretending to be a Protestant is a greater satire upon the Church of England than he is able to write. Or, if he be a Protestant, it is a fiery one; for Peace and Union are two words that fright him. Neither will he hearken to Moderation; for he thinks it a canting word, till he lacks his ears, if he has not lost them already for rehearsing treason, and jesting with sacred things.

Lesley (after all his noise of the Church's danger) is a Monster in Religion, having not the right mark and shape of a Christian. He is deficient in what he ought to do, and redundant in what he ought not; and is a mere Heteroclit in Divinity. Religion, that should be a matter of practice, Lesley has made a business of controversy. He rails against Moderation as an empty thing, a studied cheat; Occasional Conformity as an artifice to subvert the Church; and, as if Persecution were the air he breathed in, he studies strange arguments to defend his heterodox and fiery tenets, as though the Spring of Living Water were a Fountain of Contention. Lesley, by his intemperate zeal (which he calls Religion) would set Church and State in a flame. His very looks, as well as his fortune, seem desperate for High Church; that is, as Bishop Burnet explains it, "the Church of Rome*;" as though he had a design (like another Guido) to attempt some solemn mischief, with a dark lanthorn, in another Hellish Powder-Plot. But, before he writes for the Church (if he means the Protestant Church), I would advise him to take Tutchin's advice: "In the first place, take the Oaths to the Queen, live in obedience to his Spiritual Fathers, and then set up for Monarchy and the Church†." But this (with all his Religion and zeal for the Church) is what he will never do; for Lesley is a

* Speech in the House of Lords about Occasional Conformity.

† *Observer*, vol. IV. No. 58.

lyer in the worst sense that the word can bear ; terrifies him so much as to think of our Healing sent, and being punished (as he justly deserves) Weekly Lampoons. It is therefore his policy to be Angel ; and, by his " Rehearsals," mud the waters, fish Sepia, that he may go away undiscerned. a Tutchin " the Observator confounded * ;" but Observator (to use his words) " is enough to hang ty," his " Weekly Rehearsal" is enough to poison rld. And this is all the Religion I can find in him. ne next to his *Loyalty*. But I ask his pardon for him loyal, for he scorns to be so to a Protestant ; so that, to do him justice, he is only a rotten are newly painted over with a colour of *Loyalty*. using to take the Oaths to her Majesty, he does, as , wear the livery of *young Perkin* ; and all his po- if he can carry it undiscovered, as it is likely he or he tells his Friends (if I may believe a person d it from his own mouth) " that he refuses to take ths to the Queen, that he may do the greater to the Church of England." But what Friend be to the Church or State, that scruples to take ths to be loyal to it ? So that Lesley is an essence g a double definition : for he is not what he ap- but, like some of the Spheres that besides their l motion with the others, have a particular one to lves, " like a waterman, that looks one way, but nother." But for all his *out*, he cannot change ide ; so that he differs nothing from an Hypocrite. s, " the Observator is of no Church, and Mob Prin- ;" which, by the way, is a great mistake ; or, were , I think it a better character than for a man to nto Holy Orders, and then disgrace his Gown by ig Principles, and lampooning the Government. tols and commends the Bloody Reign of James II ; spairs (except the French Tyrant should conquer nd) of ever seeing the like ; yet is he always de- of change, like sick folks, thinking unquietness procure rest. Loyalty is as often in his mouth as in his heart ; for, like a corrupt Chirurgeon, he

* In his Rehearsal, No. 24.

lives upon keeping the sore raw. All his "Rehearsals" are invectives against the Government; and, like a froward child, because he cannot be happy according to his own will, he will be miserable in spite. He rails against Church and State in that very "Rehearsal" that treats of Loyalty; and, though he has not courage to do it openly, speaks Treasons confidently to himself alone, expecting an event of his desires. He is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope; and, could he prove the Succession in the Primo-geniture from Adam to Noah, and so down to these present times, he would take the Oaths to the *Sham Prince*. But it is "past Twelve o'clock" with this Weekly Incendiary; for, whilst he wishes harm to the Queen, it rebounds to himself; and the Loyal Dissenters (like camomile) grow the better for his envious treading. I could say more of his sham Loyalty; but all his "Rehearsals" prove, he wishes all things turned topsy-turvy; and for that reason (were there no proof of his Treasons) he deserves to be hanged by an *inuendo*; and, were I his Judge, this Sentence would pass for *Lex Talionis*, or a just judgment upon him; for all must own that his "Rehearsal, Number 21," was designed for my utter ruin, that remembers I published my first Edition of "The Tackers" whilst the Parliament was actually sitting: and for this reason he tells the world, "the most considerable men in the House were Tackers; but yet," continues this French Tool, "you see John Dunton defies them, and dares publish his 'Character of a Tacker' * while the House of Commons is sitting." But, though the Tacking Members were provoked by my Satire upon them (and Lesley said all he could to procure me a visit from the Serjeant at Arms), yet these Pinnacle Gentlemen, being ashamed of their Tacking Bill, never winced at my Satire upon them; nor did they give Lesley the Thanks of the House for making such a noise about it; but would have been glad that the very word *Tacker* might have been forgotten. However, Lesley shewed his teeth; and none would question his being a *Perkinite* (or spite and malice to John Dunton) that reads his "Rehearsal, No 21."

* Dunton published this Character in his "Athenian Catechism," No. 17, for Dec. 13, 1704. EDIT.

Ears! can such a Rebel as this have ears? It is to impeach the Law, and to say the Hangman neglects his duty, to say Lesley has had either ears or head, ever since he wrote that treasonable and scandalous Paper called "The Rehearsal."

So much for his Scholarship, Religion, Loyalty. Now, in mere respect to that Coat and Church which he strives to disgrace by his Weekly "Rehearsals," I leave him hatching Plots against the State, and building Castles in the Air for the reception of *young Perkin*. And who knows but an hundred years hence he may chance to creep (as a Saint) into the Roman Calendar, for turning Nonjuror?

I could enlarge; but he is an everlasting argument, and I am weary of him; and, perhaps, some will think I have said too much. But I have dwelt the longer on this Character, that Lesley (and the other *Attachers* of my person and goods) may see what a pretty figure they make when they are drawn at length.

I come next to *Malthus*, that spiteful Woman that hired these fellows to slander me. S. Malthus was the famous Publisher of Grub-street News. She copies her Religion and Honesty from Hackney Authors; and, if she have any *Ears*, it is more than I dare assert of any one that writes for her. Malthus is one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth and fidelity misinterpreted by her flattery and ingratitude. She is one she knows not what herself if you ask her; for she recommends "Funeral Sermons" and "Wandering Spies," &c. with the same breath. She rails at other women. Her purity consists much in her linen; her wealth in strutting and talking big; but her cunning is chiefly seen in preserving her ears. However, she sets up for a Wit; and, if she can say no ill of a man, she seems to speak riddles, as if she could tell strange stories if she would; and, when she has wreaked her revenge to the uttermost, she ends, "But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace." She is a private slanderer; but (where she is known) all her words go for jests, and all her jests for nothing. Her very courtesies are intolerable; they are done with such arrogance and design upon you, and she is the only person you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful. I may justly reckon it among my

calamities, that ever I listened to her double tongue, or suffered myself to be treated by her. But I am not the only person that was deceived; for Malthus, having learned to wheedle from *Dick Nutt*, and the art of shamming from her first husband, she has put such tricks on the Printers and Stationers, &c. she can now pay but two shillings and six pence in the pound. This is the Woman, and these are the earless Fellows (if they had their due) that were trying for ten months to blast my credit with Printers and Stationers, to advance their own. I own that Lesley, Malthus, &c. and all the rest of my scribbling enemies, are such a rabble of noisy, empty, scandalous Authors, they are scarce worth my notice; and, if they should provoke me a second time (as they are beneath my pen and sword) I will only stoop so low as to hire some able Porter to kick them into better manners. But I thought it needful to draw their Pictures in this Letter, that my Creditors might all see what sort of Hackneys they are, that were so zealous to blast my credit, and (had it been in their power) to ruin me quite.

But I will not enlarge, for (except they are hardened) they now see their sin in their punishment. But, if they reply to this, I have now drawn my pen (and a brighter weapon is always at hand in a just cause), and resolve to humble them.

Yes, Malthus, know, since thou 'rt grown so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,
 Thou 'dst else in the forgotten crowd
 Of common Midwives liv'd unknown,
 Had not my Books proclaim'd thy name,
 And imp'd it with the plumes of fame.
 That boasted credit 's none of thine;
 I gave it to thy shop and *Spies*.
 Thy *Moderator* too is mine *;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
 Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

* Reader, do not mistake me here; for I do not mean by these lines, that I have any hand either in writing or printing that dull and foolish Paper, called "The Moderator," or that more scandalous one called "The Wandering Spy;" but purely, as Malthus owes all the credit she had with Printers and Stationers to that great trust I gave her at her first setting up for a Publisher.

Treat me then with abuse no more;
 Lest what I made, I uncreate.
 Let *Clark** thy haughty looks adore:
 I knew thee in thy begging state †.
 Wise Poets, that wrapp'd Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Thus, with the Phœnix, I do, as it were, flourish in my own ashes, or rather revive from those attachments and slanders, &c. that Malthus and her Weekly Hackneys thought they had buried me in. So that all they got by their two attachments and private slandering was the pleasure of musing upon the mischief they would have done me, had it been in their power. But I shall say no more of these detractors; for Alexander ‡, at the Olympic Games, would run with none but Monarchs. And, though I think as meanly of what I write or print as either prejudice or malice itself can do; yet, as no man will lose a farthing by me, I shall not condescend so low as to think Dunton (with all his weakness and losses, &c.) a fit match for such Jack-puddings; and therefore, as the generous mastiff is above minding the yelping of little curs, so for the future (except they will put their names to what they print) I shall take no notice of any of our Weekly Writers, except it be Mr. *Review* and the *Observer*; and only those as they have the courage and honesty to subscribe their names to all they publish.

The ingenious Tutchin puts his name to his "*Observers*;" and De Foe says, "I never write Penny Papers (the "*Review*" excepted), nor ever shall, unless my name is publicly set to them §." But as to Malthus and her two Scribblers, they stab a man in the dark. Like a serpent, they bite Dunton by the heel, and then creep into their hole again (alias garret, the chief residence of

* This is a Printer in Thames-street, who was very zealous to oblige Malthus; but what he has got by her (except an opportunity to trust her with twelve pounds) he that knows can tell.

† Begging indeed! for Malthus was so low at first as to promise me to even every day, if I would but deal with her.

‡ Alexander, when his Father wished him to run for the Prize at the Olympic Games (for he was very swift), said, "he would, if he might run with Kings."

§ *Review*, vol. III. No. 16.

Hackney Authors), for want of courage to abet their actions. This is such a sneaking cowardice, that I shall answer no man that is ashamed of his name, or has not the courage and honesty to vindicate what they write.

If Malthus thinks this too hard treatment, she must thank herself; for would any but Malthus (if her name be Malthus) endeavour to lessen the reputation of "her best Friend;" for so she called me, till (by advertising my Books) she began to make a figure in trade; and, as private as she now lives, I scarce think she will deny this; for I can prove, by her own Letter, "that, without my assistance she had never got so much as the name of a Publisher;" and (which further shews her ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, "that all her Friends in Town, but myself, either had, or at least had endeavoured, to make a prey of her."

Now, for such a Woman as this to call me "Bankrupt," &c.; and, to heighten the impudence, to be the first aggressor (when my bare trusting of her was a sort of attachment) is such ingratitude as has no parallel. But why should I wonder at her, when I have Neighbour's Fare; for (not to mention her re-printing a Copy* I brought her to publish, her dispersing falsehoods in the "Wandering Spy," and fifty things that will keep cold) she slandered so much as her own Father, of which I will give a particular account if she *loo* her whelps any more at me.

I had never discovered Malthus's ungrateful treatment, or once mentioned the service I did her, had not her public detraction rendered a public vindication necessary. And what greater provocations could be given than for Malthus to seek my overthrow, after I had ventured my all to serve her, and that too at a time when her rich Friends refused to appear for her? so that I merely trusted her in her extremity, and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "that though her Husband Malthus was very unfortunate, yet I hoped his Widow (our new Publisher) would have all the encouragement the Trade could give her; for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter; and her-

* Delaune's "Plea for the Nonconformists."

self free from all that pride and arrogance (for so I thought by her great care to oblige at first) that was found in the carriage of other Publishers *."

Having as publicly vindicated my credit with Printers and Stationers, as Malthus and her two Hackneys endeavoured to blast it, I now forgive them; and, except they fling any more dirt, I have nothing further to say to them; but advise them to practise my *Idea of a New Life* (published, or rather *attached*, by Malthus), and to sin (I mean slander) no more, &c.; and then, I hope, we shall all meet in that pure and holy place where none transgress so much as in thought.

This is a brief hint of those many losses and wrongs I have groaned under (and that from persons that owed all the credit they had in Trade, and in Usurers' Bonds, to my appearing so heartily for them); by which it appears, that an over-credulity, and readiness to serve the unfortunate, has been the great misfortune of my whole life. But Justice was still in my eye under all my losses; and whatever treatment I have from others, no man shall tax me with being a monster—I mean ungrateful; and this resolution has so far blessed my affairs, that, as I said before, "I can now tell to a day when I shall pay every farthing I owe."

I wish B——l, S——ge, and Malthus, that were so zealous to lessen my credit with Printers and Stationers, could give them the same assurance; for it is what I can make good, and I hope will satisfy all my Creditors: or, if it does not, my crazy body is at their service. But, were I now in prison, I could neither say nor do more than I here promise; but it is such a promise, if it gives satisfaction to all my Creditors, that I will make good to a tittle; for that generous person to whom I sold my Woods has obliged himself, by a writing under his hand, either to release *Iver Estate*, which secures his bargain; or else to purchase the reversion of *Bottom-Farm*, which will pay six times more than I owe. And when I am out of debt, having given a Farewell to Trade †, I will then purchase an usefully pleasant Library, throw off the

* See before, p. 220.

† In an Essay now ready for the Press.

drudgery of the Press, live at liberty, and get ready for Heaven, and that shall be the last Act of the Play.

So that you see, Gentlemen, as I said before, "I have taken effectual care that my losses in Trade should be none of yours:" for, if I live till October the 10th, 1708, I have secured your money every way; or, if I die before that time, it is a clause in my Will, "That my Heir shall not receive a penny till all my Debts are discharged." It is true, my heir will think this a hardship upon him; but a just debt ought to be paid, though it were but a verbal promise*, and I will rather displease my heir than wrong my Creditors: and as all are alike kind, so I will make no distinction in my justice to them; but will pay them all at the same time, viz. October the 10th, 1708—or next week, would my friends enable me, as perhaps they may; for there is such a fair correspondence between me and Valeria, that, in answer to a letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my debts, for this reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an heir to her jointure would cheat my Creditors; she writes thus:—"My Dear; I was resolved to let you see how much I loved you, in getting my Mother to pay for my food and raiment, and all my expences in other things." And she adds in the same letter: "Considering, my Dear, your frequent fits of the stone and rheumatism, &c. it is necessary you should take a servant to look after you. And you may assure yourself I shall like any servant that is tender of you; and my Mother will like any staid person (that you approve of) to be with me, before she leaves the world, which she is very likely soon to do. In the case she is in, every one thinks her dangerous, and her life short. Which is all at present from your loving Wife till death,

SARAH DUNTON."

Gentlemen, I give you this brief account of my Wife's letter, to convince you and the world, how happy we shall be when Providence brings us together; and not to insinuate as if I intended only to pay you with Dead Folks Shoes. For, though my Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, whose deaths give me a just title to four estates, should prove an exception to the common law of mor-

* Here Dunton quotes a passage from "The Whole Duty of Man," as already given in p. 406. EDIT.

talities, yet I so little need or desire their death, that, if my Creditors are contented with what I have here promised, if they please, and can bribe Death, they may live for ever. And therefore, as I never waited for Dead Men's Shoes *, so I hope mine are as little desired; for the sale of what I mentioned before will pay all I owe, and leave me a clear estate, and that without the least thanks to any Relation. And when my debts are paid, which is a word of comfort your other Debtors do seldom give; I will not desire that *six months credit* which is usually given in Trade, but will always be a *ready-money* customer to all my Creditors, that so I may make them a large and constant amends for their kind and long forbearance. But I shall not need to say any thing more to make you credit my promise; for I challenge all the persons I ever dealt with, both before and since my misfortunes, to prove I ever over-reached or deceived them in any one instance.

It is true "The London Post" had the impudence to say, "Nor is it any of the celebrated Authors of this age, no, not John Dunton himself; who, in spite of *native Dulness* [a better name for a Fool] resolves to be a Wit, as he always did to be a Knave, in spite of "Second Spira," and a whole volume of repentance." As to my being a Fool, I confess my serving ungrateful persons, but more especially Malthus, &c. has given too much reason for that reflection. But as to my being a Knave, I appeal to the narrative of "Second Spira †," to my *Idea of a New Life*, how little I deserve his infamous reflections. I should have been much concerned if Ben Harris had given me a good word, for his commendation is the greatest reproach that an honest man can meet with. He is so far from having any dealing with Truth and Honesty, that his solemn word, which he calls as good as his bond, is a studied falsehood, and he scandalizes Truth and Honesty, in pretending to write for it. His "London Post ‡," or weighing of Truth and Honesty, resembles the Bird of Athens; for it seems to be

* As I have proved in "An Essay upon Dead Men's Shoes, &c." now ready for the Press.

† To be found in the History of my Life, p. 154.

‡ In the "London Post" were often given, "Resolutions upon the Present Posture of Affairs, by Truth and Honesty." EDIT.

made up of face and feathers ; for, setting aside his Billingsgate language, and hunting up and down the world for any occasion of venting his fulsome slander, there is very little of wit or honesty in him, but what he hath stolen from "The Wandering Spy," or his own hypocritical heart. His employment, or rather livelihood, is to blast other men's credit, and to steal their copies. He is a mere *F—y* for slander, falsehood, tricking. And for this reason Dr. Partridge ought to lash him in such manner as will best atone for the wrongs he did him, which are so notorious and frequent, that the ingenious Partridge, in his Almanack for this year, tells the world :

"Whereas, for the two years last past, 1704 and 1705, I have been abused, and the country also, by a Supplement added to my Almanack, forged and contrived by Benjamin Harris and his Son, and printed as mine, though I knew nothing of it till it was printed : This is therefore to give notice, if any such knavish Supplement, or any thing like it by another title, is added to the Almanack this year, or any other, you may be certain it is not mine ; but contrived and done by some Knave, to abuse the world. And therefore, if there is any thing in print beyond this hand at the bottom, it is a cheat, and he a knave that did it. So says your friend,

J. PARTRIDGE."

Dr. Partridge, by this advertisement, proves all I have said of Harris. And had he called me "honest man," I should have thought it a great slander ; but, seeing he has the boldness to acknowledge he called me Knave, were I to assign his punishment, that Harris might see how much I forgave him, he should only be lashed every Monday and Friday, the two days he published the "London Post," at his own door, by the common hangman ; and every Monday and Thursday own himself a knave and coward, &c. in the "London Gazette," till such time he had asked pardon of Dr. Partridge, John Dunton, and the other persons he wronged in the "London Post." Or, should he escape doing penance in the *printed sheets*, yet we shall find him a second time in the pillory, with his Wife, like a kind rib, standing by, to defend him against the mob. Yet, to shew, after he is well lashed and pilloried, I know how and where to forgive him :

Ben, take this pass, ere we for ever part :
 Then hang ; and then farewell with all my heart :
 Mark'd for a thief, long mayst thou raving lie,
 Envy'ing an halter, but not dare to die.
 And, when condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,
 Some frightful fiend deny thee power to read.
 Slander, *Ned Ward*, confusion, rage, and shame,
 Attend you to the place from whence you came.
 To Tyburn thee let carrion horses draw,
 In jolting cart, without so much as straw ;
 Jaded may they lie down i' th' road, and tir'd,
 And, worse than one fair hanging, twice be mir'd ;
 Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulchre's * Sexton's sermon—
 Till thou roar out, " For hemp sake, drive on, Carman."
 Not one good woman, who in conscience can
 Cry out " 'T is pity troth—a proper man!"—
 Stupid and dull, mayst thou rub off, like *Hane*,
 Without an open or a smother'd groan.
 May the knot miss the place, and fitted be
 To plague and torture, not deliver thee ;
 Be half a day a dying thus, and then
 Revive, like *Savage* †, to be hang'd again.
 In pity, now, thou shalt no longer live ;
 For, when thus satisfied, I can forgive.

Let Harris call me Knave and Fool as long as he please,
 I'll never busy myself, having told the world what mere
 bish my enemies are. In searching into other men's
 s, the errors of my own are more than I can answer

It more concerns me to mend one fault in my-
 ; than to find out a thousand in others. Two things
 ever trouble myself to know ; other men's faults, and
 er men's estates. My own soul, and the amendment
 ny own faults, is all my study. Nor do I think any
 less because it is hid ; for to Him that shall judge me
 open. But, though I was never the first aggressor
 ny quarrel, nor ever complied with the world to
 nder him that is down, &c. ; yet, as De Foe observes,
 elf-defence is the law of nature ; and a man ought no
 re to be passive under the murderer of his reputation,
 n of his life."

"The Sexton of St. Sepulchre's Church makes a kind of Preachment
 ach as go by to be hanged." J. DUNTON.—This Ceremony has
 y been dispensed with. EDIT.

One that was hanged twice.

Then sure, Gentlemen, you will not blame me for this vindication : for, as Harris had the impudence to call me Knave, so I was also attacked by that enigmatical quack that wrote "The Tale of a Tub." This fleering *Squirt* tells the world, "That the history of my life is a faithful and painful collection, &c." Yes, Dr. *Know-Post*, so it is ; for it was wholly gathered from my own breast ; neither is my *Idea of a New Life*, which Dr. *King** never did, nor intends to practise, stolen from any thing else but my own thoughts of becoming a new man.

And Mr. *F*——, without either generosity, sense, or manners, takes upon him to slander my new Project for Reformation †. Nay, so much as that doggrel Poet *Jack Wi*——, that writ "A New Year's Gift for the Scribblers, &c." had the boldness to tell the World :

" Let the renowned Dunton next,
With scribbling and with cares perplex,
With all the *Errors of his Life*
Oblige the World, and cease from strife ‡.
For Print and Paper give him trust,
I'll warrant you he will be just.
If not, if *D*——y, *M*——ls, and *H*——l,
Have patience, he will pay them all :
Patience, perforce, must be their cure,
'Till he a chapman can procure,
To purchase an estate that lies
I know not where, beyond the skies ;
Or else, till he can get possession
Of an estate that 's in reversion.
All the right owners once in Heaven,
'Tis his ; and then he 'll make all even."

These lies were writ to oblige Malthus for *Wi*—— was her constant Hackney and Partner ; but the rhymers, I cannot say Poet, is such a contemptible wretch, he is not worth my notice ; but, as he did me all the mischief he could, it is necessary the world should know him. He is a poetical insect ; a mere Grub-street Poet ; the worst sort of Hackney ; a murderer of paper ; nothing he writes sells ; the common scribbler of the town, that writes and drinks, as he can steal or borrow, coin or wit.

* To whom Swift's "Tale of a Tub" was for some time attributed. EDIT.

† Published by Mrs. Mallet.

‡ This line is a little altered.

His brains lie all in Notes : Oh, how he 'd look,
If he should chance to lose his Table-book.

His wit at best is but a tavern-tympany, the dregs of Poetry. He makes Helicon a puddle, not a spring. In brief, Jack Wi—— is a very Poetaster, that speaks nothing but lies and bombast. A good conceit or two bates of his stock of wit, and makes such a sensible weakening in him, that his brains recover it not a year after. How did he stare, and sour his face, when he wrote "The Hymn to Money !" To vent his brains, in the composing this dull Poem, he ate his very fingers' excrement, and continually scratched his noddle, his rhymes were so hide-bound, to tear them out. The very best of his poems are, "The Baboon à-la-mode ;" "The Welcome to Victory ;" "The After-thought ;" and "New Year's Gift for the Scribblers." But these are so very silly and impertinent, that even John Bunyan would be ashamed to own them. And for the rest of his Poems, which now serve under mince-pies, they are doggrel hymns, and flashes darted out on the sudden, which, if you take them while they are warm, may be laughed at ; if they cool, are nothing. But yet, which made Malthus so proud of her Author, he writes Poems best extempore ; for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travail, the less he brings forth *. Nay, Wi—— is such a mere dolt of a Poet, that he takes such pains to make a verse, or a little nonsense tagged with rhyme, that at the birth of each he twists his face as if he drew a tooth. He blots and writes, and sometimes hunts an hour, with the whole kennel of the alphabet, for one single rhyme. And all this pains is only to make him a poor ragged scoundrel ; and, to do him justice, he does not desire to be thought otherwise : for, in his Poem to the Scribblers †, he there says :

" Now, Brother Scribblers, let me tell ye,
Bare lines will never fill the belly.
This Poem, and that Satire too,
As little for the back will do ;

* Of which his Baboon Satire is a notable instance.

† To be found in Wi——'s "Hymn to Money," p. 15.

And often 't is the fate of many
 A Poet, not to have one penny :
 But, like Philosophers of old,
 Thro' pocket-holes you may behold
 Their ——— exposed to the cold. }
 Hard hap indeed it is of wit,
 But so the Fates do think it fit :
 And seldom it is they dispense
 Money to the same man, and sense.
 But why is gold such a cross devil * ?
 When you are so submiss and civil,
 To pawn your very souls, and sense
 To Hell, and every fool for pence.
 Yet ne'er a Broker in the town *,
 On Wit would lend you half-a-crown.
 Who then would scribble, that has sense ?
 That cannot live on abstinence.

Gentlemen, if you wonder why these verses are lame and foolish, you must know they sympathize with the Author ; for, in his " Hymn to Money," he there says, " he hath been so long beating the hoof in quest of money, that he hath worn the skin off his ten toes ; and no wonder if the fancy limp, when the body is uneasy." So that, by his own confession, he writes for bread, and lives by defamation. Had he never pretended to Poetry, he might have passed for a half-witted fellow, which is a quarter more than he has ; for he is something the less unwise that is unwise but in prose. But, when a goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass that is a rhyming one ; which is the case with respect to Wi——, for he is only a Wit in jest, and a Fool in earnest ; and yet, like a right Hackney, he is so big of himself, that, when he has written any thing which has passed with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extacy his hearers were in at every period. Nay, he is so vain and foolish, as to hope in time to be Poet-laureat : for, in his " Advice to the Sons of Parnassus," he there says,

* These two lines are a little altered from what they are in the " Hymn to Money."

"Don Projectero still in vain,
Plagu'd with the windmills in his brain,
By Scribbling strives to raise himself
Unto the laurel, and to pelf."

For this reason he is always talking of Dryden, Con-
eve, and new Poems, &c. ; for, though he knows no-
ing, he would not have the world know so much. Or;
he have any wit, he wears it as bravos do their swords,
mischief and offend others ; not as Gentlemen, to de-
nd themselves. In a word, he is a mere empty fellow ;
d, though he talk much of the Question Oracle, Learn-
g, and Athenian Catechisms *, he learns all from talk-
g. Two encounters with the same man pump him ; and
en he only puts in, or gravely says nothing. In a
ord, his "New Year's Gift" shews he has taken pains to
: an ass, though not to be a scholar ; and where he is
own, his poems are bantered and laughed at.

Having given Wi——'s character as a Poetaster, I
all next consider him as a Perfumer, or master of
ff a dog-hole in Leadenhall-street. And here I should
ll the world, he has been a Printer † ; a Salesman ; a
aylor ; a Pattern-drawer ; a Jack of all Trades. But
: thrived in none, and broke of all ; so that he stinks in
e nostrils of all he dealt with. It is true, he endeavours
sweeten his credit again with perfume and wash-
dls ‡. "His mind to him a kingdom is ;" but it is a
ngdom wanting form and matter.

When Beadle Death does him at last attend,
Let him go where he will, in this he 's sure to mend.
Death kindly House and Land provides him ; more
(Besides the Cage) than e'er he had before.
Thrice miserable they whom Want and Fate
Eternal mumpers made at Learning's gate.
Their Souls, indeed, they cram with notions high ;
But let poor Colon live by sympathy :
To honourable beggars they give place,
Lean younger brothers of the lousy race.

* Wi——'s "New Year's Gift," p. 6.

† Or, if he was not a Printer, he intended to be so.

‡ The trifles he now sells.

But to proceed in my account of Wi——. First, he is a mere make-bate, and would set Man and Wife at dissension the first day of their marriage, and Children and Parents the last day of their lives. He is an old dog at stealing of mutton; His very courtship and wedding was theft; and where he cannot intrigue, he will be sure to make mischief. To prove this, consult the angry Vintner in Tooley-street. Nor will innocence ever be safe, or conversation honest, till such as he leave the world the shortest way; I mean, till he is fairly hanged. Had I been as poor and needy as this broken Salesman, &c. would represent me, yet Wi—— should have been the last should have made it known; for no Printer will trust him with two farthings; he might well cry *,

“ As poor as any Owlet still,
A curse that doth attend the Quill.”

Is not this a sweet fellow, to tell my Printers, &c. “I should never pay them?” when it is thought his whole estate, either in perfumes, or beyond the skies †, will not pay for that doggrel poem, “A Hymn to Money;” for, of 1500 printed, he never sold 100; so that his Printers can never expect a farthing. And it is well if his very Porter be ever paid; for, after hawking a whole day his “Hymn to Money,” left him so bare of cash, that he did not sell enough to pay his Porter for his day’s work. Amongst other of his shipwrecks, he hath happily lost shame; and this want supplies him in his shop, trade, cloaths, diet, &c. But, though he has home-spun impudence ‡, yet, were his debts honestly paid, he has not a rag to cover him, but must, had he as much innocence, live as they did in Paradise.

Thus I have largely proved that Wi—— (who sent “Advice to the Sons of Parnassus §”) is as poor and base in his trading as he is in his rhiming capacity. He only buys and sells (when he dares be seen) to ruin himself, and to wrong others. In a word, he is a poor silly broken

* In his “New Year’s Gift,” p. 5, 6.

† See his “New Year’s Gift,” p. 7.

‡ A phrase of his own, in his New Year’s Gift, p. 2.

§ It is the name of a Poem, wherein he abuses Sir Bartholomew Gerbier, Sir Charles Duncombe, De Foe, Tutchin, Dunton, and several others.

Pedlar, that merely cumpers the ground, and will be only able to render this account of his Life and Rhymes when he comes to die: "That he was as long a-dying as he did live."

Gentlemen, having wiped off all the dirt that my Enemies have flung at me, I do now in this "Living Elegy" (what I do every night before I sleep) forgive all the damage they ever did me: even that person that forced me (under a pinch) to pay three pounds for that which other men would have thought *nobly* rewarded at twenty shillings* does not miss of my nightly and hearty forgiveness. And I find the injured Tutchin follows the same practice; for, in his *Observator*, vol. IV. No. 95, he says, "I can pass by a thousand indignities and affronts offered by so mean a scoundrel as the Author of *The Rehearsal*;" and, to shew he forgives all his Enemies (in vol. IV. No. 94), he further adds, "It is the property of all good Christians to die in charity with all men; and, as they launch into Eternity, (and what is sleep but a sort of dying?) to forgive even their Enemies;" which I do in so hearty a manner, that I never close my eyes (or sleep) in malice, or rise with the thoughts of revenge: and if I have ever wronged any person myself (either in thought, word, or deed,) I as heartily ask their pardon as I here give them mine. Or, if we must quarrel at the Bar to please our Clients (*alias* Readers), yet, I hope, we do afterwards forgive, and embrace each other, when we meet at the Tavern to drink "a Health to the Queen, and our Healing Parliament." Sure I am, however we expose each other in *Print*, if we live in malice we are much to blame; for it is the duty of all men to receive the Sacrament. However ready we are to quarrel, yet I hope we are as ready to forgive, and love as brethren. For my own part, having done myself public justice for the public wrongs I received, I am willing to lead the way in a hearty forgiveness of all my Enemies; but (as was said before) self-defence is the

* Yet I will pay even this debt, October 10, 1708, (the time set to even with all the World,) if the person to whom I gave a note for the money (after considering of it till that time) thinks he may receive it with a good conscience.

law of Nature, and a man ought no more to be punis under the murderer of his reputation than of his life.

The little "Review" (my private and worst Enemy) by aping my "Question Project," only got an opportunity to shew his teeth; or, could he have bit (*i. e. stolen*) my Project, I had teeth growing in Bow-lane, Enfield, St. Alban's *, should have bit through his Athenian Club, and all the Satires he ever published :

Thus Interlopers do betray
Their bad success the *shortest way*.

"The Moderator †," (my dull Enemy) after all his noise of promoting peace (and his Papers selling), went out with a stink and a lie in his mouth.

"The Wandering Spy ‡" (my third Attacher) was arraigned; and his "Spy" became invisible in a literal sense.

Drunken *Philips* (my reeling Enemy) has interloped so long with my Whipping Project §, that a London Jury have found him (and his Tacking Master) guilty of writing and printing scandalous libels; and, if he have justice done him, has whipped himself into the pillory.

"The London Post ¶," my roguish Enemy, is proved a knave and cheat by Dr. Partridge; and his useless and thievish paper is suppressed for want of receivers.

"The Rehearsal" (my Tacking Enemy), though he continues to scribble at present, yet may soon expect the fate of a Rebel; that is, to expire at Tyburn, and to have his bowels, and all his "Rehearsals," burnt.

S——l, my turn-coat Enemy, it is said, is run distracted; or, if he be not, it is what he is to expect, for whispering lies, and for defaming the *Noncons*. This broken Levite has written at least twenty or thirty Books; but what they are, he does not desire Dunton

* From January 9, 1697.

† Published by S. Malthus in London-house Yard. EDIT.

‡ Published by S. Malthus. EDIT.

§ "The Whipping-Post; or, a New Sessions of Oyer and Terminer for the Weekly Scribblers, No. I." was published June 12, 1705. Advertisements taken in by B. Bragg, in Avemaria Lane. EDIT.

¶ "The London Post" was published by B. Harris, Golden Boar's Head, Gracechurch-street. EDIT.

should discover; nor will he, though the wrong he did me was base and private, without just provocation.

Malthus, my ungrateful Enemy, as a just judgment upon her, has now neither Books nor Moderators, &c. to publish; and, after all her bounce, can hardly pay 2s. 6d. in the pound.

And *Wi*——, my Grub-street Enemy, and *Malthus's* Poet, is now so far from writing of Hymns and Satires; that no Printer in town will trust him.

And the same fate has attended my *Dublin Enemies*. But I scorn to triumph over men in distress; and for that reason my other *Attackers* shall be concealed, that is, if they will grow honest, and forbear slandering a person that never wronged them.

But, could I refine myself to an Angel, or were as free from knavery as those in Paradise, there are some in the world, could it save them two-pence, would rail at me! for you know, Gentlemen, (I wish you did not) I am guilty of the sin of being in debt; and, until the sun shines, I mean till October 10, 1708, I must pass for a poor fellow, as the vulgar think and generally call such as are not able to pay their debts; which makes me to remember the opinion of the Chinese, who "hold men's poverty for an infallible mark of their sins." But, my generous Friends, you are men of a better principle; "not," if I may presume to use the words of the Princess Sophia*, "that I judge of people's friendship for me by the good words they give me;" but your friendship, Gentlemen, is generous actions: and therefore I hope will not take it amiss that I only visit you in this Letter; for, as I said at first, debt has been the aversion of my whole life; and I had much rather endure a prison than to see any person I owe money to, till I am able to pay him.

This is "The Living Elegy," or mournful state of my present case: but, if it meet with any ill treatment, as I do not deserve it, so I do not value it; for, Gentlemen, I wrote this Elegy to satisfy you, and to please myself; and I am sure I shall have my end in the latter, whatever I have in the former. But, for all others, they are mock-Mourners (*alias* Summer friends), and may go about

* In her Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

their business; for I neither value their censure, nor shall court their favour.—Favour! I might be a little satirical on that word; but, as Malthus said (when she loo'd her Beagles to attack my Books, being ashamed to be seen in it herself)—“a word to the wise is enough.” But I shall not enlarge; for I have as little reason to humour the Criticks as Wi—— had to be Malthus's setting-dog (I mean to offer in person to attack my Books). However, this matchless impudence (I call it so, as I owed him nothing, and scarce know him) justifies the character I gave him in page 468. And here, Gentlemen, perhaps it will be said (for Creditors have reason to look into the lives and souls of their Debtors) “Dunton, we find you have enemies in all Religions: Lesley is High-church; The Moderator, Low-church; The Whipster, No-church; S——ge, a Tacker; F——, a Dissenter; Malthus, a Trimmer, &c. Then what are you, that oppose them all?”

To this I answer *, “My Religion is—Christian; I mean, entirely disencumbered of all those Names, and Sects, and Parties, that have raised so much dust and noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The World, it is true, has given me that partial and precise name of *Presbyterian*, which I renounce for ever; and take this opportunity to tell those strait-laced souls, who are for fixing bounds and enclosures in the flock of Christ, that I am neither Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, &c. That title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtained at Antioch under the Christian Dispensation. I desire no character for the future but Christian; a lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and happiness in the life to come: and it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant World will allow me this measure of charity. My right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no dependence upon ill-nature and envy.” This, Gentlemen, is the Religion (call it what you please) that I desire to live and die in; and, whilst others wrangle for this or that party, or way of worship, I desire to practise it. But

* As I formerly hinted in my “Introduction,” p. xx.

though, as I said before, "my Religion is entirely disincumbered of all those names and parties which promote divisions, and as it were, pine and shrivel right Christianity into a bare skeleton ; yet I profess myself an impartial lover of all good men, by what names soever dignified and distinguished ; and do presume every man to be good till I find him otherwise. I have as little zeal about things that are manifestly indifferent (either *pro* or *con*) as any man in the world, and chuse to reserve it for those things which are truly worthy of it. It is a great principle with me, that the real differences of good and intelligent people are not so wide as they seem ; and that, through prejudice and interest, they do many times contest about words, whilst they do heartily think the same thing.—And this, in answer to the question "What are you?" is Dunton's Religion, or the uncommon principles upon which he hopes to be saved *. This is also the title of a large Essay intended for public view, wherein are so many Theses different from what is generally believed and practised, as will make Lesley and my other Eneemies say, "Dunton had rather err by himself than hold a common truth." However, I shall advance nothing in this Essay but what really are (or I take to be) orthodox truths, and such on which I intend to venture my soul and eternal happiness. But I will not anticipate my own design, having said enough at present to satisfy all my Friends (and I hope my Enemies too) of what Religion I am, or should be. Gentlemen, I hope I have fairly proved that, as to my Morals, I am, or shall be, an honest man as soon as I get money ; and that Dunton's Religion is such (did he seriously practise it) as will bring me to Heaven at last. I know a system of healing principles, &c. will be bantered by Lesley and the High-flyers ; but moderation to such as dissent from us, is what all men own to be reasonable, and wish they had practised on a death-bed ; for then persons are open and plain-hearted, find themselves as fallible as other men, and dare not depart in malice to the serious Christian of any persuasion. This made King William

* By "uncommon principles," I only mean such as are seldom believed, and more rarely practised.

declare with his last breath, "that he died a Christian of a comprehensive Charity." This with every serious mind must surely have a much greater and better sound, than to have said, "I die in the inclosed communion of one or other party, or denomination of Christians."—Nor do I see how any one can safely leave the world, however they make a shift to live in it, without a charity that reaches to all serious Christians under whatever distinguishing name they pass. And let others confine their candour and communion within narrower limits, if they dare; but I could never hope to be joined to the General Assembly and Church above, if I should willingly, and out of choice, cut off myself from any part of the body, or refuse upon truly Catholic terms to hold communion with them. And upon this very principle it is, that many Protestant Dissenters do and may justify both their Occasional Communicating with the Church of England, so called, and their not daring to do it constantly *.

Lesley and D——ke may banter this moderation, &c. as much as they please; yet I do not fear (if my Morals are good, and my Religion as sincere and charitable as here described) but I shall meet all such persons in Heaven that practise this healing Doctrine. And here all the debt will be Love; for, as Herbert says,

All we know of the bless'd above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

I have in this "Living Elegy" briefly, and publicly, lamented, 1. The death of a flourishing Trade; 2. The character and ingratitude of those Summer-friends that caressed me as long as the World smiled; 3. The spiteful and ungrateful treatment of Malthus, that would have blasted my credit with Printers and Stationers; 4. The little or no Religion and honesty that has appeared in the lives and writings of "The Moderator," "Spy," "Whipster," "Rehearsal," &c. And as this "Elegy" has wept over, and fairly answered these impious wretches: so, in answer to this question, "What are you?" I have briefly shewn what Religion and Justice

* See my "New Practice of Piety," p. 54.

ought to be found in my conversation. But, having publicly treated on these heads, the Criticks are now desired to withdraw a little, whilst I have some private discourse with my few and generous Creditors.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I finished my "Living Elegy:" (or all the words of comfort your poor Debtor can give at present). But seeing in all Elegies, Verse is rather expected than Prose; and that in a fit of the Stone, &c. I scarce know whether I live or die; a Rhyming Elegy is the most proper conclusion of this Letter.

My body is besieged with the rheumatism, scurvy, and consumptive cough, &c. (which shews death is not far off): but, in a fit of the stone, I actually stand (as Aaron once did in the camp) betwixt the living and the dead; and, whilst I reflect on myself, I find I participate of both: so that, if a Rhyming Elegy was ever proper for a living person, it is so for me; not only as it justifies the title of this Letter, and shews I have one foot in the grave, but as I was born seemingly dead*. (It was thought I was lugged out of my natural cell into my grave.) And I could have been content, had I had no more than the Register, or Sexton, to tell the World that I had ever been. However, I may venture to say, that from the first laying of these mud-walls in my conception, they have mouldered away, and the whole course of life is but an active death: nay, every meal we eat is, as it were, a ransom from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; for the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: nay, we even form our words with the breath of our nostrils, and we have the less time to live (were we not dead already) for every word we speak—I say it again, were we not dead already, for I have undertaken to prove † what we call Life is actual Death: or at best I am but half alive, and half dead; for half my body is dead, and hath already taken seisin of the grave for me: and all my Friends (that hour I grew unfortunate) died. So that if I would adhere to the greater number (as many do in factions) I must repair to the dead, if I am not with them

* See Dunton's "Life," p. 22.

† In a paradox, intituled, "The Funeral of Mankind: or, an Essay proving we are all Dead and Buried," &c.

already; for my habitation (my body) moulders apace; and the very top and cover (my thatch above) turns colour, grows grey, and withers. So that you see, Gentlemen, not only my civil death (by reason of debt), but my crazy and dying body calls for a "Living Elegy:" and for that reason, as I have written a Living Elegy in Prose on my civil death, so I will conclude this Letter with a Poem on the Arrest of Natural Death, which Dunton (did my Creditors forgive all I owe them) can never escape.

Death is my house, for I perceive I have
In all my life ne'er dwelt out of a Grave.
The Womb was first my Grave, whence since I rose,
My Body, grave-like, doth my Soul enclose;
That Body, like a corpse with sheets o'erspread,
Dying each night, lies buried in my bed;
O'er which my spreading tester's large extent
Borne with carv'd antiques, makes my monument.
And o'er my head (perchance) such things may stand,
When I am quite run out in dust and sand.
My close low-built chamber, to my eye,
Shews like a little Chapel, where I lie;
While at my window pretty Birds do ring
My knell, and with their notes my Obits sing.
Thus, when the day's vain toil my soul has wearied,
I in my body, bed, and house, lie buried;
Then have I little cause to fear my tomb,
When this (wherein I live) my Grave's become.

Then, crazy Dunton, why dost take such care
To lengthen out thy Life's short Calendar?
Each dropping Season, and each Flower does cry,
"John, as I fade and wither, thou must die."
The beating of thy pulse, when thou art well,
Is but the tolling of thy Passing-Bell.
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy
Covers alike deceased Day and Thee;
And all those weeping Dews which nightly fall
Are but as tears shed for thy funeral.

Whilst thus I musing lay, to my bed-side
(Attir'd in all his mourning pride)

The King of Terrors came;
Awful his looks, but not deform'd and grim
(He's no such Goblin as we fancy him);
Scarce we ourselves so civiliz'd and tame.

Unknown the doom assign'd me in this change,
 Though justly I might fear Heaven's worst revenge,
 Yet with my present griefs redress'd,
 With curious thoughts of unknown Worlds possess'd,
 Inflam'd with thirst of Liberty,
 Long lov'd, but ne'er enjoy'd by me,
 I sued for leave the fatal gulph to pass.
 My vital sand is almost run,
 And Death, said I, will strike anon.
 Then to dull Life I bid a long farewell;
 And stretch'd for flight—but, as the last grains fell,
 Death fail'd my flatter'd hopes, and turn'd the Glass.

But, Gentlemen, this is but a "Living Elegy," for my soul and body are not yet parted: or, if they were, should you put a bag of guineas into my hand, I should let it fall; or could you give me Sampsil *, it would be too heavy to carry to the other World; for you will see, when I die in earnest, that my eyes are closed, and I observe nothing

I have nothing further to add, but to tell you again, at parting: "October the 10th, 1708, I shall pay you every penny I owe you; and that I am till then (and for ever)

Your much obliged, and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON."

From the Athenian (*alias* Smith's) Coffee-house,
 in Stocks-market, April 10, 1706.

* The name of a good estate which my honoured Mother [Madam Nicholas] once offered to secure to me by a writing under her hand, which I refused to take, as not doubting but she will perform her promise of giving it to me and my Wife after her death. J. DUNTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

DUNTON'S SHADOW ;

OR, THE

CHARACTER OF A SUMMER-FRIEND*.

WHEN as the Sun flings down his richest rays,
 And with his shining beams adorns my ways ;
 See how my Shadow tracks me where I go :
 I stop, that stops ; I walk, and that doth so :
 I run with winged flight, and still I spy
 My waiting Shadow run as fast as I.
 But, when a sable cloud doth disarray
 The Sun, and robs me of my smiling day,
 My Shadow leaves me helpless all alone ;
 And when I most need comfort I have none.
 Just so it is ; let him that hath the height
 Of outward pomp expect a Parasite.
 If thou art great, thy honours will draw nigh ;
 These are the Shadows to Prosperity.
 'Tis then the Summer-Friend makes suit to thee,
 With cap in hand, and with a bended knee ;
 But, if disastrous fate should come betwixt
 Thee and thy Sun, thy splendour 's all eclips'd ;
 Thy Friends forsake thee, and thy Shadow 's gone,
 And thou (poor sunless thou) art left alone.
 The giddy people follow Fortune's flows ;
 'Tis adverse Fortune real Friendship shows.
 As gold 's unknown, by fire not purify'd ;
 So Friendship by adversity is try'd †.

* First published in 1706 ; and reprinted in 1710.

† For my own share, I never saw the man that would own a Friend in adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has to serve others in their distress. This I have done for several ; but, upon the first cloud that arose, I found those that I had most obliged the very first that would cut my throat ; so that, as Cowley says,

“ There are fewer Friends on earth than Kings.”

Friends ! what hard word was that ? Reader, did you ever see any of

Whilst we can give, or Fortune seems to smile,
 Friends follow sunshine as the soldiers spoil.
 Whilst I was rich, I was the best of men ;
 'Twas then proclaim'd (so high my praises ran)
 " Oh, what a blessing is our brother John !"
 But, when my fortune did begin to wane,
 But two of all my crowd of Friends remain * :
 The rest were Fortune's rabble, and not mine.
 That reverend sacred name of Friendship lies
 Without regard, as things they most despise.
 Whilst thou art wealthy, thou some Friends may'st count ;
 If Fortune cloud, thy Sun will scarce amount
 To Shadows : for these Friends, like Ants, will run
 To better stocks, when all thy store is gone.
 Yet here 's my comfort, Lord, if I can see
 My Shadow, I must needs a substance be.
 Oh, let me not with worldly Shadows clog
 Myself ; grant me more wit than *Æsop's* dog.
 Thus Man's a Shadow, and his Friendship is
 That Shadow's Shadow : yet don't judge amiss ;
 For, though our Summer-Friends are Shadows all,
 We have a Friend in Heaven will never fail.
 But Shadow-Friends of different sorts we find ;
 Some rich, some poor, and some of spiteful kind ;
 And some so base they only stab behind.

those creatures? are they men and women? If they are, they come from Bantam or Japan ; for my part, I never saw any such born in England (save those few excepted in this Poem). It is true, I have seen something like them, call'd by the delicate name of Well-wishers ; persons that have it often in their mouths, " Well, Mr. Dunton, I am glad to see you well, and should mightily rejoice to see you as happy as formerly ;" when these Shadows of Friends would not step over the threshold to do me a kindness. So that, except I would put myself in the Gazette, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irishman, with my breeches full of Petitions, delivering them, like Doctors' bills, to all I see, I shall get nothing ; nor scarce so neither ; for, now my purse is empty, nobody knows me (neither Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, &c.) The surest Friend I have found in my retirement, and since I have abdicated the world and business, is an embroidered waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. *Anne Godfrey* ; it has stuck to me for twenty years, and I could almost grow superstitious over the very ruins of it. I might also mention my dog Mettle ; for, like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close to his Master in all weathers. He is a dog of honour, and teaches fidelity, love, and gratitude, to all such as slight their Friends in distress. Well might Job say, " Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee." There is such true love and gratitude in some brutes (but more especially in the English Spaniel), that my Summer-Friends (the greater brutes of the two) are mere strangers to.

* Sister *Wesley* and Sister *S——ry* are here meant.

The thing is true (when ev'ry word 's a lie)
 That some Friends whisper as a secrecy,
 " But, when you tell 't, ne'er own you had 't from me !"
 By which your honest reputation 's toss'd
 From one to t' other till your credit 's lost.
 From all such Shadow-Friends I 'm wholly free,
 I know no person ever slander'd me,
 Save *W*——, *F*——, and *Thou Humility* *.
 And if these durst but once approach my face,
 They 'd eat their words (and spew their own disgrace).
 But, when lies spread with, " Sir, I dare not name
 The man who said it, for he won't be known.
 The thing was spoke—but I must not pretend
 To tell the Author—then I lose my Friend !"
 When lies are told thus, ne'er to be reveal'd,
 Good names are murder'd, and the rogue conceal'd.
 Such Friends (such Monsters) when they are in vogue,
 Deserve to hang more than the Highway Rogue :.
 For, when he robs, he fairly bids you stand ;
 But these same cut-throats never shew their hand.
 From all such Shadows in adversity
 " Good Lord, deliver !" is my Litany.

Another sort of Shadow-Friends I 'll prove,
 Who are Relations, but are void of love.
 Go to their house, or meet them in the street,
 'Tis then, " Dear Brother" (and with joy they greet)
 " How have you done ? I hope you 're come to stay !
 What can you eat ? you 're welcome as the day."
 And twenty other tender things will say.

* By "Thou Humility" I mean a certain Quaker, now living in St. Alban's, who might with as much honour and justice have cut my throat, as have listened to the hearsays of Madam Nicholas, who would have slandered her own Husband to have saved two pence ; not considering (for what does a scraping miser consider, that prefers the world to a good conscience?) a man's eye and his honour are two tender things. The one cannot abide the rough touch of the hand, nor the other endure the smart jerk of the tongue ; and therefore, by the owners, they are carefully preserved ; so, by others that deal with them, they should be tenderly used. This made Plato commend the Law of the Lydians, that punished Detractors with the like punishment as they did Murderers ; for one takes away the life of a man, and the other his good name, which is more worth (saith Solomon) than any worldly wealth ; for what is so precious to a man as his fame ? which, to a good man, is above all his goods, and life itself ; for riches and life are things brittle and fleeting, our goods going often away before us, and our lives always with us ; but our fame is that which doth always eternize us, that only remains when we are rotten ; which made Herbert say,

" 'Tis only the religious actions of the just,
 Smell sweet i' th' grave, and blossom in the dust."

But be but poor, your company they shun ;
 For Shadows vanish with the setting Sun.
 'This is my Friend for ever, one would think,
 Where blood and inclination ties the link :
 But all 's amusement ; there 's no Friend but chink ;
 For Friends and fish in three days ever stink.
 I have no Friend in consanguinity !
 If I have Friends, 'tis only such as be.
 Mere strangers to my Father's house and me.
 Sisters, 'tis true, by Nature should be kind ;
 But to a haughty or a scraping mind,
 In love with gold, which does true Friendship prove,
 There 's no more honour, tenderness, nor love.
 " Children," said Dad, but just before he died,
 " Love, dearly love ;" (and at those words he cried)—

" Let every one a tender Father be
 Unto the rest, and love by sympathy :
 Visit your Brother, and remember me."

But stately *Moll* can pass my very door,
 To visit *T*—, where she expects the ore * ;
 But never calls on Jack, for he is poor.
 And *Betty* too, whom I should most commend †,
 Is such a Shadow of a real Friend,
 She 'll pass through London unto Brentford Town,
 To visit this and that, and all but John.
 No ! he 's eclips'd, and can 't deserve respect :
 For Shadows vanish when the Sun is set.
 They 'll speak me fair, and cut my throat anon ;
 They are such very Shadows every one.

Then farewell, Summer-Friend ; for at the best
 Thou art a Trencher-snake, a Swallow-guest,
 That flies in Winter, and still loves in jest.
 When Fortune shines, " Dear Friend" was then the word ;
 " Come oft, come burrow what my house affords."
 But, now my Sun is set, you han't to lend :
 You are but just the Shadow of a Friend.

Then view the chances of inconstant Fate,
 And you 'll abhor the thoughts of being great.
 Who would on favour or on words depend,
 When there is no such thing as real Friend !
 No constant love, no grateful action due,
 No man that 's profit-proof, nor woman true.
 Your Friend, if wanted, shall soon weary prove,
 Your Mistress tempted shall desert your love.
 All Friendship 's Shadow, but what shines above.

* A good Estate.

† As she made me a noble present, and is a Sister that once writ to me.

Yourself against your better self shall hold ;
The vices of your Body damn your Soul

If this be Dunton's Shadow, some may say,
What is his Substance ? has he such a stay ?
His Substance is, who smiles when wealth is gone,
(For Shadows fly when Sun is but withdrawn).
Fam'd Cowley has describ'd the Friend indeed ;
Just like *Will Lutwich* ; he 's a Friend in need.

Like *Climene* * he dares not flatter you :
He hates your vice, or else could not be true ;
He is in Substance all he is in shew.

George † was that Friend ; and he does still survive
In honest *Will* ‡ ; the noblest Friend alive.

How freely always would he give or lend !
Like *Lutwich*, he was Substance to the end ;
Then only proud, when he could serve a Friend.

Upon his word you as on Fate might rest ;
The rather, if it cross'd his interest.

To Truth ev'n his most trivial thoughts did tend,
As heavy bodies sink, and flames ascend.

Ev'n contraries his meekness reconcil'd ;
As soon as anger touch'd his breast, 'twas mild.
His frown 's so stern, when he did Vice reprove,
'Through his aversion made, you see his love :
From most resentment does in hate conclude ;
But his concern was always for your good.

Fix'd to his Friend, inviolably true,
And wisely chusing, for he chose but few.
Some *George* must have, but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.

George was no Shadow-friend (that 's knave refin'd).

Then wonder not to see his soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend !

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide ;
So his full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain him, sought a vent
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge his treasures, and securely rest :

T' unbosom all the secrets of his heart,
To take advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of Friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate ;
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.

* My present Wife.

† Mr. *George Larkin*, senior, lately deceased. See before, p. 245.

‡ My worthy Friend, Mr. *William Lutwich*, now living at the
Sword in New-street, is here meant.

George was in Substance what he was in tongue,
 And what he said you might depend upon.
 He said the same of me (true Friendship's blind)
 For in his Book * these compliments I find :

“ What have I got ? Why I have got a Friend,
 Whose Friendship does itself to me commend.
 From Summer-friends (thanks to my Stars) I 'm free ;
 None can for private ends be Friends to me.
 In this then I the richest man exceed,
 He that 's a Friend to me, 's a Friend indeed.
 The union of two Friends is nearer far
 Than man and woman join'd in wedlock are.
 Man and his Wife indeed One Body be,
 But here a union of Two Souls we see,
 'Tis verified in Dunton's love to me.
 True to his Friend, as to the North the Stone,
 And is that Substance I can rest upon,
 I know none like him, he 's a Friend alone.
 And, since this Phoenix to my share does fall,
 I still am Rich, though I have lost my All.”

Dear George, “ thy All !” my loss did highest fly,
 When you launch'd into vast Eternity,
 (That solemn journey you describ'd to me †).
 Yes, dear George Larkin, my esteem for thee
 Was equal to thy worth and love for me.
 Oh, dearer than my soul ! If I may call it mine,
 For sure we had the same—'twas very thine.
 Thou wert no Shadow, but a real Friend ;
 But George is dead, and Friendship's at an end ;
 An End !—No ! It has got one more reprieve
 In honest *Will*, the noblest Friend alive.
 He scorns to borrow where a Friend would give
 Without once asking (had he but to live) ;
 He's truly honest, and above deceit ;
 He scorns by little actions to be great.
 Or, if by chance he drops what causeth strife,
 He would not eat his words to save his life,
 But sticks as close to Truth as to his Wife.

* A book he was wont to carry in his pocket, in which he occasionally wrote some extempore verses, among which this compliment to me is one.

† Alluding to that Letter he sent to me whilst lying on his death-bed (to be found in my first Answer to Dr. Kennett's Sermon) ; where is this expression : “ My best and dearest Friend, I think and hope I shall be before you in that Mount Sion which is above, even the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. Thither I am hastening ; the Lord be my good speed in this most important and momentous journey.”

He ne'er betrays what 's in confession given,
 Nor represents you wrong, cries " Six is seven ,"
 Could mortal do't, Will Lutwich merits Heaven.
 Quarrel with some *, all secrets then come out ;
 Will ne'er betrays—he'd starve before he'd do't.
 In's breast you may yourself and secrets lay ,
 He locks it up, and gives to you the key :
 Kindness less true can have no faithful end,
 ('Tis Shadow, Trencher-snake, and Summer-friend).
 Some are huge kind, whilst you caress and pay ;
 But cease to shine, such Shadows fly away.
 Such Shadow-friends can be no Friends of mine,
 Their greatest kindness is but mere design,
 They deal in Friendship as men trade in wine.
 Thus Lutwich's Friendship is by Shadows prov'd ;
 'Tis Substance, and as such 'tis truly lov'd.
 Still to one end we both so justly drew,
 As courteous doves together yok'd would do.
 No weight of birth does on one side prevail,
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale.
 We mingle fates, and both in each do share ;
 Where Lutwich grieves, go look for Dunton there :
 If any joy to one of us is sent,
 It is most his to whom it le st is meant :
 And Fortune's malice betwixt both is crost,
 For striking one, it wounds the other most.
 Never did Marriage such true union find,
 (For Marriage-friendship is but Lust refin'd).
 'Tis but a Shadow to this Friend of mine,
 For there is still some tincture left of sin,
 And still the Sex will needs be stealing in ;

* Friendship once broken is hardly pieced, and pieced enmity never surely soldered ; yea the very guilt of having done a wrong to a generous Friend hath such a deep impression in the Injurer (or Shadow Friend) as he never after trusteth in the party injured, nor treateth with him in any sincerity. Reconciliation among such is like the supple ointment, which only easeth the present smart, and skins the sore ; but searcheth not the root, to eat out the rank flesh, and draw out the malign humour. It is therefore impossible to cure this exulcerate wound, and establish a sound and sincere Friendship between them, because the old rancour of Malice is never well purged from the dregs of Diffidence and desire of Revenge. There is no security against such an one but diffidence, and holding him out at the sword's point : but I will say no more of this Shadow, or seeming Friend (the Flatterer) ; for I should be more troubled to keep measure, than to be furnished with matter, if I had a mind any further to expose this Judas-like Traitor ; and therefore, without any hopes of his repentance and amendment, I will leave this Judas (the false Friend) to hang himself.

Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
 These without matter, clear and liquid are.
 O ye bless'd one, whose love on earth became
 So pure, that still in Heaven 'tis but the same:
 There now you sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
 And pity this base World, where Friendship's made
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.

Will is exempted from this Summer crew
 Of Cupboard-friends; he loves not yours, but you.
 Ah, noble *Will*, who a true Friend couldst be,
 When all the World turn'd Shadows unto me,
 Save honest *George*, and pious *Climene*.
 To this strange pitch our high affections flew,
 Till Nature's self scarce look'd on us as two.

Will, think on this; for, now *George Larkin's* dead,
 My fate depends upon your single thread:
 Therefore with care pray cultivate your health,
 For in your cargo doth consist my wealth.
 I wish your constitution still serene,
 Not a discolour'd feature may be seen.
 Bodies are follow'd by obsequious shades:
 When sickness makes you droop, my pleasure fades:
 I feel the previous symptoms of your urn:
 When the least fever warms you, I must burn;
 And when anom'lous cold doth make you quake,
 If in the Torrid Zone, yet I must shake.
 That which did kindle shall put out our light,
 Our Needles the same Magnet did excite:
 A Circle terminates where 't first begins,
 We'll die like old *Hippocrates's* Twins;
 As we in life, in death we'll be the same,
 Our piles shall make one pyramid of flame.

Thus, *Will* is *Dunton's* Substance; for you'll find
 No Shadow-friend with such a noble mind.
 He can't be match'd, his Friendship is so sweet,
 So true, so great, so every way complete.
 And when he (and *Climene*) goes to rest,
 Go ring the bell, my Friends are all deceas'd;
 Save pious *Wag*—*, and bookish *Sudbury*,
 Dear *Cock*, kind *Field*, and *Dick* † that guarded me,
 Who had their ups and downs as well as me:

* Mr. Daniel Waghorn, now living in Noble-street, near Old-street, is here meant.

† Mr. Richard Taylor of Islington, who attended me in my late Chesham adventure, to secure the income of Madam Nicholas's estate.

Being men of thought, and 'bove a selfish end,
Whilst these Five live—I have a Winter-friend.

But, Dunton, pr'ythee, Dunton, now importune
Your Friendship from yourself, and not from Fortune:
For your estate, affection, and opinion,
Are things still subject to your own dominion.
'Tis n't Friends, nor Lands, such Shadows but bewitch,
That can advance you to a wealthy pitch;
Be but contented, you are truly rich.
He's poorer far, and still will have that title,
That covets much, than that possesseth little:
For 'tis an empty Mind inflicts the curse
Of poverty, and not an empty purse,
Which is the Devil, and nothing can be worse,
Except a Summer-friend, that worst of evil;
For he's ungrateful, that's he's twice a Devil.

Once more then, Timon's Summer-friend, adieu,
Thou'rt but a Shadow, and I'll not pursue.
Give me the Glow-worm Friend, that noble spark;
For he's the Friend that shines to me i'th' dark.
But, Summer-friend, I need not bid you go;
When Fortune flies, you freely will do so:
Worship the *rising*, not the *setting* Sun.
When houses fall, the vermin quickly run;
Then Friends and Riches still should cling together,
For both are Shadows, and deceive us ever:
May Dunton's Substance* ne'er be plagued with either!
Fam'd Cowley tried, and found there are such things
As Friends—and "that they fewer are than Kings."
I've tried as long as he, and found but three,
Dear *George*, kind *Will*, and pious *Climenè*,
And all the rest are Shadows unto me.

* By "Substance" here is meant the immortal part.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXTRACTS FROM

“THE DUBLIN SCUFFLE* ;

BEING A CHALLENGE SENT BY JOHN DUNTON, CITIZEN OF LONDON, TO PATRICK CAMPBELL, BOOK-SELLER IN DUBLIN. TOGETHER WITH THE SMALL SKIRMISHES OF BILLS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.”

“I wear my Pen as others do their Sword.” OLDHAM.

To the Hon. Colonel BUTLER, a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland.

London, Feb. 20, 1698-9.

HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

THE generous encouragement which you were pleased to give to all my Auctions of Books, and the extraordinary and unmerited kindnesses I received at your hands when in Ireland, embolden me to trouble you with this Dedication. I confess it may justly seem unworthy of the acceptance of a person of so great honour and endowments as you are known to be; nor can any thing less than your own goodness find an excuse for this presumption: but, having had such large experience of the excellence of your temper, and of the greatness of your soul, I should be unjust to your character, if I did not publicly own, that you measure the tokens of Gratitude

* “The Dublin Scuffle” is frequently alluded to by Dunton in his “Life and Errors;” of which it would properly have formed a part; but it was published separately in 1699; some years earlier than the “Life and Errors.”

by "the affection of your Friend," and not by the value of the thing presented. Give me leave then, worthy Sir, to inscribe your name to the following sheets, as a great Patron of Learning, and a generous Friend to an injured Stranger, who came to promote the interest of Learning in your Country. The kindness you were pleased to vouchsafe unto me, and the concern you expressed for my welfare, persuade me that you will not disdain to be my Patron in defending myself in print in England, seeing I could not have the opportunity of doing it in Ireland. I must indeed own that your Character and Courage entitle you to be the Champion of such as are engaged in a more masculine Quarrel than the Scuffle betwixt *Patrick Campbell* and myself. Yet you know, Sir, that the greatest Captains, after the Campaign is over, do sometimes divert themselves by seeing a mock fight on the Stage. This, Sir, has something more in it, as being a real piece of injustice, first committed, and then defended by my Adversary, who has armed himself with impudence and malice, and manages his attacks by fraud and forgery; as I have made sufficiently clear in the following sheets. I confess, Sir, the entertainment you will meet with here is not answerable to that hospitable and generous treatment I was honoured with at your house; and that I am not capable of gratifying your curiosity with such excellent pieces of my own drawing, as you were pleased to feast my eyes with, when I beheld with wonder the effects of your happy pencil! Yet, Sir, I dare say, that I present you here with an *Original*; which, though drawn by an unskilful hand, has something very surprizing in it; such features, such a mixture of hypocrisy and double-dealing covered over with a false varnish of Religion, that I question much whether *Patrick* may not pass for a *Judas redivivus*? And were my pen able to keep pace with your pencil; or had I the art of tempering my colours, drawing the features to the life, and observing due proportion; I doubt very much whether Africa could shew any such Monster as I should here present to the public view. But, worthy Sir, I must beg your pardon for daring to offend the eye of such a curious Artist as yourself with such a deformed piece. It were indeed

unpardonable, did I not know that, by one glance of the eye upon your own perfections and eminent virtues, you will immediately rase out those foul ideas which the sight of Patrick may impress upon your imagination. Contraries exposed to the view at one and the same time do mightily illustrate one another; and therefore, when you see his Picture, and reflect upon your own, you will find great cause to bless Him who hath made the distinction. Pardon me, Sir, I do not think your virtues need any such foil to set them off; for they are such as, when compared with those which render the enjoyers of them amiable in the eyes of mankind, will undoubtedly give you the preference amongst thousands.

But I must break off, lest my affection should offer violence to your modesty; and lest it should be said, I only commend myself in extolling my Patron. I must indeed own that the honour of your Friendship is one of those things that I value myself most upon, and esteem myself happy in some measure by Patrick's enmity, which gives me this opportunity of letting the World know, that Colonel Butler is my Friend; or, if that be a degradation to you, that you are an encourager of Learning, and a Protector of those that endeavour to promote it.

I shall add no more, but beg your pardon for prefixing your name to such a trifle. You know, Sir, that, how meanly soever it be performed, it was absolutely necessary for the defence of my reputation, which Patrick Campbell has so unjustly endeavoured to destroy. And seeing it is usual with Authors to atone for their own defects by chusing an honourable Patron, I hope, Sir, you will indulge me the same liberty. May you live long, to be an ornament to your Country, and the object of his highest esteem, who is, honoured Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient servant, JOHN DUNTON.

To the Spectators of the Dublin Scuffle.

GENTLEMEN,

London, Feb. 20, 1698-9.

IT may be justly expected I should give some account of the reason of this undertaking; which is, in short, to vindicate my Reputation from the malice of some of my own Profession, who have unjustly endeavoured to be-

spatter me. I need not say much as to my "Conversation" at home; those who have dealt with me will allow the fairness of my dealing in way of Trade. It is true, some reflections have been thrown upon me about the "Second Spira," and the multitude of things I have printed; both which are here accounted for; and I think I may make bold to say that my Adversaries are fairly disarmed.

As to my Scuffle with Patrick Campbell (a Dublin Bookseller) I found myself obliged to publish all the circumstances of it to the world, that I might not be wanting to my own reputation on that head. Here the Reader will find I have acted fairly and above-board; and that I do not depend either upon my own evidence or judgment in the matter: therefore I have here made it plain, that I have the testimony of persons of the greatest figure in Church and State in Ireland for my conduct there; which I hope will be sufficient to stop the mouths of all cavillers.

As to what I call my "Conversation in Ireland," it was necessary to add it, that the World might see (by my method of living in that Country) what little reason I gave Patrick to scuffle with me. This account of my "Conversation" was really sent in a Letter to a Lady of high Birth; but who she is, I having promised to conceal her name, even racks and gibbets should not squeeze it from me; though, would she honour me so far as to let me tell who she is, it would add greatly to the sale of my Book, and perhaps occasion several Impressions. But this is a favour I cannot expect. However, to make my "Conversation" as agreeable as I well could, I have intermixed it with particular "Characters of the most eminent Persons I conversed with in the Kingdom of Ireland; but more especially in the City of Dublin." And if in these Characters I have been too lavish in any one's praise, or have described some persons what they should be rather than what they are, it is excusable sure; for who knows but these, by seeing how charming Virtue would make them, may endeavour to practise it?

Gentlemen, if these be not reasons sufficient for publishing my "Conversation in Ireland," I might add one more; and that is—I publish it to please myself. Why may not I have my humour, as well as others? I pro-

mised my "Summer Rambles" for the diversion of the Gentlemen in Ireland who encouraged my Auctions; and this "Conversation" is a part of them. And, Gentlemen, if that honourable Lady to whom it is directed (or yourselves) do but cast a favourable eye upon it, I have my end: and who knows what success I may have? for the World is at present much upon the search after Voyages and Travels; to which Rambles being something akin, they are, I hope, coming in fashion too; and I may be allowed to offer at something of that nature, since I have crossed the Sea half a dozen times, visited America, and been four months together on the Ocean.

The chief thing I seek in publishing this "Scuffle" and "Conversation" (next to clearing my innocence) is, by my Pen, to find employment for a spirit that would break the vessel, had it nothing to work upon. To those that are angry at my frequent Digressions, I answer here (with the ingenious Montaigne) "that Constancy is not so absolutely necessary in Authors as in Husbands;" and for my own part, when I have my pen in my hand, and subject in my head, I look upon myself as mounted my horse to ride a journey; wherein, although I design to reach such a town by night, yet will I not deny myself the satisfaction of going a mile or two out of the way, to gratify my senses with some new and diverting prospect.

Now he that is of this rambling humour, perhaps, will be pleased with my "Conversation;" which is little else than a hasty digression from one thing to another. However, in this I have (as I said before) the honour to imitate the great Montaigne, whose umbrage is sufficient to protect me against any one age of Criticks: and it is well it is so; for, Gentlemen, I am very sensible that it is safer to make fifty challenges at sword and buckler, long sword and quarter-staff, than to play one Author's prize on the Bookseller's Stall; for the one draws but blood, but by the other a man is drawn and quartered. To appear in print, is worse than hanging; for the torture of the halter is but an hour or so, but he that lies on the rack in print, hath his flesh torn off by the teeth of Envy and Calumny, though he meant nobody any harm. Nay, some of my Brethren themselves are turned Demi-criticks, and call every thing *Stuff*, except they had a

share in it. For my own performance I shall say nothing. You have hitherto used me with much civility, which makes me the less apprehensive of any danger now; but, come what will, I am resolved to stand to your courtesy; and shall always acknowledge the former obligations you have laid upon,

Your humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

John Dunton's Account of "Three Auctions to be held in the City of Dublin" was thus stated:

To the Wise, Learned, and Studious Gentlemen in the Kingdom of Ireland, but more especially to those in the City of Dublin.

GENTLEMEN,

Dublin, June 21, 1698.

THOUGH the Summer be a time for Rambling, and the season of the year invite all men abroad that love to see Foreign Countries; yet it was not this alone, but the good acceptance the way of Sale by Auction has met with from all lovers of Books, that encouraged me to bring to this Kingdom of Ireland a general Collection of the most valuable pieces in Divinity, History, Philosophy, Law, Physick, Mathematicks, Horsemanship, Merchandize, Limning, Military Discipline, Heraldry, Musick, Fortification, Fireworks, Husbandry, Gardening, Romances, Novels, Poems, Plays, Bibles, and School-Books, that have been printed in England since the dreadful Fire in London in 1666, to this present time. In this general Collection you will find that many a good Book has lain asleep, as not being known; and when a Book is not published, it cannot be nourished by the favourable acceptance of the World. I might instance in Mr. Turner's "History of the remarkable Providences which have happened in this Age," of which there are near a thousand disposed of in London, and scarce twenty of them sold in Ireland; though by viewing the Contents of this Work (which are given *gratis* at Dick's Coffee-house in Skinner-row) it will evidently appear there is not a more useful Book.

Now, Gentlemen, as Books are the best Furniture in a House, so I see no reason why others with myself should not think their variety the most excusable prodigality; and, therefore, as the good success Auctions have met with, with my natural love to Travelling (as appears by my *Venture* of this nature to New-England, Holland, and other parts, in the year 1686), put me upon this undertaking, so I hope you will give it encouragement in some proportion to my great expence in purchasing and bringing over so large a Collection. And indeed, Gentlemen, as this Sale is designed for your profit as well as my own, so it seems of right to challenge your protection; which if it receives, I shall not value what some little prejudiced people can do to discourage it. I design by this no reflection on my Brethren in this City; for, to do them justice, they acted generously, and gave me all the countenance I could expect; all save *Patrick Campbell*, who grins at my undertaking; though, had they not, Learning and Knowledge are such real things, they need no other props to support them but what is cut out of themselves; and a better medium to effect it, than by reading Books, I know not. And though there be a complaint that the World seems oppressed with Books, yet do we daily want them; if it were not so, what is the reason that many of great estates can hardly make their minds or thoughts stretch to a geometrical measuring of their own lands? But surely he that has money in his pockets and will starve his brains (when so many new and valuable pieces are brought to his door) deserves to be posted; for what can a man's rusty bags afford him, to the profits and treasures of Books? Plato was accounted a wise man; and we find it recorded of him *, "that he thought it a rich purchase when he bought three Books of Philosophy belonging to Philolaus, a Pythagorean in Sicily, though at an incredible rate." And that *Atlas of Learning*, that orthodox Scholar † Archbishop *Usher*, (whose name makes Ireland famous, as it was the birth-place of so great a man); he it was that sent to Samaria for sundry copies of the *Samaritan Pentateuch*; and with a dear

* See Mr. Stanley's "Philosophy."

† See Mr. Leigh "of Religion and Learning."

purchase it was also that he brought the *Syriac Bible*, with other Books, from Syria. It is recorded that Solomon's Library was the feather in the plume of his glorious enjoyments, a part whereof he thought was the choicest present he could make to the Queen of Sheba, for the recompence of her great pains in travelling to profit herself, and honour him; and "seeing the variety of Books," says the ingenious Burton, "he must needs be a *block* that is affected with none." King James the First, when he saw the Oxford Library, wished "that, if it ever happened that he should be a Prisoner, he might be there kept; and that those chained Books might be his fellows, and the chains his fetters." And who will not say that good Books and good Company are the very epitome of Heaven? In a word, there is nothing comparable to the purchase of Knowledge; and whenever men begin to taste it, they will say, "I speak truth with a witness."

Gentlemen, having said thus much of Auctions, Learning, and the Collection of Books I have brought into this Kingdom, I would have no man displeased if he finds not all he expected in my First Catalogue; for, if he has patience, his expectation will be fully answered: but the great variety of Books I have brought over have rendered it impossible to have them all bound time enough for my first Sale. I have therefore divided them into Three Auctions; the first of which will begin July 7, 1698. Neither can I exceed that time, my design being to take Scotland, France, and Italy, &c. in my way home, and to be in London by next Christmas.

There will be a distinct Catalogue for every Auction; and when printed (of which public notice shall be given) will be delivered *gratis* at Dick's Coffee-house (the place of Sale), and at the Coffee-houses in Lime-rick, Cork, Kilkenny, Clonmell, Wexford, Galway, and other places, so that those that live at a distance may send their commissions to their Relations in Dublin, or to my Friend Mr. *Richard Wilde*, and they shall have their orders faithfully executed; for, as this country is obliged to his universal knowledge in Books, for the goodness of this Collection, so to his care and fidelity (my health calling me to Wexford to drink the waters)

mitted the charge of the whole undertaking. And
 nk I need add no more ; for, though it has been cus-
 ry to usher in undertakings of this nature with in-
 fificant and tedious commendations, which served
 to tire the Reader's patience, and stagger his be-
 and may perhaps be expected now upon a Collec-
 which might justly challenge the precedence of
 has ever been exposed to sale in Ireland ; yet, being
 ved to proceed in quite contrary methods to what
 een formerly used, I will manage the whole with
 candour and sincerity as shall leave no room for
 ption ; for, as Gentlemen come here supposing to
 a *Pennyworth*, so I do assure them I think it unjust
 lance the rate upon them by any *underhand Bid-*
 : and for every Penny I get that way, I will restore
 und. Neither did I suffer any of my *scarce and*
able Pieces to be *culled out* from the rest, though im-
 uned thereto by several Gentlemen and Booksellers,
 all might have equal treatment, and the greater
 on to attend my Auctions. And I am very willing
 the ingenious and learned should be their own
 ges in this matter, not doubting but upon an impar-
 view of my Three Catalogues (of which this is the
) they will find not only such variety of new Books as
 : never before in Ireland (and *scarce ones* no where
 to be purchased), but such Curiosities in Manuscripts
 Pamphlets of all sorts, as will be sufficient to invite
 n to exert a generosity as may further encourage

Your humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

er two of Dunton's Auctions were finished, his
 lival, Patrick Campbell, having " taken the
 auction-room over his head," he addressed a
 econd Letter :

those Gentlemen who have bought Books at my
 two former Auctions.

GENTLEMEN,

Dublin, Nov. 7, 1693.

'his present Monday, being November 7, at three
 he afternoon, will begin my *Third Auction*, at Patt's
 fee-house, over against St. Michael's Church in High-
 et. It is true I fully designed that this Third Auc-
 , as well as my First and Second, should have been

sold at Dick's Coffee-house in Skinner-row ; for I had agreed with Dick for his back-room as long as my Sale lasted ; and though I never released the bargain (as Dick himself has owned, at the Ram, in the presence of divers persons) any further than by telling him that I did not doubt to have done in a few days, which I only said to shew my readiness to quit his room as soon as possibly I could ; but Dick catching at these words, and one Patrick Campbell designing himself to keep an Auction of Books there, and thinking that the Room where Gentlemen had found such fair usage in my Auction would give a reputation to his, takes it over my head (and Mr. Wilde's too, as he had the promise of it when my Sale was done) ; pressing Dick to the bargain by those moving arguments of "a double price," or "going to another place ;" and easy Dick (though otherwise, I hope, honest) finding that it was the Law of Auctions that he who bids most is the buyer, even lets the room to Patrick, at the time when it was actually mine, without being so fair as to cry "Ten Shillings Once *, Ten Shillings Twice," either to myself, or to Mr. Wilde, to whom he promised the refusal. Gentlemen, this was odd treatment ; but, because my stay in Dublin would not permit me to do myself justice, I chose rather to quit my right than contend for it ; but, had Dick considered how far the rules of civility to me, and gratitude to Mr. Wilde, should have swayed with him (Mr. Wilde not only being the proprietor of the shelves that stood in the room, but also the first that brought an Auction thither, that had kept several there, and was the means of bringing Mr. Thornton's formerly, and mine now) ; I say, had Dick reflected on these things, his eyes had been proof against the double price, that Dick in his Letter tells me Patrick had agreed to give him ; and the *Scot* might have ganged with his *Pack of Books* to another place.

I shall be glad to see Patrick acquit himself ; but I much doubt it, when I consider the dark usage I had in Turner ; and the Forty Shillings I had of him was a second part to the same tune. You must know, Gentlemen, he bragged of lending me Forty Shillings when

* Ten Shillings a week was as much more as I had agreed with Dick for.

first came to Dublin; thinking, I suppose, to lessen my credit with Printers, Stationers, and Binders, not knowing how forward they were to serve me—that so my *venture* might sleep in quiet till this *Geud Man* had called out my best Books, which I judge he thought (if the Binders were made Infidels) he should have for a long; and the rest, Gentlemen, you know, might have been serviceable to your Ladies under minced-pies. In this you see the very soul of Patrick; for he could not but know that I had not a drop of Mechanic blood in my whole body (myself being the fourth John Dunton in a near descent from the Tribe of Levi); that I could bow down, but could never creep to any thing; that I was born on a good estate in Land, and had made it treble by a late marriage; that I had brought a *Venture* of Books to Dublin of near ten tons, which could not yield less than 500*l.*; and 200*l.* more, could I approve of Setters. And he as well knew that, if I wanted 100*l.* for the King's Customs and other charges, &c. that I could have it, at a word's speaking, from Mr. *Lum*, a Parliament-man. But, for all this, he talked so loud of his forty Shillings (though then he owed me a greater sum, and to this hour is not out of my debt), that the sound of it reached to England; and Mr. Wilde, who was then in London, sent me word, "he admired I should want Forty billings, when a bill had been sent me of Forty Pounds."

Gentlemen, by what I have mentioned, you see what the *Scotchman* itched to be at; and, to add to his favours, he now takes my Room over my head; which, I must tell him, resembles a man I once met in my Travels, who sold the same Book with two different Titles, turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, *Cumpstey* into *Whaley*, &c. according as his Customer wanted, with as much dexterity as the Suttler in King James's Camp, who drew ale out of one end of the barrel, and Beer at the other.

Nothing that is said here is designed as a reflection on any other of my Brethren in this City; for, to do them justice, as I said in my first Letter, they acted generously, and gave me all the countenance I could expect; I save *Niff-naff**, the proud *Loon* of Skinner-row, who formerly grinned, and now barks at my undertaking.

* Patrick Campbell.

But, when I came to Ireland, I expected to "fight with beasts at Ephesus;" and, if he proceeds as he has begun, we shall *scuffle* in earnest; but if we do, as good luck is, such is the impenetrability of innocence, and my just undertaking, that he can do me no harm; for, I bless God, my name and reputation stand much above him, but he labours (though it is yet in private) to bespatter me all he can. It is true, Gentlemen, he calls himself "the *een Mon of Coonsence*;" but I am afraid to tell you what persuasion he is of, seeing he has so very little either of Justice or Humanity: but at present he is the chief, if not the only Enemy I have. His private slanders (the more impudent as given at a time when he owed me money) are too notorious to need my answer; but may teach us this, that we should "judge of all men's Religion by their Charity;" and that to believe one report in twenty, is to give a very large allowance.

Gentlemen, though I have been thus thrust out of my Room to make way for St. Patrick and his Auction, I hope you will allow me to say something of my own; though your general acknowledgment of the fair-dealing you had in it seems to render this work unnecessary; for you all know I began my Sale on a just foundation, did not interfere with any man's Auction (there was none mentioned in Dublin till I came); nor did I take any man's Room over his head; or, had I innocently done such a thing as that, upon notice given by the injured person, I would have flung up the bargain at first word. And I may speak the freer in this matter, as it is a thing I have done in London; and as I began my Auction on a just foundation in Dublin, so the Books I sold were as fairly bought in London. I took advantage of no man's ignorance, as Mr. Wilde knows, in getting in the whole *Venture*; of this he can give you several instances, but that of Mr. *Sh—n* might suffice for all; and as my Books were honestly bought, and the Sale begun on a right foundation, so I have had a blessing on the undertaking; and whilst I have a cordial in my own breast, I shall fear nothing. The truth is, I was ever more afraid of myself than of all the world. "A man cannot fly from himself;" every man carries an executioner in his own breast; so that a man's conscience, in

ome sense, is the only friend or enemy he has in the world.

Gentlemen, had I begun my Auctions (or carried them on) by other means than is here mentioned, I should own it a piece of impudence to desire your company a third time; or, had I pretended conscience to you, and yet played the knave with Dick, it would have bewn you at first glance what candour you were to have in my Three Auctions: but to 'rob Peter to pay Paul,' is a doctrine I never practised, and scarce know what it is called; and would you have a name for it, you must send to the '*cen Mon of Coonsence*.' But, though I am able to stand the test, with the same allowance that every man would wish for himself under the like circumstance, as to my Auctions here, and the whole trading part of my life; yet I have Enemies as well as other men (two of a Trade can never agree); and you would wonder if I had not, for I have printed Six Hundred Books, writ by authors of different judgments; and it is strange if, in drawing upon one another, the Bookseller (a sort of second in such Duels) should always escape without any wound. But, though I have Enemies, they are only those that never knew me, or never heard what I had to say for myself; or else such narrow souls as are wholly guided by self-interest. Of all that have traded with me (though for many thousands), I know not of one enemy I have in the whole world save Patrick Campbell, the Bible in Skinner-row, and a piece of Trash that I sell beyond the Herring-pond; and, to the immortality of the Stationers' Company, I know but two more such in London, and not one of them lives in St. Paul's Church-yard, or at the Bible and Three Crowns. But, gentlemen, if I find out more, you shall know the names our God-fathers gave them. It will be time enough to descend to particulars when I leave Ireland; and then will surely do it, in a "Farwell Letter to those Gentlemen that buy what they will not pay for."

"Now, Gentlemen, if my Friend Campbell thinks himself injured by these reflections, the press is open, to him I mean, but not to me (as he has ordered it). But, if I have a clear stage, I desire no quarter from him; and I have yet so much by me, which will keep cold, as

would make a *Pedlar* sweat, or as stout a man as the great Campbell. But, Gentlemen, "Conscience makes cowards of us all;" and for that reason Campbell will scarce give you the diversion of a Paper-war; but, if he hangs out his flag of defiance, and dares answer this, let him do it while I am here, and subscribe it with his right name, as I will my Reply with "John Dunton;" for it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark, or bites a man by the heel, and then, like a serpent, creeps into his hole again, for want of courage to abet his actions. I never in my whole life was the first aggressor in any quarrel; but, when I am justly provoked, "I wear my pen as others do their sword;" and if Campbell replies to this, I will answer his charge *de die in diem*, till I have worn my pen to the stumps.

What though I lose the day, yet I aim high;
And to dare something is some victory.

Gentlemen, I shall only add, that the candid treatment you have found in my Two Auctions, I hope, will invite you this afternoon to visit my Third; and, to engage you to it, you will find daily in my printed Bills that I have yet divers good Books—as "Dr. Barrow's Works," "Josephus' History, in English," "Rawleigh," the best edition, "Milton's Political Works," and many others I have not time to mention. You will also find I have several excellent Law-books in all volumes, such as the "Irish Statutes," in folio, and the "Year Books" of the best edition, &c. I have also in this Third Auction a collection of scarce Pamphlets on most subjects; and when my Catalogue of Manuscripts is published (it containing great variety of curious subjects never yet in print), I shall not doubt the company of ingenuous persons. But, this being my last Sale for 1698, and my time of embarking for London being very soon, I can allow but two days after the Auction is ended for the taking away what you buy in it.

To conclude. I told you in my first Letter, "that I thought it unjust to advance the rate upon you by any underhand Bidding; and for every Penny I got that way, I would restore a Pound:" which was not said to serve a turn; for I have been true to my word, as a worthy

Member of the House of Commons (who has been a great Encourager of my Auction) has done me the honour to declare; and as honest *Dobbs*, a considerable Buyer, and all the Servants attending my Auction, can testify. But surely, Gentlemen, the Buyer should be just, as well as the Seller; and, if you consider the vast charge I am at, to serve you with such an Auction of New Books as never was sold in Ireland, you will be as forward to pay me, as I am to subscribe myself

Your very humble servant, JOHN DUNTON.

Dunton's Third Letter was addressed

To those worthy Gentlemen that were Encouragers of my Undertaking.

GENTLEMEN,

Though my Three Auctions are now ended, I have yet variety of Books left; so I design to try your generous bidding a *fourth time*, which I will call my *Farewell Sale*. It shall begin the following Monday, at three in the afternoon, at Patt's Coffee-house in High-street, and shall end December 1; neither will I exceed that, resolving (God willing) to embark for London on the 5th. It is true I have Books enough to continue the Sale much longer; but native Country has charms in it, and I am very desirous to be at home; and therefore Dec. 5 I shall bid you all Farewell; for though, when my Fourth Sale is over, I shall still have quantities left, yet all that is then remaining I shall lump to the Booksellers of Dublin, to whom you must give higher rates (of which the Sale of the "French Book of Martyrs" is a late instance); or, if we cannot agree, the same ship that brought them hither will be able to carry them back.

The *Conditions* of this last Sale are, that whatever is bought till Thursday night be all paid the following Friday; and for what has been bought in my Three past Auctions, it is expected they should be all fetched away by Saturday the 26th instant; in order to which, constant attendance shall be given at Patt's Coffee-house from eight in the morning till eight at night.

Gentlemen, I promised you in my last Catalogue "The Dublin Scuffle," and the "History of my Summer's Ramble;" and I will be as good as my word, for I will

print them as soon as I get to London, and send them to Patt's Coffee-house, except Patrick will publicly own the public injury he did me—and then I will even forgive Patrick Campbell, and forget his taking my Room over my head; though it is thought I am an hundred pounds the worse for it, considering the Goods and Buyers I lost on that occasion. But, if he has not the grace to ask my pardon for the notorious injuries he did me, I pray God forgive him and Dick too, and in return I hope they will wish me a *Boon-Voyage*, in regard they will be rid of one durst tell them the truth.

In the History of "The Dublin Scuffle," I have got to the conclusion of my Three Auctions and Farewell Sale. I have had many a weary step in the disposing of this *Venture*; but, through God's blessing on my undertaking, I am now come near the winding up of my bottom in this Country; for yesterday I published a paper which I called "The Packing Penny:" this paper was thus addressed to those Gentlemen that attended my Auctions.

"GENTLEMEN, *Dublin, Dec. 12, 1698.*

"Though my Three Auctions and Farewell Sale are now ended, yet I have still quantities of Books left, which, for a *Packing-Penny*, I will sell at very reasonable rates; the Sale to begin Tuesday Dec. 13th, in the morning, and to end the same evening. I shall not sell these remaining Books by way of Auction, but at such easy rates as shall be agreed upon between Mr. Wilde and the Buyer. It is true, when I consider I had no Setter in any of my Four Sales, I could not have thought that any would have been so unjust as to buy what they will not pay for; but I was mistaken! But, to the honour of the Tribe of Levi, no Clergyman in Ireland has treated me in this manner. I mention this, that the World may see I designed no reflection on those learned Gentlemen, in my Advertisements; for, though the Enemies of my undertaking wrested my words to that purpose, yet nothing was ever further from my thoughts; for besides that I myself have the honour to be the son of a Clergyman, who as a Poet * says,

"Do all breathe something more than common air;"

* See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy on their Annual Feast in 1682.

I dare boldly assert that no man in this Kingdom has a higher esteem of that Sacred Order than myself. But as in this I have done justice to the Clergy of Ireland, so I resolve to do some to myself; and whatever notions some young Casuists may have of refusing to fetch what others, whom they out-bid, would have honestly paid for; yet they shall find I dare call "a spade a spade," if they live to read "The History of my Summer's Ramble," &c. or "The Dublin Scuffle," which I finished in this Country, and will publish as soon as I get to London.

I understand it has been the practice of some persons, maliciously and ignorantly to discourage those worthy Gentlemen and Clergymen that were disposed to furnish themselves with good Books. This usage is unbecoming any thing of a Christian, especially, &c. who, by his setting up for a Banterer, contrary to Christianity, spoils his neighbour's fair market; making good what Solomon so long ago observed, 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the Buyer; but when he is gone, he boasteth.' This is therefore to give notice to the World, that, as I act upon the fairest and justest bottom that can be in this last Sale, which I call "*The Packing Penny*," so I am resolved to vindicate my proceedings; and in order thereunto, if I can have but good proof, either without doors, but more especially at my Sale, of any persons that shall take the liberty to spoil my market; I am resolved to bring actions of damage against those persons that shall be guilty of such notorious actions.

I shall only add, that as I never reflected on Patrick Campbell, or any man in my whole life, without a just provocation, as I am ready to prove whilst I am in Dublin; so I must acquit all the persons concerned in my Auctions, of having any hand in any thing I published here, it being, as the "Scuffle" is, written with my own hand, and subscribed by, Gentlemen, your most obliged and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

This "*Packing Penny*" was no sooner taken, and the remaining books sold in the lump to *Honest Gun*, for about a hundred pounds, but Mr. White published an Advertisement, further proving the charge against Dick and Campbell; and giving an account of an Auction he designed on his own account as soon as Dunton left Ireland.

I am next, adds Dunton, to tell what the Learned Gentlemen of Ireland, who were Spectators of this Scuffle, thought of the encounter; and, to set this matter in the truer light, I shall insert the Letter I sent by Mr. Wilde to the Bishop of Clogher, who was then in Dublin, with the Answer his Lordship was pleased to send me.

“May it please your Lordship, *Dec. 17, 1698.*

“I am sorry I had not the honour to be in my Auction-room this morning, when your Lordship was there, that I might have returned my humble thanks for that great encouragement your Lordship has given to my Book-adventure, as Mr. Wilde informs me. Had I met with none but such generous Buyers as your Lordship and the rest of the Clergy of Ireland, my undertaking had been more fortunate; for, my Lord, I have had great injustice from some persons, who have bought what they will not pay for; and in particular from one Campbell, who attempted to murder my reputation; and, not contented with that piece of revenge for my endeavouring to serve this Country with Books, he afterwards takes my Auction-room over mine and Mr. Wilde's head, and, whilst I was in it, declares ‘I had Setters;’ though I assured the Buyer, ‘that for every Penny I got that unlawful way, I would restore a Pound.’—My Lord, I own it my duty to forgive injuries; but Campbell justifies this vile treatment; and therefore, my Lord, I am obliged to publish this ‘Dublin Scuffle’ to justify my own innocence, and to bring him, if possible, according to the Scotch phrase, ‘to the stool of repentance.’ I am pleased to hear your Lordship is not angry at my intention herein; and as the Speaker of the House of Commons has done me the honour to desire a sight of my first draught in manuscript; so your Lordship has likewise been pleased to honour me by desiring a sight of the same in print, which, as it obliges me to publish nothing but real truth, so it encourages me to hope that the publishing my ‘Dublin Scuffle’ will bring Campbell to a sense of his error. I have only to beg your Lordship's pardon for this presumption, and to assure your Lordship that I am your Lordship's most obliged and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.”

"Mr. DUNTON, December 17, 1698.

"I received your Letter; and am extremely well satisfied of your justice and fair dealing in your late Auction, and of the fidelity of Mr. Wilde, whom you employed. You shall always have this testimony from

"Your humble servant, ST. GEO. CLOGHER."

MY LAST FAREWELL TO MY ACQUAINTANCE IN
DUBLIN, WHETHER FRIENDS OR ENEMIES.

GENTLEMEN,

*Dublin, Monday Morning,
Dec. 26, 1698.*

Having now sold the *Venture* of Books I brought into this Country, maugre all the opposition, and being to embark an hour hence for England; I send this as my last Farewell to my Acquaintance in Ireland, whether Friends or Enemies; and with this shall conclude "The Dublin Scuffle."

Gentlemen, I told you in my first Letter, that "I had brought into this Kingdom a general Collection of the most valuable Books printed in England since the fire in London in 1666, to this very time; to which," I told you, "was added great variety of scarce Books; a Collection of Pamphlets, in all volumes; and a parcel of Manuscripts, never yet in print." And that I have made good my word, is acknowledged by all that have seen my Catalogues, and printed bills of every day's sale, for near six months. Neither can it be thought that the Gentlemen of Ireland, who are owned to be very ingenious, would give one thousand five hundred pounds for a parcel of *trash*, as my *Venture* was called by some selfish people, of which more anon, except "Bibles, Common Prayer Books," &c. &c. &c. may be reckoned into that number. And, as I have fully answered your expectations as to the goodness and variety of the Books that I brought over, so I find you are all pleased with the candour you had in the Sale. You may remember I told you I thought it a sort of picking your pocket, as you came to my Auctions supposing to buy a pennyworth, to advance the rate upon you by any under-hand biddings. But the dignity of truth is lost by much protesting; so I will say no more to prove my innocence, for it is what you all

believe. And, Gentlemen, as you have been all satisfied with the part I acted in this matter, so I hope you have been all pleased with the genteel treatment you had from Mr. *Wilde* throughout the whole Sale. The truth is, he has shewn a matchless command over his passions under very great provocations; and therefore it is, my design in these adventures being to please the buyer and myself too, that I have engaged him in a second Auction I design for *Scotland*; and were I to make a third as far as *Rome*, as who knows but I may, for I design to see his Holiness, Mr. Richard Wilde should be the sole manager, not only as his universal knowledge in Books renders him fit for it, but as I have found his candour and diligence to be as great as his knowledge. And, Gentlemen, as Mr. Wilde has treated you with the greatest respect imaginable, so I hope he has done you as much justice as he has me, in the whole management. And I hope you have been as much pleased with my Book-keeper Mr. *Price*, as to his great fidelity in prizing what you bought, as I have been with his accounting with me for all the money received; or, if you can prove any mistake, for no man is infallible, I shall be forward to have it rectified, though never so much to my loss.

And as Mr. Wilde, Mr. Price, and myself, have laboured to give you content, so I hope so much as honest *Robinson*, trusty *James*, and my very Porter *Bacon*, who brought the bill of every day's sale to your doors, have not been wanting in their respective places. In a word, I suppose you are all content, for we all endeavoured to make you so; but for all my care in these particulars, I find I have some Enemies; but my comfort is that I have no Enemy that is acquainted with me, or has bought a Book in my three Auctions. It was said of a Bookseller, lately dead, "that he had no Enemies but those that knew him;" but, I thank God, if I have any Friends, they are chiefly those that have dealt with me. But I find it is impossible to please all; for though Mr. Wilde and myself managed the whole affair, from the first minute I proposed it to him to the last Book he sold in Dublin, with that sincerity as we thought had left no room for exception; not so much as a penny was paid in the Auction, if any doubt arose from whom it was received,

but I gave it the poor, for fear I had received more than my due. But for all this scrupulous care, there was a certain person beyond the Herring-pond, and in Dublin too, for they echoed to one another, that whispered about, "that I had brought you nothing but a parcel of *trash*, and that the Auctioneer was a grand sharper." Gentlemen, it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark; but I suppose you know who I mean by the littleness of his soul, for a Copy from Heaven would be a foolish paper with him, if *T. F.* were not the Bookseller. Though I had rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one, yet for all that, when a man persists in a base practice, he ought to be jerked in hopes of a reformation, and *T. F.* the most of any I know in London; for how often has he called "The Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers;" "The Morning Exercises," published by my Reverend Father-in-Law Dr. Annesley; "The French Book of Martyrs," published by order of Queen Mary, and was the only Book she ever gave her Royal Hand to; &c. &c. "mere stuff, perfect trash!" Sweet rhetoric! which, with something will keep cold, has made his *conscience* as black as his *sign*.

I was likewise treated in this manner by another Critick near Hatton Garden, who, though he struts like a Turkey-cock at a red petticoat, wipes his mouth in London, and is very saucy to every Book that he does not print himself: yet his Sin has found him out in Dublin; and it is very remarkable that I myself should first discover it, whom he has most abused of any man in London. But he is quiet enough at present; and, if he repents, I can forgive: but, if he stir hand or foot against this small revenge, the World shall know (as proud as he is) who has abused the name of a late Peer, by a notorious Sham-Title. Gentlemen, such, and only such as these, are my Enemies; and this is the undermining treatment I have had from them. But, though there be little souls in the World that have great dealings; yet I find the Gentlemen of Ireland have more honour than to belie their senses, or to call that *stuff*, or *trash*, which they find to be solid diet. I am sure, in proportion to the great number of Books I have printed, no man has printed less

trash than myself. I am sure T. F. has not, if you take in his black Lists, his false Titles, his printing other men's Copies, and new vamping of Old Books. But, Gentlemen, it is losing of time to speak in praise of my *Bookish Venture*, or to talk more of my Enemies' *trash*, seeing a worthy Member of the House of Commons * did me the honour to say, "that I had been, by this undertaking, a great Benefactor to this Country." And no longer than yesterday, a Clergyman told Mr. *Penny*, an English Gentleman, "that I had done more service to Learning, by my three Auctions, than any one single man that had come into Ireland these hundred years." I speak not this out of ostentation, but to rectify their opinions who judge men by what they hear from the scandalous tongues of their selfish prejudiced Enemies. But, though boasting is none of my talent, yet, I must say, that my *Venture* has been serviceable to this Country, is not only the sentiment of one or two, but of all I meet with; and therefore it is I am desired, by some of the best Quality, "to make an annual Auction of Books in Dublin." But my ramble to Scotland will hinder this; or, if it do not, I will still promise, you shall have no Setter in my Auctions, and as good Books as now. Not that I pretend to be more infallible than other people; and of six hundred Books I have printed (as I said in my Second Letter) it would be strange if all should be alike good.

Then pray, Gentlemen, (for I am now speaking to the Booksellers of Dublin) no more reflections, as if I injured the Trade by Auctions; for is it not your own case? There are few eminent Booksellers but have traded this wholesale way. Is that a crime in me which is seen in your daily practice? If I have a fancy to travel a year or so, and after that to live a studious and retired life (as I have done several years), what harm do I do in selling my Stock, and making of Auctions without Setters? For my own part, I have enough to bear my charge to the grave † (for thither, Gentlemen, we are all going), and am contriving now to live for myself as well as for other people

* As is hinted in the Account of my "Conversation in Ireland."

† Dunton, in a few years after he wrote this, appears to have been greatly distressed. See his "Living Elegy." EDIT.

'I would have business, but exempt from strife * ;'

therefore it is I have done with Shops : the hurry of business is apt to engross our thoughts ; and I am loth to secure Eternity upon my last breath. To what purpose should I covet much ?

How really pity those that, like the dog in a wheel, toil to get meat for others eating. Abraham ; see how he laboured to possess the World ! by no land, pasture, or noble lordship. The first thing is a grave. The Rev. Mr. Cowley, Author of the " Sermons on Dives and Lazarus," ordered for the making his coffin † in perfect health. I desire to follow such examples as these ; and therefore, instead of losing time in a Shop, I would now, in a quiet retreat from the World, be studying what good I may do my Friends with what I have ; and how little a time I have left to live to enjoy it ; being troubled with the Stone, the same disorder my Father died of. I take my last leave, as I do of Dublin, of every place I depart from ; and that is the reason I now follow the World with such indifference ; for it was no matter whether I overtook it or no. But, though I am come from behind the Counter, yet methinks I am out of business, like a rotten tree, only cumbering ground ; so I will not altogether desert Printing, or my learned Trade which my Father so much approved whilst there is an Author in London, or a Pen in the world. But, with submission to better judgments, I think it is a great madness to be laying new foundations when I am half way through it.

" And they methinks deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great Hive, the City." COWLEY.

So that, being tired with galloping after the World, I will walk now with a horse in my hand ; and whoever I see, I will show my house, and green prospects before and behind till I own it is suited to this purpose.

I thought the best *Prospective* to see the World in genuine and proper state was a great distance from it. A man must play the cunning Astronomer, who, when he

* Cowley.

† I had it from his own mouth.

would gaze a Star, gets not on the top of a pyramid, but descends some deep pit; for so the Visual Spirits are kept together. Thus a man should look as a wise man just before him. Earthly things are a very mist: before a man comes at it, he may see the dimensions of a fog, and, perhaps, look over it; but, when once enveloped and clouded within it, his sight is limited to a small extent. Gentlemen, such thoughts as these made me retreat to that Country-like Seat, where, after Scuffling awhile in Dublin, I am now going to live again; which, being still and private, and suited to a studious life, is, next to my Wife, the only thing on earth I love.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have shewn you why I leave the hurries of Dublin, and given my reasons for a private life when I return home.

And here I will take my leave awhile of the generous Buyers, to give a Farewell to those that have *bought* what they will not *pay* for.

And truly, Gentlemen, for it is of the *Non Pay-masters* I am now taking my leave, if you will not be just I will persuade you to it; and to that purpose I have agreed in the lump (for I am now leaving Ireland, and shall relapse into no more Duns) with an honest Lawyer (yes, an honest Lawyer) and two Bailiffs, who will fear nothing in the just execution of their office. Gentlemen, could I stay in Dublin, I would give as much time as you would desire; but I have been long from my native Country; have a House and Servants to look after; and, which is more, am daily expected by a young and obliging Wife. And, Gentlemen, were it your own case, a day under such a circumstance would seem an age. Then pray be honest in a few days, that even Lawyers and Bailiffs may be kind to you. I suppose none have been so unjust to buy what they could not pay for. And pray let me ask you a sober question: "Is it reasonable I should have justice?" Make my case your own, and you will say, "It is;" for my *Venture* was bought and sold at a great expence, and without Setters too; and, which is yet heavier upon me, you have bought what others would have honestly paid for. Neither do I serve your City of Dublin as you have served me; for of 400*l.* &c. I have expended in it, with Printers, Stationers, Binders,

and the Servants concerned in my three Auctions, &c. I have receipts from all I have dealt with, to a very half-enny; or if any Binder, or other person, have injured himself by forgetting any thing, or by mistakes in summing up his bill, though it be but the worth of a farthing, if he discovers it ten years hence, I will pay it myself, if am then living; or, in case of my death, my Heir shall o it, or forfeit my whole estate. And as I have been set to *Meum* and *Tuum* in this City, so I was ever as true to another's reputation as to my own. I never struck at any man's fame in Dublin, or in any part of the World, all he fell to murdering mine. Even Patrick Campbell, though the most barbarous fellow I ever met with, did not fear from me till he took my Room over my head. And now, Gentlemen, (I mean you that are still in my debt) leave you to think upon these things, whilst I return again to the *generous Buyers*.

And here, Gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you, that I will resent the bad usage I have from the Non-Paymasters, so I can never enough acknowledge your honest dealings. You have strictly observed the golden rule of "doing as you would be done by;" and I doubt not but the Books you have fairly bought will be a blessing to you and your Children after you. When some came to my Auction with "Naught, Naught*," you never sided with them, or belied your conscience to save *sixpence*. You never bid, but in some proportion to the worth of a Book. You knew I had no Setters; and therefore acted a nobler justice than to bid as if a Book were stolen. In a word, you all acted so honourably, both in your bidding and paying for Books (especially the noble Colonel *Butler*), as if, like mere conquerors over covetousness and such mean beggarly vices, you had a mind to shame the other Buyers into gratitude for the charge I was at to serve them. Gentlemen, by this treatment I have been able to see "how much of Heaven can be upon Earth." And surely men of such just principles as I found you of, need but die, to be in that blessed place. Men of so great a soul seem only lent to the City of Dublin, as an universal pattern for others to imitate.

* Proverbs xx. 24.

Gentlemen, if in my next Ramble I meet with such men as you ; men so refined from all mixture of our grosser elements, " men so spiritualized before their time ;" I shall ramble to *Scotland* to good purpose, and despise the Proverb of a *Rolling-stone*.

I would here (this being my last Farewell) descend to particular Characters of some of the chief Encouragers of my Three Auctions.

And here I should first acknowledge my great obligations to the Right Reverend the *Bishop of Clogher*. This learned Prelate was a generous encourager of my undertaking. He is a person of great worth, knowledge, and humility ; and, by his hard study and travels, hath to so great a degree improved his own extraordinary parts, that soon after the thirtieth year of his age (which is the year of qualification for that Office) he was made Provost of Trinity College in Dublin, a place of great honour and trust ; where he so well acquitted himself, that in a little time he was constituted Bishop of Clogher ; and soon after that, for his great accomplishments, was made one of his Majesty's Privy Councillors for the Kingdom of Ireland. I might mention his great knowledge of the Tongues and most Sciences ; but the bare relating the Public Stations he is in are sufficient demonstrations of the reasons of his deserved promotions, and of the great honour he did me by *personally* encouraging my undertaking ; and therefore I hope his Lordship will pardon me for presuming to mention him in this " Farewell ;" for I should think myself very ungrateful should I leave Ireland without making this public acknowledgment of the favours I received from him. His Lordship's name is *St. George Ashe*.

I should likewise in this " Farewell" take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *John Jones*, the most eminent Schoolmaster in all Ireland. He hath sent many Scholars to the University of Dublin ; and I do not wonder he is so accomplished ; for he is a man of so great a soul, that I found he was seldom out-bid in my Auction for any Book he had a mind to. He is a very studious person, and does not, like some Authors, lose his time by being busy about nothing ; nor make so poor a use of the World as to hug and embrace it. I shall ever acknowledge the

nerous encouragement he gave my Auctions. In the
 ort conference I had with him, I found him to be a
 rson of great piety, and of a most sweet disposition.
 e is free from vice, if ever any man was, because he
 th no occasion to use it, and is above those ends that
 ke men wicked. In a word, Mr. Jones is a person of
 eat worth, learning, and humility; lives universally
 loved, and his conversation is coveted by all that have
 e happiness to know him.

But I take leave of the Reverend Mr. Jones, that I may
 xt shed a few tears on the grave of the most ingenious
 r. *Davis*; for, though he is dead and gone, the service
 did my Auction shall live as long as I can write or
 ad. He was famous for a School-master; and so emi-
 nt for Preaching, that his death was lamented by all
 at knew him; and I may truly say of him, "Vixit post
 inera Virtus." I had not the happiness of once hear-
 g this extraordinary Preacher, and I cannot say I ever
 w him; but I am told, by one that knew him well,
 that, if I have erred in his character, it is that I have
 id too little." But though I cannot do justice to his
 ersonal merits (being wholly a stranger to him), yet,
 r. *Wilde* tells me he was a true friend to my under-
 king; and therefore, at leaving Dublin, I ought to
 rew some flowers on his *hearse*, and thank his very *ashes*
 r the kindness he did his unknown Admirer.

Leaving this good man asleep in his grave, I shall next
 ke leave of the Reverend and truly Pious Dr. *John*
erne, Minister of St. Nicholas Church. He is a most
 ccellent Preacher, and as good a liver. This worthy
 ivine was my Friend, not only in buying divers Books
 r his own use, but also in buying for others; and so
 r was he from that ungenerous temper, not to call it
 orse, of depriving me of reasonable rates, that he would
 sure the Bidders, "such and such Books were good,
 id a pennyworth*," at such and such rates as he in-
 rmed them of; neither was his generous bidding for
 ooks all the favour I received from him. I would go
 with this Gentleman's character, but that he is too
 imble to hear it mentioned: besides, it is very impro-

* How exactly resembling the late amiable Dr. Gossett! EDIT.

per to tire my Friends at a parting visit. I shall therefore here take leave of this "Reverend Doctor," and next step to the College, where I have so many Farewells to make, that I do not know where to begin, nor where to end; for I should here pay my acknowledgments to the Reverend Dr. *Lloyd*, Dr. *Hall*, Mr. *Gilbert*, Mr. *Baldwin*, Mr. *Young*, &c. These, and several other Fellows of the College of Dublin, did, as their occasions served, generously encourage my Auctions; as did divers others of inferior rank in the College, to whom I here give my parting thanks.

I might, had I time, take my leave of many more worthy Clergymen that were encouragers of my Auctions; such as the Reverend Dean *Trench*, Dean *Synge*, Archdeacon *Handcock*, Dr. *Bolton*, Mr. *Marsh*, Mr. *Hemsworth*, Mr. *Burridge*, Mr. *Lucas*, Mr. *Aspin*, Mr. *Moulins*, Mr. *Drury*, Mr. *Vivian*.

And here I would in a particular manner take my leave of Dean *Francis*; for I wanted (till now) an opportunity to thank him for the encouragement he gave my Auctions. He makes an eminent figure in the Church of Ireland, and is too great for me to attempt his character: but, if any man does not know him, let him go every Sunday morning to St. Michael's, in High-street; where he will hear (as Mr. Larkin and I did upon that Text, "And Felix trembled," Acts xxiv. 25,) as much clear Reason, Scripture, and Divinity, as ever was yet delivered in a Pulpit. And those that go to this Church in the afternoon will find the same entertainment by my learned Friend, the Reverend Mr. *Scarl*, the present Lecturer. But to proceed to the character of Dean *Francis*. His Piety is as remarkable as his Preaching, and his Charity as remarkable as either. Mr. *Feltham* says, "A good Tongue never wanted Ears to hear it:" for my own share, I must say, that morning Mr. Larkin and I heard the Dean, he preached in so refined a manner, that I could have heard him with pleasure till night; and my Friend (as I found by the remarks he made on the Sermon) could gladly have heard him as long as I. I would enlarge in the Dean's character—but that he was a generous Buyer; and, as the case stands, I think it proper to say little of the great benefactors; so I shall leave the Dean

(with humble thanks for the favours he did me) to pay a visit and Farewell to my Friend and great Benefactor, the Reverend Mr. *Searl*. He was a frequent Buyer at my Auction, which I did not forget to acknowledge, both at my Auction, and afterwards at the Curragh; where (in my Ramble to Kilkenny) I had the good luck to meet him. I had now and then the happiness of spending a few agreeable minutes in this Gentleman's company, which I thought no ordinary blessing, as he was a person of a truly humble and affable carriage. As to his Preaching, it is plain, pure, and edifying; and generally without book. The last Sermon I heard in Ireland was preached by the Reverend Mr. *Searl* upon these words: "For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" Luke ii. 1. And I thought it the most practical and awakening discourse I ever heard in my life. He succeeded Mr. *Davis* (whose death I mentioned before); and is no way inferior to him, either for good preaching or virtuous living. In a word, I have such an idea of the piety and moderation of this eminent Divine, that I could dwell on his character for ever. But I must remember *Pickance* is ready to sail, and I have other visits to make; and so, worthy Sir, adieu.

For I am now going to take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *Rowe*, a Country Minister, a pious humble man, and great encourager of my *Book Adventure*. I have not the happiness to be known to this generous Buyer; so I will take my leave with this short acknowledgment.

And my next Farewell shall be to the Reverend Mr. *Fisher*, Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Meath. This Gentleman was a great encourager of my Auction, by which means I had the happiness of enjoying his company often. The satisfaction I received in Mr. *Fisher's* company obliges me to attempt his character. He is all that is delightful in conversation; so easy company, and so far from all constraint, that it is a real pleasure to talk with him. He is a person of a sweet natural temper; one that is never out of humour; and, I must say, I found his friendship to be ever equal and the same. In a word, it is a virtue to know him, and a glimpse of Heaven to hear him preach. But, dear Sir, adieu; for the

wind is fair, and I must be gone ; but I leave your company with as much regret as ever I did any earthly blessing.

Having taken my leave of the Clergy, my next visit must be to the Laity ; and these must be very short, for fear the Ship should sail before I finish my letter.

And here I shall first take my leave of the Hon. *Colonel Butler*, a Member of Parliament. He is a great lover of Books, and was a constant and generous Encourager of all my Auctions. His affability, candour, and extraordinary sense, but more especially his ingenuity in Painting to the life, is beyond what I ever saw in my whole life but at his house and in his person. It is to this Honourable Gentleman I dedicate my "Dublin Scuffle," where *, and in my visit to him, you have his Character more at large. So, with a short farewell to the Noble Colonel,

I shall next pass on to own my great obligations to Mr. *Lum*, — *Gardon*, Esq. Counsellor *Reading*, and divers other Members of the Honourable House of Commons, who were great encouragers of my undertaking ; and in this Farewell I return them my humble thanks.

Neither can I, in this place, forget the many favours I received from that worthy gentleman, *Christopher Usher*, Esq. a Relation of that famous Prelate Archbishop Usher. He is a person of true piety, solid judgment, and great estate ; and God has given him a heart to do good with it in his life-time, for he is very eminent for his great charity, and a vast encourager of Learning ; he laid out several pounds at my Auction, and almost daily honoured me with his presence at my Sale. I could write a folio in this gentleman's praise : but he is as humble as he is rich ; so I shall not enlarge, lest I offend his modesty ; but this hint is enough to shew how worthy he is of that great name he bears ; and therefore, however he may resent this public farewell, considering his great humility, yet I could not think of leaving Ireland without paying my thanks to him, not only as he was my Friend, but one of my chief Benefactors.

I should also, before I embark, pay my acknowledgments to Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, *Robert Stopford*, Esq., Captain *Agchmooty*, Mr. Recorder of Dublin, an emi-

* See p. 491.

Counsellor, *Stephen Ludlow*, Esq., one of the Six
ks, to Mr. Justice *Coot*e, of the King's Bench, a per-
of great piety, lives universally beloved, and justly
to the honour he enjoys. He was pleased to cause
ral Books to be bought for him at my Sale. And
I cannot omit to add to the rest of my Benefactors,
is Farewell, Mr. Baron *Echlin*, a person of great ho-
, and of a greatness of soul beyond most that I ever
d of. He is such a universal lover of Books, that
few, if any, shall escape him, whatever they cost.
as a very large and curious Library, and as inquisitive
after rarities as if he had none. He is a most noble
urager of the Bookselling trade, and whenever he
the Stationers of England and Ireland will have a
t loss; besides what the publick will sustain thereby:
ear, if I write on, I shall lose my *passage*. Gentle-
you see by my unwillingness to leave Ireland
I resent your generous treatment. But, should I
my leave of all my friends of the Laity that were
to me and my Auction, I should swell this *Fare-*
beyond bounds. However, though I scribble till the
is gone, I will not forget, at parting, to give my
ks to my true and generous Friend Mr. *Robert Jey*.
was one of those that gave me a farewell treat in
x-street, and was my true friend from first to last;
the chief person I advised with in Dublin under any
culty. He is a real lover of Learning, as appeared by
he bought at my Auction, extremely civil and
ing in his conversation; and a man of that great in-
ty, and of that quick dispatch in business, that, had
ousand causes, they should all be intrusted in his
a. I would enlarge in his character, but that I shall
him again in the account I design to give of my
nversation in Ireland."

I have also many thanks to return to Captain *Simon*
son, Mr. *Rath Jones*, Mr. *Sholdham*, Mr. *Cupp*age,
John Smith, Mr. *Moss*, Mr. *Williamson*, Mr. *George*
rn, Mr. *Bonny*, Mr. *Samuel Martin*, and divers other
ent Attorneys, who were great encouragers of my
rtaking.

either can I think of leaving Dublin before I have
a my leave of my three Printers, Mr. *Brent*, Mr.

Powel, and *Mr. Brocas*; for they come into the number of my Benefactors; and, I am told, bought several Books in my Auction. Besides, to forget these, would be a little unkind, not only as they served me once at a pinch, but as they printed my Daily Catalogues; and it was only by their pre-sses that I could now and then thunder at Patrick Campbell, and defy all my Enemies; so that, at shaking hands, sheer gratitude obliges me to give each of these Printers a particular character.

And I shall first begin with *Mr. Brent*, who, I think, is the oldest partner. He is a scrupulous honest, conscientious man, and I do think, a true Nathaniel. He is perfect innocence, yet a man of letters; he knows no harm, and therefore contrives none; and, by his frequent attempts to make Campbell and me friends, it is clear he never promoted the Dublin Scuffle, though the printing of it would have furnished him with daily work; so that he is what we may truly call a religious Printer, and I was going to say he hates vice almost as much by nature as grace; and this I think is his true character.

As to *Mr. Powel*, the second partner, his person is handsome, I do not know whether he knows it or no, and his mind has as many charms. He is the very life and spirit of the company where he comes, and it is impossible to be sad if he sets upon it; he is a man of a great deal of wit and sense, and I hope of as much honesty; and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel, it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he is neither scurrilous nor prophane, but a good man, and a good Printer, as well as a good companion.

I come next to honest *Brocas*, the third partner, and with him, if he is returned from Holland, take leave of my three Printers. *Mr. Brocas* is much of a gentleman; he gave me a noble welcome to Dublin, and never grew less obliging. He is one that loves his friend as his life; nay, he values *Mr. Wilde* beyond it; and I may say, without offence to the Printers of Dublin, that no man in the universe better understands the "Noble Art and Mystery of PRINTING" than John Brocas in Skinner-row; and, as a three-fold cord is not easily broken, so *Mr. Brent*, *Mr. Powel*, *Mr. Brocas*, it is my advice to

you all, at parting, that you never divide your interests; for what would you have? your house is a mere Paradise. Oh, spacious dwelling!

A garden in a Paradise would be
But a too mean periphrasis of thee.

And, Gentlemen, as your house is airy, great, and noble, and the top Printing-house in all Dublin; so, if you keep together, Copies so crowd in, you will soon be Aldermen of Dublin, and in time arrive to the honour of Lord Mayor; and what a charming figure will the beautiful Powel make, when attended with Sword and Mace, surrounded with Aldermen, bedecked with Jewels, and glittering with a Gold Chain! But I do not know when to have done, I see: so, Gentlemen Printers, farewell to you all three; but, when I come to Dublin with another cargo of Books, it will be in company with Mr. Larkin; and then expect my custom again, and to find us both at the Dolphin. And this, though he is going with me, brings me, in the last place, to own my great obligations to my most ingenious Friend Mr. *George Larkin*, whose noble treatment at his own house, and great readiness to serve me at all hours, and upon all occasions, from the first minute I saw Dublin to the last hour I stayed in it, shall be kindly acknowledged to my dying day. But I cannot enlarge; for Mr. Larkin is come to tell me the Ship is going to sail, which makes me tremble, for, though I have crossed the ocean often, yet I still dread the Irish sea. But my comfort is, Mr. Larkin, like a true Friend, still ventures his life with me, and I can never die in better company.

Thus have I paid my thanks where I think it due, and given a farewell to all my Friends; and, as I took my leave, have characterized my Benefactors, concerning whom I have said nothing but the real truth; and, Gentlemen, have often wished there was no such thing as a compliment in the world, and therefore I flatter no man in these characters; I have no occasion to do it, for my auction is ended, and I am leaving Ireland; besides, was not born to creep, neither is it agreeable to my temper of mind; but a man may be grateful, sure, without being of a mean spirit.

But perhaps my Enemies will say, I am thus large in praising my Friends, that my "Scuffle" may sell the better. I do declare this is all as false; for I do not write this "Farewell," or the "Dublin Scuffle," to get a penny: my circumstances set me above it. The Athenians long since told you, "my *Raven* was gone to roost;" neither do I publish it out of vain-glory, to be talked of when I am gone; for, as Cowley says,

"I'd live unthought-of, and unheard-of die:"

and my aversion to shops, and private dwelling in Jew-street, proves I am of this humour. But I publish it purely to do justice to myself, in the first place; and then to my Dublin enemies; and, lastly, that the World may see how generous my friends were; and who know, but my Enemies, by seeing other men's virtue, and how charming it makes them look, may endeavour to practise it; but, whether they do or no, I must declare the honest dealings I had from them is that alone which has put me in the head of a Second Auction; so that, as soon as I get to London, I shall fall to printing several Copies, in order to furnish out a *new Venture*, with which I shall march directly for Scotland; and when I return from thence, having cleared with all the world, for, as to my morals, I am, or should be, an honest man, I will embark for France, Italy, &c. But more of this in my "Summer Ramble, or History of my Travels through Ten Kingdoms, &c." of which I have seen four. Scotland, France, and Italy, make it seven; and when I have crossed the Hellespont, where poor Leander was drowned, Greece, China, and the Holy Land, are the other three I am bound to; and, perhaps, when my hand is in, I may step thence to the Indies; for I am a true lover of Travels, and, when I am once mounted, care not whether I meet the Sun at his rising or going down, provided only I may but ramble. But, as much as I love travelling, I love pleasing my Wife better; and, were I now entered the city of Rome, as far as it is, and as much as I desire to see it, her least impatience to see me should hurry me back before I had seen any thing; or, if she is so obliging as to let me gratify my curiosity, ten months will be the longest time I can live from her; and, having

re aforesaid places in that time, I will return to the in Jewin-street; for, though it is good to travel, it is best to die in the arms of a kind wife. But are of small account, as I formerly hinted; and I to get more by travelling abroad, than by staying here. Then, if Valeria consents, for without that I stir an inch, I will soon be on this grand Ramble; when I return, for I go for profit as well as pleasure; for subject-matter to write on, will fall to printing as ever.

And this long Ramble will be Ten Volumes, of ten each. The first of which will be published in six weeks, and will contain my "American Travels;" the second, my "Trip to the Low Countries;" the third, "My Ramble to Ireland," wherein you will find the history of my voyage, the conversation on the road, at the inns where I stayed at, with particular characters of men and women, and almost every thing I saw or conversed with; more especially in the City of Dublin, where a hundred persons will see their pictures, that at present little expect it. The Non-paymasters too, shall have a share in the history; neither will I forget the ex-*co*municated of Copper-alley, nor my *geud friend** at the Bible-street-row.

"Ramble through ten Kingdoms" will contain a thousand letters, which I will write in my travels, and send them to my friends in England. I shall inter-mingle with characters of men and women, &c. according to the method in my "Ramble to Ireland;" and I shall receive remarks upon what I see by those to whom I direct my letters.

Rambling Project owes its rise to something I saw in "The Athenian Mercury;" which being an invention of my own that has pleased the age, for it was extended to Twenty Volumes, I hope the same by this; will be as *pleasant a maggot*, and I will endeavour to make it as useful. If you ask me, "How I can think of doing thus, having lately married a second Wife?" I answer, "I am married indeed, but it is to one, the words of my first Wife, who knows it her prudence."

dence and duty to study my humour in every thing, I mean every thing that is not sinful; and, finding I am for travelling, to shew the height of her love, is as willing I should see Europe, as Eliza was I should see America; so that you see, Gentlemen, neither my first nor my second Wife have been "*She-Clogs* *," as St. Austin called his spouse. They were both pleased, as it pleases me, with my *rambling humour*. Then, to be sure, this temper is so obliging, as soon as my "eye is satisfied with seeing," I will hasten home to the dear Valeria, run to meet her with devouring arms; and then live, and, if possible, die together. It is true, the man in the Gospel "had married a Wife, and he could not leave her;" but he was not born to ramble, or he must have pursued his destiny. Sure I am, if any thing could keep me at home, it is a tender Wife, such a one as I *now* enjoy; for there is such an union between us, that we seem but as "two souls transformed into one;" and I must say, were her mighty tenderness known to the world, it would once more bring into fashion Women's loving and trusting their Husbando. But, though Love is strong as Death, and every good man loves his Wife as himself, yet I cannot think of being confined in a narrower study than the whole World. He is truly a Scholar who is versed in the volume of the Universe, who doth not so much read of Nature, as study Nature herself. Who would have thought I could ever have left Eliza? for there was an "even thread of endearment run through all we said or did." I may truly say, for the fifteen years we lived together, there never passed an angry look; but, as kind as she was, I could not think of growing old in the confines of one city, and therefore in 1686 I embarked for America, Holland, and other parts. But, though we parted a while, it was by free consent of Father and Wife, as my coming now to Ireland was by consent of Mother and Daughter. I found then that the arms of Love were long enough to reach from London to the West Indies; and, to encourage me to ramble now, they are as long as ever. What though Scotland, France, and Italy, &c. part our bodies; yet we have souls, to be

* See Austin's Confessions.

sure ; and, whilst they can meet and caress, we may enjoy each other, were we the length of the Map asunder. So that you see, Gentlemen, though I have married a second Wife, yet that I love her never the less for rambling, but, were it possible, a great deal more, for distance endears love, and absence makes it thrive. If a Wife does not give me some proof of her love, for fine words are but painted babies to play with, how shall I know she loves me at all ? And can she give me a greater test, than by telling me, in a thousand endearing letters, "That to be out of her sight, is to be still the more in her mind ?" When I was in New England, I sent Eliza sixty letters by one ship, as you will find in my *Ramble* thither. Were Valeria and I always together, these sort of endearments were wholly lost, and we to seek, for want of a touch-stone, "whether we loved in earnest." So that I think to ramble is the best way to endear a Wife, and to try her love, if she has any ; which is so rare a thing, since women have married for money, that for my own share, I would ramble as far as China, to be convinced of the least scruple. It is true, for a Wife to say, as Eliza did, "My Dear, I rejoice I am able to serve thee, and as long as I have it, it is all thine ; and we had been still happy, had we lost all, but one another ;" this indeed is very obliging, and shews she loves me in earnest. But still there is something in rambling beyond this ; for this is no more, if her Husband be sober, than "richer for poorer" obliges her to ; but for a Spouse to cry, "Travel as far as you please, and stay as long as you will, for absence shall never divide us," is a higher flight abundantly, as it shews she can part with her very Husband, ten times dearer to a good Wife than her money, when it tends to his satisfaction. Since to ramble then from my *second* Wife is the best way to express my love, and endears like any thing ; I say, considering this, I will soon be on my *Scotch Ramble* ; and, if I return rich in Valeria's opinion, though St. Andrew frown as much as St. Patrick, I shall think I make a good voyage of it.

Thus, Gentlemen, have I fairly proved that "absence endears a Wife," if she is good for any thing, and that rambling becomes a duty to him that is well married.

A duty? Ay! sure enough! for Valeria and I improve our separation to better use than if we had been together; for, by absence, we better fill, and farther extend the possession of our lives, in being parted. "She lives, rejoices, and sees for me," and I for her, as plainly, for we are still but two souls in the same body, as if I had myself been there; and I must say that of Eliza too; we did not pretend affection, and carry on two interests; her sympathy with me, in all the distresses of my life, both at sea and land, make her virtues shine with the greater lustre, as "stars in the darkest night;" and assure the world she loved me, not my fortune. Like the glow-worm, that "emblem of true friendship," she shined to me, even in the dark; she has been almost ready to wish us unfortunate, that she might give me the greater test of her love. My head no sooner ached, but her heart felt it; and, had I fallen sick in her dying hour, she would even then have crawled up stairs to have seen me. And, to requite her love, for a kind Wife makes a kind Husband, I would have parted with garment after garment; stripped myself to my very skin; yea, "mortgaged my very flesh," to have served her. And, indeed, all our distresses of body and mind were so equally divided, that all her's were mine, and all mine were her's; we remembered we were one flesh, and therefore were no more offended with the words, failings, or wants of each other, than we would have been, had they been our own; had we loved at a less rate, our pretences to love had been mere banter; "True conjugal love is a step above house or land!" Neither durst I have married, had I loved Eliza less than myself. But; as true and great as our endearments were, I found I could love as well *absent* as *present*; and therefore I as little scrupled the leaving Eliza, as I now do the kind Valeria.

Gentlemen, I had not troubled you with such soft tender things, but to let you see my rambling now, as well as formerly, is the effect of *choice*, and not *disguist*. If you doubt this, read the character of my first Wife*, and you will find it confirmed with her last breath.

* Printed for J. Harris, at the Harrow in Little Britain.

Then cease wondering that I can talk of rambling so soon after marrying a second Wife ; for you see, by the happiness I enjoy in her, that he that is born under a rambling planet, all that he does to fix him at home, does but hasten his travels abroad. I found it thus when Eliza lived, and the case is the same now ; for, though I am married again, and that to a Wife of whom I may say, "that she fully understands and practises all the duties of a tender Wife, so that she seems to be Eliza still, in a new edition, more correct and enlarged ; or rather my first Wife in a new frame ; for I have only changed the person, but not the virtues:"—but for all this present happiness, being born to travel, I am ever and anon talking of "ships," "the mariner's compass," and "going to sea," and cannot be easy an hour together without thinking of some far country. If it were not thus, I had never left Mother, Daughter, House, and Home, to ramble I knew not whither, and to see I know not what ; for, ever since I came into being, to ramble has been as natural to me as eating.

Thus, at parting, have I set myself in a true light ; have thanked my Friends for their many favours, and am pretty even with all my Enemies ; but more especially with P. Campbell, &c. And now, if any one else thinks himself injured in this "Scuffle," I must tell him "that the press is open." Gentlemen, if you would know who I mean by this T. F. I shall answer this, by asking, who do you mean by "I N. take thee M." in the Form of Matrimony ? I mean nobody but he that shews his guilt by wincing ; and whoever that person be, I will reply to him *de die in diem*, till I wear my pen to the stumps.

But, Gentlemen, I have tired you all ; so I come now to the last beckon of farewell. Then, honest *Wilde*, dear *Wainright*, generous *Dell*, handsome *Powel*, easy *Dick*, Friend *Dobbs*, and all my other Friends, farewell, farewell for ever : for the wind is fair ; *George Larkin* and *Price* are already in the boat ; and I have but time to tell you that I am, as you found me all along,

Your very faithful, and very humble servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY CONVERSATION IN IRELAND.

(In a Letter to an Honourable Lady.)

MADAM,

London, April 20, 1699.

I AM extremely satisfied to have the honour of knowing you so well, as to know that you hate to be flattered; and so hope you will not think me guilty of that crime, when I profess to you that I esteem the favour of having Correspondence with you to be one of the chiefest blessings of my life; and therefore I ought to take all opportunities to shew myself worthy of it; which I could not be, should I suffer my reputation to be attacked without defending it. And having met with some unhandsome treatment from a person in Dublin, to whom I never offered the least injury (unless he thinks telling him the truth to be such), I am willing to have my Cause tried at your Bar; who, as you will not favour the guilty, so neither will you condemn the innocent. And whether I am such or not, "The Dublin Scuffle" will give you the clearest idea. But, since no man's profession will justify him, without a correspondent practice, I have designed this Letter, to give you some account of my *Conversation* (or method of living) whilst I was in Ireland.

The occasion of my first going into this Kingdom is so well known, and manifestly lawful, that I shall not so much as hint at it in this place. But how my *Conversation* has been while I resided there, is the task that lies now upon me to set forth in a true light; which I will do with such sincerity, that I will even dissect my breast to you, and at the same time make not only your Ladyship, but the whole world, my Confessor; but still with this restriction, as far as my frail nature and weak memory will permit me; and where that is defective, if any where invention has supplied it, I hope you will excuse it: for,

Madam, you will find (at least they will that are touched in the following pages) that

"Whatsoe'er of Fiction I bring in,
Tis so like Truth, it seems at least akin."

Madam, this "Account of my Conversation" was all written in haste, and most of it at Pat's Coffee-house in Dublin, as people were dinning my ears with News, or some Queries about my Auction: so that, if neither method nor style is what might be expected from me when I address to you, I hope to make some amends in my "Summer Ramble," which I shall dedicate to your Ladyship, as an acknowledgement of the honour you did me in corresponding with me whilst in Ireland, and for your attempts since to quiet my mind upon the loss of one of my best Friends; for I may call *D—e* so, if high birth, virtue, wit, and constancy, can entitle to that character. But to proceed to the "Account of my Conversation."

This, Madam, for method's sake, will best be comprehended under two general heads, the discharge of "my duty towards God," and "towards Man." These two contain the whole of a Christian; and, if I take the great Apostle of the Gentiles for my guide, I hope I shall not wander out of my way; for he has declared this was his care, to "keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards Man."

The first of these heads, which respects God, comprehends all the duties of Religion, which is a thing in this age admits of so many several modes and forms, that, without some further explanation, it is difficult to know what is meant by it: for a man can now no sooner speak of Religion, but the next question is, "Pray what Religion are you of?" I need not tell you, Madam, that Religion in general is a sense of our duty to God, and the worship we owe to him, according to the best of our understandings, in order to the obtaining of a blessed Immortality. And this likewise consists in two parts: first, in its principles; and secondly in putting those principles in practice; for principles without practice teach men to be hypocrites, but never make them Christians. They may indeed, by a profession of Religion,

deceive others ; but without the practice of it they more fatally deceive themselves. I will therefore, Madam, in the first place, shew you what my principles are, and then give you an account of what my practice was in Dublin.

If then you ask me, Madam, "what persuasion I am of?" my answer is, "I am that which the Disciples were called at Antioch ; that is, I am a Christian ; a follower of Christ, a servant of God, the world's master, and my own man." I do not think Religion to consist so much in names as things. Christ's Church is not limited to any nation or party, but extends to all places, is propagated in all ages, and containeth all saving truth, and in this sense is universal or Catholic. And therefore I love a good man, of whatever profession, or by what name or title soever he is distinguished. A good Navigator can sail with any wind ; and why should not a Christian be as dextrous to improve all opportunities that may facilitate "his passage to the Heavenly Canaan?" The various lines that are made from different parts of the circumference may all tend to one and the same centre. I have a large charity, and exercise it to all in whom I see goodness and virtue shew itself, whatever their particular persuasions are. And conformable to this opinion was my practice in Dublin. One Sunday I heard Dr. *Sterne* ; another, Mr. *Sinclair* ; a third, Mr. *Searl* ; a fourth, Mr. *Boyse* ; a fifth, Mr. *Weld* ; a sixth, the Anabaptist in Francis-street. And when *William Penn* came thither, I went with the crowd to hear him ; for when I think of *George Keith* in London, and *William Dobbs* in Dublin (two persons of great sense, and as strict justice), I must think that some Quakers are Christians ; and, for aught I know, we contend with them about words, while we think the same thing. Sure I am, their celebrated *light within* is what we call "the dictates of Conscience ;" and if we could but get them to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, we should begin to call them Brethren. And thus you see, by my going one Sunday to one persuasion, and a second to another, that "I can go to Heaven with any wind, and with any name ;" and shall think it a happiness to go into Canaan, though it were through a Red Sea.

Madam, it is true I was born to travel, and am now pursuing my destiny; but, if I wander the length of the Map, and never see you here, yet I hope we shall meet in Heaven at last. What though we differ in our way thither, I hope we pardon one another. Men go to China both by the Streights and by the Cape. The good men of Ireland (such as Bp. *King* and Mr. *Boyse*) perhaps contend about words, when they heartily think the same thing. But, whatever the opinions of others are in Polemical matters, yet as to myself I dare boldly say, I am, or should be, an honest man; for Virtue is my business; my writing is my recreation, which made Iris say "she would bury me with a pen in my hand." God is my Father, the Church my Mother (I need not say this or that Church, if I am sound in the main points), the Saints my Brethren, and all that need me my Friends. And I am likewise a Friend to myself; for shall I have it, and want necessities? "What though I am now in a far country," yet I have in myself, as Randolph says, "an household government;" and wherever I go do intend to live

Lord of myself, accountable to none
But to my conscience, and my God alone.

Now, Madam, give me leave to say, however romantic some may think this to be, that I have found, notwithstanding my many infirmities, more peace and satisfaction in the discharge of a good conscience, than in all the pleasures this world can give.

In the next place, Madam, I shall give you a short Diary of my practice in Ireland with respect to Religion. But I will first give you a relation of a rencounter I had with a sort of Atheist I met in Dublin. I need not tell you, Madam, that Atheism and Irreligion abound every where: and the cause is apparent; for when men have given themselves up so long to the conduct of "their own lusts," that they have reason to fear the justice of God due to them "for their sins," they would fain hope to secure themselves by denying his Being. I cannot say this lewd Fellow I met in Dublin absolutely denied the Being of a God (and I much question whether there be a professed Atheist in the world); yet I may say his Dis-

courses, as well as his manner of living, had so much of Atheism in them, as they made me tremble. I will not insert his Atheistical Discourses, for they are better forgot than published; but I will send you some of the Arguments I used to refute his Atheistical notions. Whether they satisfied him or not I cannot say, for he made little reply. I am sure my design was good; but whether I argued as I ought, I leave you, Madam, to judge. What I advanced was to this effect: "There are two ways for us to attain to the knowledge of God (or a first principle), by whom the world was made; the one is natural, the other supernatural. That which I call supernatural is what God has revealed in his Word, wherein he has given us the clearest idea of himself, as he by whom all things were made. But, because they who deny the Being of a God do generally make a scoff at his Word, I will only insist upon that which is natural. Nature informs us that there was a Sovereign Being, the Author and Preserver of all things: this truth I can see with my eyes, when I either behold the Earth, view the Heavens, or reflect upon myself. When I see such things as are not made but by a Superior Cause, I am obliged to acknowledge and adore a Being which cannot be made, and which made all things else. When I consider myself, I am sure that I could not be without a beginning; therefore it follows, that a person like me could not give me to be; and by consequence this puts me upon seeking out a First Being, who, having had no beginning, must be the Original of all other things. When my reason conducts me to this First Principle, I conclude evidently that this Being cannot be limited, because limits suppose a necessity of production and dependance; and, if unlimited, it must be a sovereign and incomprehensible Being. And this prevents all curious inquirers from comprehending what God is; for who can define that which is unlimited, or comprehend that which is incomprehensible? One must be blind indeed to be ignorant of a First Principle; but one must be infinite, like Him, to be able to speak exactly of Him; for the most that can be said by us, though it may perhaps content the curious, yet it can never satisfy the rational soul."

This, Madam, was the substance of what I spake on that occasion, which, as I said before, I leave to your censure. And, to be yet more free with you, I have those awful thoughts of the Divine Being, that I would never think of Him but with the most profound veneration; and therefore always choose to think of Him rather in the abstract than the concrete; for, if I think Him good, my finite thought is ready to terminate that good in a conceived subject; and if I conceive Him great, my bounded conceit is apt to cast Him into a comprehensible figure. I would therefore conceive Him a diffused goodness without *quality*, and represent Him an incomprehensible greatness without *quantity*. And therefore I choose, as Mr. *Ellis* advises, “to shun all gross representations of God, or likening Him, so much as in my thought, to any creature. I am not to worship Him after my own conceit or fancy, but according to the rules He hath given in his Word.” And, to speak my thoughts of Religion in a few words, I look upon that to be the best Religion which is pure and peaceable, and takes no pleasure in the expence of blood; whose principles are consonant to the Word of God; and which takes most from the creature, and gives most to the Creator. This is that Religion which I assure myself is the right, which I will endeavour to practise while I live, and rely on when I die. — And this brings me to (what I promised) an account of my practice in Dublin; which I will give you in the form of a Diary.

I freely acknowledge, Madam, that the Sacred Oracles of the Old and New Testaments do sufficiently instruct us in the performance of all those duties which God requires of us. But, though the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the very Word of God, which holy Men of God spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and contain all things necessary to salvation, and are the standing sealed rule of Faith and Life; yet I believe that every one has some particular mode of his own, by which he steers the course of his devotions; especially as to what he performs in his closet.

But to proceed to my Diary. And here I shall first acquaint you how I spend *Saturday*, which is usually a

day of hurry and business with the generality of men; and, as the same winds up the week, so do people their affairs. But, for my own part, I confess I never affect multiplicity of business on that day; but, on the contrary, have frequently shunned it, though I have observed it has often fallen to my share upon those days to have a great deal; for last Saturday I was so taken up with adjusting some controversies that did arise concerning the affairs of my Auction, that I had hardly leisure to take my dinner. However, they were terminated so much the more to my satisfaction, by how much all parties were brought to acquiesce in my determination. By this you see, Madam, I am no *Sabbatarian*; but for those that are, I am so far from having any hard thoughts of them, that I both pity and respect them; for I can never believe it is an error of wilfulness, but of ignorance only in them. And whereas I do understand divers of them, at least, make a conscience of keeping both days, because they would be sure to be right; I think I have just reason to honour them for it, and cannot choose but think much better of them than those who totally deny the morality of the Sabbath-day. I confess, Madam, I do not remember to have read any thing material concerning the controversy about the said days, and that I am as much at a loss to know certainly when our Christian Sabbath begins, when there is such a variation in the site of places and countries, and that now we experimentally find, where it is day in one place, it is night in another. And, Madam, as I know of no person living with whom I can so well satisfy my scruples and inform my understanding than yourself, who are so well skilled both in Polemical and Practical Divinity, so I humbly request your sentiments in this case, promising to make your practice my own.

But, Madam, having told you how I spend Saturday, I am next to inform you how I spend the *Sabbath*; for in the practice of Religion I look upon the sanctifying of the Lord's-day to be a principal part. Judge *Hale* recommends to his Children "a very strict observation of the Lord's-day;" and tells them "that he had always found that his worldly affairs thrived either more or less the following week as he had kept the Sabbath." And

therefore on Sunday I usually take leave of my bed sooner than on other days, and strive to dismiss as much as I can all worldly affairs out of my thoughts; though I have found them, I acknowledge, like the flies that spoil the Apothecaries' ointment, then most unseasonably thrusting themselves in.

The public worship of God being the principal duty of this day, I made it my practice to bow my knees before my Maker in private before I went thither, and there beg his blessing on the public ordinances; and, previous thereto, have used to read some portion of the Holy Scriptures; being told therein that "every thing is sanctified by the Word of God and Prayer;" which is so much the advantage of a Christian, that I always thought "never Prayer rightly made was made unheard, or heard ungranted." And I believe that Prayer is rightly made, which is made to God, in the name of Christ, in Faith, and offered up with Humility.

When I come to the House of God (I mean the place of his worship, whether it be a Church or a Meeting-house) I always keep myself uncovered whilst I continue there; for, as Holiness becomes his House, so does a behaviour mixed with reverence and godly fear in all that wait upon him. And therefore, during the time of Prayer, I either kneel or stand up (believing the humblest posture to be best when I am invoking the Majesty of Heaven); and, fixing my eyes upward, I endeavour to apply every part of God's worship to my own conscience, and the present state of my own soul.

I love those Sermons best that check my conscience for sin, and cheer it with applying God's mercy; beginning with the Law, and ending with the Gospel; searching the wound first, and pouring in the oil of consolation afterwards. And those I reckon the worst Preachers, that soothe men up in their sins, persuading men they are good Christians when they do not know what it is to be born again. Yet I do not love to be pragmatical in censuring of Ministers; I endeavour, like the industrious Bee, to suck honey from the Flowers of Devotion; and not, like the Spider, to convert what was intended for nourishment into poison. If any thing drops from the Pulpit which I think not so pertinent, I cover it with

"the mantle of Love," and strive to remember that which is better ; for, as the divine Herbert observes, "if the Parson be dull, God preaches to the Hearers a Lecture of Patience." — In the singing of Psalms, I labour more to have my soul inflamed with love and zeal, than to have my spirits cheered either by the harmony of voices, or sound of the Organ ; and could heartily wish that Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalms (though well enough 150 years ago) were now removed, and Mr. Tate's Translation put in their place.—As to the receiving of the Holy Sacrament, it has ever been my opinion that whoever participates of that solemn ordinance (lest he "eat and drink damnation") should retire himself from the world for a day at least, and by a strict recollection of his actions, and serious examination of his own life, attended with Fasting and Prayer, endeavour so to prepare himself, that he may come as a worthy Receiver to the Table of the Lord ; that so, by the strength he receives by that spiritual *viaticum*, he may be enabled to "run with patience the race that is set before him ;" and therein, "through the assistance of Divine Grace," so to run as to obtain the prize.

After the public duties of the day are over, I return to my chamber, and enter into my closet, spending some time therein in meditating on what I have heard, and in reiterated addresses to the Throne of Grace, to follow it with his blessing ; well knowing, that "though Paul may plant, and Apollo water, yet it is God that teaches me to profit." And if in the evening (as sometimes there does) a Friend comes to visit me, I spend my time with him in discoursing on divine things ; whereby "our hearts are warmed," and our affections stirred up to praise God for his goodness ; and hereby find the benefit of the "communion of Saints," which is too much neglected, though an article of the Creed. Sure I am all the Members of the Mystical Body of Christ have fellowship with the Father and Son by one Holy Spirit ; with Angels, in their love, care, and ministries ; with the Saints in Heaven, in their love and prayers ; and with one another, in the same Faith, Hope, Word, and Sacrament ; and therefore should often confer about heavenly things, "holding the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

The operations of the mind being in their own nature much more fatiguing than the labours of the body, it is my usual custom on Sunday night to go somewhat sooner to bed than ordinary. However, I durst not adventure to go and compose myself to such "a rest as so much resembles Death itself," and from which many have awaked in Eternity, without recommending myself to the care and protection of the Almighty; and to this I have endeavoured always to have the greater regard, since, besides the Divine Authority, which plainly enjoins it, it is a duty so clearly manifested even by the light of Nature, that it is a wonder almost that any should neglect it. I hope you do not, Madam, take this as either dictating or reproving, when it is never meant so by me, who have justly entertained quite other conceptions of you; and am so far from supposing myself a pattern in any respect for your imitation, that I should think myself in danger of running into the notion of a Perfectionist if I could but come near you.

This, Madam, is the method in which I would spend the Sabbath; and is what I have endeavoured to practise; though I must own, to my shame, with so much weakness, and so many infirmities, that it seems rather an account of what I ought to do, than of what I have done: for, though it is my duty to watch narrowly over my heart, affections, and thoughts, and all my outward actions, and in a more particular manner should look upon the sanctifying of the Lord's-day to be a principal part of Religion, yet I must own I have not been so careful as I ought "to sanctify the Lord in my heart" on that day, or perform some duties that were incumbent upon me. I have not made Jehovah my fear and my dread, as I ought; but have indulged myself in sloth, spoken my own words, and thought my own thoughts, contrary to God's holy will and commandment.

I must also accuse myself of being too negligent in preparing myself to attend upon God in his solemn and public appointments, rushing often into his presence without that due preparation which he requires. Neither have I behaved myself in his House with that fear and reverence as I ought; nor heard God's Word with that attention which so awful a message called for, nor

improved it to my spiritual nourishment as I ought to have done. I am also sensible that I have been more ready to find fault with the Minister, than to obey the Message he has brought ; and have not spoken of other men and their affairs with that care, charity, and affection, as I should have done, but rather have discovered their defects. I likewise acknowledge, that in singing of Psalms I have not sung with that grace in my heart which God's Word requires ; and have had my ear more tickled with the harmony of the musick, than my soul inflamed with zeal to sing the praises of God.

I do also confess I have not had such sorrow and repentance for my sins past as I ought ; nor have used such diligence in the daily examining of my conscience, and amendment of my life, as I should have done. I have also reason to be humbled, that I have not offered up my prayers unto God with alacrity and fervour of spirit, as I should have done, but have been often distracted, slothful, and cold in my devotions. I also acknowledge I have been proud and vain-glorious in my words and actions. I have not thought so humbly of myself as I should have done ; nor kept my senses in the House of God with that care as became a Christian, especially my eyes and my ears. For all which, and many more Errors of my Life, which through neglect and inadvertency may have escaped my cognizance, I humbly beg pardon and forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

Thus, Madam, with the Pelican, have I dissected my heart, to shew you where the defects of Humanity reside. I have here, as I told you before, made the whole world (but principally yourself) my Confessor. I will only add as to this point, that, if my tongue and heart agree not in this confession, my confession will be of no value. He that confesses with his tongue, and wants confession in his heart, is either a vain man or an hypocrite ; and he that confesses with his heart, and wants it in his tongue, is either proud or timorous.

Madam, having given you some account how I endeavoured to spend the Sabbath in Dublin, I shall next inform you how I spent my time on the Week-days. I have told you, in the account I gave you of spending Sunday, that it was my practice to go to bed sooner on

those nights than at other times. I shall further add, that I am no sooner lain down on Sunday night but I compose myself to rest, being so far from being terrified with apparitions, *spectrums*, and the like, as I have heard some have been (who for that very reason durst never lie alone), that, I humbly adore the Majesty of Heaven for it, I fear nothing but God and Sin.

When I awake, I am transported to find myself so sprightly every way; which made me often wonder what an excellent thing *Sleep* was, considering it as an inestimable jewel, for an hour of which, if a Tyrant laid down his crown, he should not be able to purchase it; that it was that "golden chain," which tied health and our bodies together; that, while sleeping, none complained of pains, wants, cares, or captivities; and that, though the story of "Endymion's nap" for threescore and fifteen years, and then awaking as lively as if he had slept but six hours, be in itself but a mere fable, yet the moral is good, and plainly indicates the necessity and usefulness of rest to our natures, as instituted by the God of Nature himself.

But to proceed in my Journal. In the morning, as soon as the Cinque-ports are open, I send up some private ejaculations to Heaven, giving God thanks that my eyes are open to see the light of another day. After this I get up, and make my most solemn addresses to the Divine Majesty, remembering Randolph's words:

"First worship God: He that forgets to pray
Bids not himself 'Good Morrow,' nor 'Good Day.'"

In these sorts of duties it has been my constant practice to be rather short and fervent, than long and indifferent. And as we ought to make use of every just and proper motive to excite us to our duty, I will humbly say, I have been the more constant in my practice of this morning-duty, as principally out of a sense of my bounden duty towards God, so also from a consideration of the example of a Person of Honour (I mean the late Lord Delamere), who has left it upon record to his Children, "That whenever he happened, which was very seldom, to omit his duty in this kind, though upon never so urgent an occasion, he always found some cross

interruptions and disappointments in the business of that day."

Being now, Madam, to sally out into the City, under a necessity of making myself more particularly known, in respect to the affairs I went about, I will presume to suppose you might be inquisitive to understand what sort of figure was proper for me to make. As to my cloaths, I confess I was never over-curious, affecting always to appear more plain and cleanly than gay and finical. The first suit of apparel that ever mortal man wore came neither from the Mercer's shop nor the Merchant's warehouse; and yet Adam's Bill would have been sooner taken than a Knight's Bond now. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms to become free of the Weavers. Our old Grandsire's breeches were not worth near the value of King Stephen's hose, that cost but a poor noble; Adam's holiday suit being made of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves sewed together, and Eve's best gown of the same piece. However, it was both necessary and convenient I should rather appear above than below my quality; and as such I adventured to visit my Auction-Room.

In the various emergencies of each day, I send up ejaculatory prayers to the God of all mercies, for his direction, blessing, and conduct, as the matter does require, and as God has commanded, who has bid me "in all my ways acknowledge him," and has graciously promised to direct my paths.

In the Summer-time I rose early in the morning, and walked abroad into the fields, finding those occasional meditations that such a walk presented me with subjects for, proper to raise my devotion to a greater fervour; the beauty of the Creation leading me by insensible steps to the adoration of the great Creator, the Source and Fountain of all excellences.

My walking along the Strand (a mile from Dublin) gave me a pleasant prospect of the sea, whose rolling waves put me in mind of the power of Omnipotence, who commands both the Winds and the Sea, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

■ Leaving the Strand, I walked up a hill into the fields, by the side of Ballihaugh-lane; which I thought one of the best prospects about Dublin, having Heaven, Earth, and Sea, in view at the same moment. It represented to my thoughts the exceeding swiftness of spiritual bodies; which, though far from infinite, yet have a motion quicker than the eye, and swifter than our thoughts—thus, by the things I have seen, I have been led into the contemplation of unseen things. After about an hour's meditations in this nature, my usual way was to return to my chamber, unless a previous appointment to meet any one about business hindered me: for, though I had given the conduct of my Auctions to Mr. Wilde (who faithfully discharged the trust I reposed in him), yet was I not so freed from business myself as not to have applications made to me, both by the Binders and other persons.

After some time being in my chamber, and having taken some refreshment, I went to Dick's, in Skinner-row; where, after calling for a dish of coffee, my questions were, "Where is *Darby*?" (he is Dick's servant, but as honest a lad as lives in Dublin); "Is there a Packet come from England?" And that which prompted me to this enquiry was, that I had then hopes of hearing from my Wife; distance and absence having so endeared her to me, that I was never well but when I was writing to her, or hearing from her. But, if a Packet came, and there was no Letter for me, it struck me into such a melancholy (for fear Valeria was ill) that I could hardly reconcile myself to a good humour all that day. Madam, perhaps this will make you ask how long I have been absent from her? Why, Madam, not above a month, but am fallen already to *telling the minutes*, and can scarce live at this cruel distance. Methinks, Madam, I could pass through an army of beauties untouched, for one glimpse of the dear Valeria (for so I design to call her). It is she I love (for why should not I?) above beauty, wealth, and those gaudy trifles that dazzle the eyes of others. Neither can *S—*, nor the worst of her Enemies, lessen my opinion of her. Might I talk of her piety (for she is too modest to hear it mentioned) I would affirm, she is so great a Scripturist, that her memory is a sort of Concordance, and the only one I have occasion for: and for the rest of

her life, it is nothing else but devotion. And, which yet enhances her value, she puts me not off with a common friendship. It is true, an indifferent love would have been good enough for the man that would court her with the blaze of gold; to the fop that has nothing but honour or beauty (that very jest when found in a man) to plead for him. I loved her for better reasons, and therefore ask for a nearer intimacy, a more lasting happiness:

Sense is enough, where senses only woo;
 But reasoning Lovers must have Reason too.
 No wonder if the Body quickly cloy;
 But Minds are infinite, and like themselves enjoy.

A woman of sense (and such I find Valeria) is a noble prize, had she nothing but the treasure of her mind. All the World is pictured in a soul; I am sure it is so, and that she acts new charms in every thing. Then, Madam, if you ever marry, and would be happy in wedlock, marry for pure love; for Valeria and I shall then be upon the square with you; for we can love more in one day than others do in all their lives. She that marries a husband on this foundation will be still finding new charms either in his words or looks. For my own share, I do assert, whilst dignified Sparks seek diversion from their Misses, and devote their lives to the idle pursuit of a Hound or a Hawk; I thank God, my fancy is not so rambling but I can confine it to one dear Charmer, to whom, if she loves like me, I will prove the most kind and tender thing in the world. In a word, I bend all the faculties and powers of my body and mind to please and serve her; all I have, or can command, shall lie at her feet. Neither do I love at so cold a rate as to desire any of the goods of Fortune but for her sake; and this loving humour (as Iris found in the like case) will not only last for a day, or a year, but to the end of her life.

Then what shall I do for a sight of Valeria? but it cannot be had; so that I am now constrained to have recourse to Philosophy, though it can supply me with no other remedies but patience; and the thoughts of this made me still duller than I was before. But, as dull as it made me before I left the Coffee-house for (though love has led me out of the way) I do not forget I am still at

Dick's. I looked upon the Bill I published for that morning; then read what public Papers came from England in the last Packet; and from thence, my stomach (the most infallible sort of clock) having chimed all in, I went to dinner, which was usually at a Cook's-shop, a Widow's, in Crane-lane, whom I always found very ready to please me, and reasonable in her demands; a thing which few of the Dublin Cooks are guilty of; for, though both Flesh and Fish are sold cheap in their Markets, yet a man may dine cheaper at a Cook's in London. I perceive in these Ordinaries, if a man makes a noise, laughs in fashion, and has a grim face to promise quarrelling, he shall be much observed; but, though this was none of my talent, yet when I was set down to dinner, I looked as big, and ate as confidently, as any of them all. When we had filled our bellies, we all began to talk; and made as great a noise as *Dover Court**; for every man was willing to say something, though it was nothing to the purpose, rather than be thought to have nothing to say. I had but very bad sauce to my dinner this day; but that, Madam, mistake me not, did not arise from the fault of the Cook where I was, but the Company; there being in a manner nothing that was serious among them. One's talk was lewd; another was prophaneness all over; nothing could be heard from him but Railleries (if I may call them so) against serious Godliness; one while in jest, then again in earnest; and sometimes, to shew his wit (as I may well suppose), with an intermixture of both. Others there were, who seemingly little believed either Heaven or Hell, to reward or punish; or a Supreme and Righteous God and Judge of all; yet made no bones of calling the Dreadful and Omnipotent Being for a witness to every frivolous, and, I may say, many a false thing; for he that makes no conscience of Swearing will, in my opinion, make less of Lying; and it may well (if yet it be not) be made a Proverb, "A common Swearer is a common Liar." Of all the vices that are but too rife among the children of men, this of prophane swearing is certainly the most unaccountable one of any. Something may be said for lying, as that it is profitable; for drinking,

* Where all were talkers, and no hearers.

that it is for the good company ; of wenching, that it's natural for kind to propagate its kind, &c. : but for swearing what can any man say ? Even nothing at all. Upon a mild expostulation with one of the sparks about the usefulness of it, all he could say for it was, " that it adorned his discourse." Good God ! to what a pass is the World come, and where will these things terminate ! But this conversation (which consisted chiefly in noise and nonsense) was quickly at an end ; for, dinner being ended, away went every one, according as his business or his humour led him ; some to the College, some to the Play-house, others to Court, a few to their Shops, and *Dunton* to his Auction. When I came there, my first word usually was, " Where is *Wilde* ? what Sale last night ? Call *Price*." " Sir, here is your account ready cast up. Thirty Pounds received, and here is the discharge of it." " Call *Nelson*, call *Robinson*, call *James*, call *Bacon*. Are the Bills printed ? and were they dispersed at the Coffee-houses, College, and Tholsel ?" Thus, Madam, you see I was a man of business ; and that my province was, to have a general inspection over all my Servants, and to stir them up to their duty with the utmost application.

When I had spent about an hour's time at my Auction, and had seen every one in their proper post, I either went to visit a Friend, with whom sometimes I walked into the fields ; or else went home to my lodging, and spent my time in my chamber, either in reading "*Montaigne's Essays*" (for it is a Book I value at a great rate), or else in writing to my Friends in England. And, after the shadows of the evening have put a period to the day, I used to make a trip to my Auction, and crowd myself among the Gentlemen that went thither to buy pennyworths ; and so could, unobserved, observe how things went. And here, to do them justice, I observed that several Gentlemen bid like themselves, and as those that understood the worth and value of the Books they bid for. Others as much betrayed their ignorance, and took no other measures for their bidding but from the bulk of the Book ; if it was large (whatever the worth of it was) they bid accordingly ; and yet, to do these right, if they had but paid for what they had so bought, I have no reason to complain of them. Others there were, that in their

bidding took their measures from what they heard another bid before them ; and two of these happening to meet together, would strive so to out-bid each other, that they would sometimes raise but an indifferent Book to a good price. And these (provided still they paid for them) were very honest chapmen, and helped out those that went too often at an under-rate. But, whatsoever any bid, it was their own act and deed ; for I must do myself that justice to assert, that I had none of those unworthy ways that have been used in some other Auctions. I had not one Setter (to advance the price, and draw on unwary Bidders) in any of my five Sales ; for, howsoever I may have been aspersed in that particular, by Patrick Campbell, I have that satisfaction in myself of my sincerity and innocence herein, as is beyond the testimony of a thousand witnesses. Having diverted myself a while with seeing the various humours of the Bidders in my Auction, I went away as unperceived as I came thither, and thence retired into my chamber ; where, having spent some time in meditation, I make it my endeavour to recollect the actions of the day, and make a scrutiny into my heart, to see what peccant humours have exerted themselves there (being jealous of myself, that I have not been so much upon my watch as I ought to have been) ; and having thus examined how things stand, I strive, by an humble confession of what I find myself guilty of, and a hearty sorrow for it, to reconcile myself to my offended Maker, and so “ strike a Tally in the Exchequer of Heaven,” as an ingenious Author expresses it, “ for my *Quietus est*,” before I close my eyes, that I may leave no burthen on my conscience. And after my Addresses to Heaven, by way of confession, &c. my bed is the next place, where I know no more of myself till seven next morning (so strange is the nature of sound sleep) than if I had never been ; at which hour I usually digest the future business of the day.

Yet, Madam, as sound as I sleep, I *dream* often. You know, Madam, thought must be active ; but I take little heed in the morning what the visions of the night have been, unless that night when I dream of *D—ne’s* appearing to me, and much less care to remember them ; but my experience teaches me that the over-night

thoughts come fresh upon me the next day ; and how to digest and settle them, was the morning business ; the main whereof, next after my morning's devotion, was to answer those Letters I had received from England.

My custom always is to begin with my Wife's, and then to proceed to *D—ne's*, and then to my other Relations and Friends, as near as I can, in due order of place and affection. I seal them in the same manner, only I retain that of my Wife's to be the first perused, and last closed.

Thus, Madam, I have given you a brief but true account of my general method of living ; and by such steps as these, through the help of divine grace, "I strive to climb to Heaven ;" and sometimes find my soul upon the wing thither before I am aware. There is, methinks, no object in the world that is more delightful than when, in a star-light night, I survey "the spangled canopy of Heaven ;" for, if my mind happen to be overcast with melancholy, when I look up and view the glittering firmament, and hope in a short time to soar above those starry regions, methinks I breathe already the air of a new world ; and all those black vapours that overwhelmed my soul, are fled in an instant. I then scorn this transitory world and all its fading pleasures, considering the vanity of the one, and the emptiness of the other. Thus still my soul moves upward, as all the heavenly bodies do ; but yet, as those bodies are often snatched away to the West, by the rapid motion of the *Primum Mobile* ; so by those epidemical infirmities incident to human nature, I am often turned a clean contrary course, though my soul still persists in her proper motion. And I have oft occasion to be angry with myself, when I consider, that whereas my bountiful Creator intended my body, though a lump of clay, should be "a temple of his holy Spirit," my corrupt affections should turn it so often to a bedlam, and my excesses to an hospital. But, as my sin troubles me, so my trouble for sin comforts me ; and I believe there is less danger in committing the sin I delight in, than in delighting in the sin I have committed. In a word, Madam, I have experienced that the way to God is by myself ; and the way to myself is by my own corruptions. If I baulk this

way, I err; if I travel by the creatures, I wander; for the motion of the Heavens will give my soul no rest, nor will the virtue of herbs increase mine; the height of all Philosophy, both natural and moral, being "to know myself;" and the end of this knowledge is, to know God, the knowledge of whom is the perfection of love; God being our chiefest good, and the enjoyment of him our highest happiness.

And now, Madam, having given you a specimen of my way of living in Dublin, both on the Sabbath and on the week-days; I come in the next place to give you "a Journal of my Conversation," with respect to the occurrences I met with here; by which you may see what little occasion I gave for the "Dublin Scuffle."

It was in April when I came to Dublin, and near eleven at night when I landed; so that it was with some difficulty that I got a lodging for that night; for which I own myself beholden to Mrs. *Lisle*, the Widow, at the Duke's-Head tavern in Castle-street, the first place I drank at in Ireland. I have always the unhappiness of being sick at sea; which, though it be very irksome to bear, yet I find this good in it, that it endears the sense of God's goodness to me when I come to land, and makes me the more thankful for my preservation; which having performed as well as the fatigue I had been under would permit, I betook myself to my chamber, and slept that night without rocking, though in the morning both my bed and chamber seemed to me to have the same motion that my fluctuating cabin had the day before. Being got up the next morning, I again renewed my thanks to God for my preservation at sea, and safe arrival at Dublin. And now being dressed as it were in print, for my business now was to see and be seen, I marched very methodically out of my lodgings with two (I cannot say a pair of) gloves in one hand, and a cane in the other—and it is not long since I had done sowing my wild oats; and now I am earnestly hunting after gape-seed. You would smile, Madam, if you had the picture of your *quondam* friend at the Black Raven, like an over-grown oaf newly come to town, staring and gazing at all the signs, and every thing else in the streets; pacing out their length, and enquiring ever and anon, "what call you this

street?" "Who dwells in yon great house?" "Where fine coach is that?" For thus I rambled through every street, alley, and corner of this spacious town; as you will find at large in my "Summer Travels," where two hundred persons will see their pictures, that at present little expect it. But I leave them here, to tell you the first visit I made in Dublin was to *Nat Gun*, a Bookseller, in Essex-street, to whom I was directed by my Friend Mr. *Richard Wilde*, whom I had left behind me in London. This *Son of a Gun* gave me a hearty welcome; and, to do him justice, he is as honest a man as the world affords; and is so esteemed by all that know him. He is a firm adherer to the Established Government, and a declared Enemy to Popery and Slavery. So far from dissembling; that he knows not how to go about it; and will speak his mind, how much soever it may be to his prejudice. He understands Stenography as well as Bookbinding: and he himself is a sort of a short-hand character; for he is a little fellow, but one that contains a great deal. And as he is a most incomparable Writer of Short-hand, so he speaks it as well as writes it. And, to complete his character, he is a constant Shop-keeper, without earnest business calls him to the *Drumcondrah*. This Gun was a constant and generous Bidder at my Auctions, where he bought a great quantity of Books, which he as honestly paid for.

At Mr. Gun's shop I met with Mr. *Bentley*, another Bookseller; but his principal business is binding; whom I afterwards employed considerably. He is a very honest man, but has met with misfortunes in the world, by thinking some others as honest as himself, who did not prove so. I asked Mr. Bentley, "Whether there was not some Eminence in the City, from whence I might survey it?" He told me, "There was; and that from the top of the Tholsel the whole City might be seen. So we went to the Tholsel, where we ascended about half a score stairs from the street, which brought us into a spacious room, supported by great pillars, and flagged (as they term it here) with free-stone, with open balusters on each side towards the street; its figure is rather an oblong than a square. This is the place they call "The Change," where the Merchants meet every

day, as on the Royal Exchange in London. In a corner, at the South-east part, is a Court of Judicature, where they keep their Public Sessions for the City. Having viewed the lower part, we went up a large pair of stairs into a public room, which had a large balcony looking into Skinner Row; and from this balcony I spoke with my Friend Mr. *George Larkin*, who was then at Mr. *Ray's* Printing-house over-against it. He no sooner saw me, but came over to congratulate my safe arrival, expressing himself very joyful to see me; and I was as glad as he, we having a long time had a kindness for each other, and conversed by letter even when I was in America. Having said so much of him, you will not wonder, Madam, if I send you an epitome of his character, intending to do it more largely in my "Summer Ramble." He is of a middling stature, somewhat gross, of a sanguine complexion, and a hale constitution both of body and mind; and (which I admire wherever I find it) he is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his stars have not been very propitious to him with respect to his outward circumstances, he having had great losses, yet he has borne all with such a presence of mind, as shewed his losses to be the effect of his misfortunes, and not his faults. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. He is a particular votary of the Muses; and I have seen some of his Poems that cannot be equalled; but there is one thing more peculiar to him, which is, that whatever he does, is upon the *Account Civil*.

I went up with my Friends, Madam, to the top of the Tholsel, and there had a view of the whole City: but a storm that then arose, took from us much of the pleasure of the prospect. But of that, and the spacious chambers over the Change, where the Lord Mayor * and Aldermen meet, and other curiosities which I saw there, as also of the government of the City, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Assemblies, I shall give a more particular account in my "Summer Ramble." But this I will say here, Madam, that of all the Cities in the King's domi-

* For so the Chief Magistrate of the City is styled there, as well as in London.

nions, Dublin, next to London, does justly claim the precedence.

It was at the Tholsel I met Mr. *Dell*, a person whose understanding and generous temper set him above the common rate of men, and shew him to be every way a Gentleman; I could not but love him for these qualifications, but much more as he was an old acquaintance of my honoured Mother-in-law*; and, Madam, you cannot blame me for this, as she treats me with that tenderness, that I think her my own Mother revived, and I find shall love her as much. Mr. *Dell* shewed me a most particular respect at our first meeting, and continued his favours to the last minute I stayed in Ireland, being one of those that were so obliging as to see me on ship-board.

From the Tholsel, Mr. *Dell*, Mr. *Bentley*, and I, were going to the Tavern; but Mr. *Larkin*, by the way, would have me go into *Dick's* Coffee-house, where I had been advised by Mr. *Wilde* to keep my Auctions. I readily agreed to his motion, and went up, saw it, and liked it, as proper for my purpose; *Dick* shewing me all the civility I could desire; and I must say this of *Dick*, notwithstanding our after-quarrel, that he is a witty and ingenious man, makes the best coffee in Dublin; and is very civil and obliging to all his customers; of an open and generous nature; has a peculiar knack at bantering, and will make rhymes to any thing. He is of a cheerful facetious temper, and, generally speaking, fair in his dealing; and, had not Patrick assaulted him with the temptation of a double price, he and I should never have quarrelled. And yet, for all that, I must do him the justice to say, he carried it civilly to me to the very last; and was so kind as to come, with my friend Mr. *Dell*, to give me a farewell when I left Ireland. Thus much for *Dick*. As for his Wife, I shall say this, she is an industrious woman, handsome enough, one that knows her duty to her Husband, and how to respect her customers; and, in a word, is what a Wife ought to be; and I must own, though her Husband and I scuffled, she treated me always with much respect.

From *Dick's* we went to the Tavern, where, having drank a bottle or two, and related the fatigues of my

* Madam Nicholas. These were happy days with Dunton, soon however to change. See before, p. 445, &c. Edit.

Dublin voyage, we parted, and went each to our several lodgings. In my way home I was attacked by an impudent woman, who desired me "to bestow a glass of wine upon her." I made her no other answer than "that the House of Correction stood not far off;" at which she scoured away with all the heels she could make, seeming as much scared as if she had been in the most imminent danger of losing her chastity, when perhaps she could scarce remember the time when she had it.

I hope, Madam, you do not esteem any thing I have said here, to be designed for the magnifying of my own virtues. It is practicable enough for a man to make his reputation clear, and not sin; and assure yourself, I am not insensible that self-praise is a most odious thing in any, and I shall ever account it much more so in myself; however it be, Madam, all my mistakes are entirely submitted to you, who are the best judge of them.

The next day I removed to more convenient quarters, and delivered some letters which I had brought from London. This day Mr. Dell gave me a meeting at Dick's; from whence we went to the Castle, the place of residence for the chief Governors. By Mr. Dell's interest I had here a view of the Lord *Galway's* bed-chamber, and other noble apartments: but I wavered here, designing to speak of them in my "Summer Ramble." However, I will here attempt his Lordship's character, and hope my honest intention herein will something atone for my great defects; and the rather still, as his Lordship's merits are above a Dryden's or a Cowley's pen. I own it is a bold undertaking, to offer at the character of one of the greatest men which our age has produced, especially for one who has not the honour of being personally known to him. However, though I cannot perform this great task as it ought to be, yet I will endeavour at something so like him, that any one at first glance may say it was meant for "the Earl of Galway, one of the present Lords Justices for the Kingdom of Ireland."

Then to proceed, though with a trembling hand, to his Lordship's character. The first thing which is remarkable in him is—He is a person of strict morals, and extraordinary piety. His Lordship is advanced to the honours he now enjoys, by his great humility and per-

sonal merits. The noble blood that has filled his vein, has not swelled his heart ; he is as humble as he is great. He seems set by Heaven on such a conspicuous place, as is that of being Lord Justice of Ireland, on purpose to guide the people into the paths of love and obedience to their God and King. In a word, he uses such an obliging mien to all, as if he thought the only thing valuable in greatness, is the power it gives to oblige.

I would go on with his Lordship's character ; but, as I said before, I find myself unable for this task : so that, Madam, I shall next proceed, for his Lordship's character leads me to it, to give some short account of the present state of the Kingdom, according to my best information, though you may wonder that Dunton should trouble his head with Politics ; but, since such is the custom of Travellers, why may not I thrust myself into the herd ?

The present Governors are, their Excellencies the Lord Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Galway, and the Lord Villiers, now Earl of Jersey. His Lordship has never been here with this character, though he be named in the Commission ; and the present Government is so well administered by those two noble Lords, that I have not heard one man repine at them since I came to Dublin. They have Officers belonging to the Household, such as Steward and Comptroller ; who, on State-days, carry white rods as the ensigns of their office. When they go to Church, the streets, from the Castle-gate to the Church-door, as also the great aisle of the Church, to the foot of the stairs by which they ascend to the place where they sit, are lined with soldiers. They are preceded by the Pursuivants of the Council-chamber, two Maces, and, on State-days, by the King and Pursuivant at Arms, their Chaplains, and Gentlemen of the Household, with Pages and Footmen bare-headed. When they alight from their coach, in which commonly the Lord Chancellor and one of the Prime Nobility sit with them, the Sword of State is delivered to some Lord, to carry before them. And in the like manner they return back to the Castle, where the several courses at dinner are ushered in by kettle-drums and trumpets. I forgot to tell you, Madam, that in these Cavalcades the

Coach, in which they ride, is attended by a small Squadron of Horse; after which follow a long train of coaches that belong to the several Lords and Gentlemen who attend them.

Having given you this short account of the Chief Governors, I shall next proceed to mention something of the estate of the Church, which in all its Canons are not the same with that of England—not that they differ from it in any points of Religion, but only in some circumstances of government; which, by a *Convocation* which has been sometimes held here, may be altered as the present exigences require. It consists of two Houses, *viz.* the Upper, in which the Bishops, and the Lower where the Inferior Clergy sit; but they have not thought it needful to call one since his present Majesty's accession to the Crown. The most Reverend the Archbishops are four; Dr. Michael Boyle, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland; Dr. Narcissus Marsh, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland; Dr. William Palliser, Lord Archbishop of Cashell; and Dr. John Vesey, Lord Archbishop of Tuam. And the Suffragans are eighteen in number. Of this number, three are of his Majesty's Privy-Council, the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, and Clogher, as also the two Primates.

To give you a short character of them, take this, what has been told me by some judicious persons of as well Dissenters as others, that "they are men of such learning, moderation, and piety, that this Church had never a better class of Bishops to govern it."

The Dissenters in Ireland are a very considerable people, as well for their number as wealth; and all unanimous in an hearty zeal for our present happy Government. And indeed, since my coming hither, I have not heard of any one *Jacobite* in the whole Kingdom. They have several Meeting-houses, large and conveniently ordered within; and these are supplied with sober and pious Teachers; among whom I think the Reverend Mr. *Boyse* may justly be named as the chief; one who, by continual and hard study every day, fits himself with new acquisitions towards the happy discharging of his pastoral care; which he expresses with so much meekness, and force of persuasion, as make him at once

mightily beloved and followed. And one thing this Kingdom is extremely happy in, that both persuasions do so well agree towards promoting the common good, as more cannot well be desired ; a great advancer of which union is Mr. *Weld*, a person of sobriety, learning, and solid judgment, and much admired and followed for his preaching.

The *Quakers* are here in great numbers also ; as one might easily perceive, that would have considered the mighty throngs of them which crowded about their great Speaker and Champion *William Penn*, when he came hither to hold forth. I cannot hear of any learned men among them, though some of them are very wealthy, and but few of them poor. They can make use of the *carnal sword*, as well as those who pretend more to it ; as you will believe by this story of one among them, whose name I forget ; who, in the late War, when the *Rapparees* came towards Edenderry, near the bog of Allan, in the King's county, he, among other of the Militia, went forth to engage them, and put them all to the run, except those who were killed in the action. Among them lay one whom the Quaker thought he had killed, and rifled his pockets ; but some months after, when a great number of them burnt Colonel *Purefoy's* house, about three miles from Edenderry, these brisk sparks took the alarm, and, making as considerable a body as they could, marched to *Purefoy's* place, where they found many of the Irish, who had made themselves drunk with the Colonel's strong beer, fast asleep in the ditches. The Quaker, who never was backward in such attempts, finds the same fellow whom he thought he had formerly killed half-tipsy, and in his arms. He called him by his name, saying, " Verily I thought I had of late slain thee ! but now find my mistake : wherefore I purpose to make sure work, and hinder thee from rising any more : "—and so immediately knocked him down with a poll-axe which he used always instead of a sword ; and then cut off his head. Poor Teague never offered at any resistance, nor endeavoured to save himself by flight, but stood to die like a fool.

Our *Red-Lettered Gentlemen* were never under such circumstances here, as now ; for all their Bishops and

Regular Clergy are banished by Act of Parliament, which makes it death to find any of them returned again; so that now they are wholly depending on the Seculars, and every Parish is allowed his Priest; but when he dies, there being none to ordain a new one, it must remain without; and this will be the state of the whole Kingdom in a little time, when the present set of Priests shall be extinct. They have also another Law, that no Papist shall keep a School, nor any one native of a foreign education be admitted to dwell in the Kingdom; so that by these Acts, I think, it will appear plain enough, that the Romish Religion is on its last legs in Ireland; and the present Romanists who survive their Priests must conform to the Protestant Religion, or live and die without the exercise of their own *. I do not pretend to make my judgment upon these methods; but I think the next age will have few people inclinable to any more Rebellions against England. Some of the Papist Lords have put their children to be educated in the Protestant Faith; and several Gentlemen have lately abjured the Romish.

These ghostly Fathers were to render themselves on the first day of May, for transportation, at Dublin, Cork, &c. where their names were entered with the Magistrates of the town. You may guess at the lamentations which were made at parting with such *precious jewels*; and Masses were said, and money begged for them, besides what the people voluntarily gave without asking. One old Friar, called *Father Kereen*, who had been a famous Exorcist, and excellent good at helping cattle that were overlooked or bewitched (for some of the vulgar are so superstitious to believe this), made sale of good store of holy water, "which had helped to cast out Devils," and of several other consecrated *trinkams*, by which, it was said, he acquired such a sum of money as might suffice for his support all his days. And such were the tricks played by many of them on their going into exile; as leaving *holy tokens*, and taking catalogues of their acquaintances names, to "pray for them all the days of their life." Now these kindnesses deserved some returns, which they never failed of; though whether they are as good as their words in remembering them, I leave

* Poor John Dutton was no Prophet. EDIT.

to their own breasts. Before I leave this account of the state of Religion in Ireland, I shall acquaint you with the manner of exorcising their Demoniacs, though for my part I think the Devil is in the presumptuous Priest, rather than the melancholy person; and you may judge how fit such persons are for honest society.

The Exorcist, before he goes to work, ought, by way of a preparative, to confess his sins, and receive the Eucharist. Then he begins the operation with some short prayers, and ties the ends of the violet-coloured stole that he wears about the Demoniac's neck; who, if outrageous, must be tied hand and foot; then, crossing him and the by-standers, they go to prayer, and read the fifty-third Psalm; and, after a prayer or two more, he thus speaks to the Devil: "I command thee, thou unclean Spirit, whoever thou art, and all thy companions, that do possess this servant of God, that, by the mystery of the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the sending the Holy Ghost, and the coming of our Lord to Judgment, thou tell me thy Name, and the day and hour of thy exit, with some sign; and that thou obey me, the unworthy Minister of God, in all things; and that thou offend not this creature of God, or any of the by-standers, in their persons or goods." Then he crosses himself and the Demoniac on the forehead, mouth, and breast; and reads some Gospel, as that of the first of St. John, the sixteenth of Mark, or the tenth of Luke; then, falling to prayer, he begs to be enabled to cast forth this cruel Devil. Then, lapping the stole about the possessed party's neck, and fortifying him with the sign of the Cross, he lays his right hand on the patient's head, and cries out, "Behold the Cross of the Lord," which he shews him: "Fly from it, ye adverse parties; the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath overcome." Then to prayer again he goes, and begins a new exorcism, saying, "I exorcise thee, most foul Spirit, every incursion of the adversary, every phantasm, and every legion, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ ☒ to fly from, and be eradicated ☒ out of this Image of God. He commands thee, who bid thee be plunged from the highest Heavens into the lower parts of the earth; He whom the sea, winds, and tem-

pests obey, commands thee." Then, when this does not serve turn, he falls to scold the Devil after this manner: "Hear, therefore, and fear, thou Satan, Enemy of the Faith and all Mankind; thou introducer of Death, and destroyer of Life, decliner of Justice, root of all Evils, fomentor of Vices, seducer of Men, betrayer of Nations, promoter of Envy, source of Avarice, cause of Discord, and exciter of Sorrow—why dost thou stay? why dost thou resist, when thou knowest the Lord Christ can destroy all thy power? Fear Him who was sacrificed in Isaac, sold in Joseph, slain in the Lamb, crucified in Man, and at last triumphed over Hell." Then he makes the following Cross in the forehead of the possessed: "Begone you, in the name of the Father, ☩ and of the Son, ☩ and of the Holy Ghost. ☩ Give way to the Holy Spirit by this ☩ sign of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Then they go to prayers; after which another exorcism is used like the former, wherein he calls the Devil many hard names, and tells him of all the rogueries he has ever committed; and bids him "be gone for shame, since all his tricks are discovered."

Madam, I would enlarge in giving a more particular account of the present condition of the Church and State in this Kingdom of Ireland (for as I was a little curious in this matter, so I have met with such ingenious company since I came here, as have been able to satisfy my curiosity in these matters): but, my observations on the state of Ireland being more properly a part of my "Summer Ramble" than what relates to my "Conversation in Dublin," I shall drop it here, and proceed to what is more properly "Conversation;" my design in this Letter, as I said at first, being rather to tell you how I lived in Ireland, than to tell you what I saw or observed there.

In the account of my "Conversation," with respect to the occurrences I met with there (for that is the subject I am still upon) I am next to tell you, that, having seen the Castle and other rarities, I was the next Sunday for going to Church, the place where the Lords Justices usually go, and accordingly thither I went in company with Mr. Larkin. After we had seen the state in which the Government rides to Church (which indeed is very splendid, as I hinted before) we crowded into the Church,

where I endeavoured to compose myself in the most serious manner I could, to attend the service of God performed there. I do not pretend to retain whole Sermons by heart; but can have a satisfied conscience in keeping only in my memory a remarkable passage or two that suits best to the then edification of my soul. Much less then, Madam, shall I offer to describe this place of Divine Worship, or descant upon the Auditory: but, as it is most natural for mankind, upon the presenting of fresh objects, to view them at least in a transient manner, I found it so with myself here, notwithstanding the injunctions of God and my own conscience, to keep close to my devotion: but pardon me, Madam, if I am necessitated to declare, I did not behold one tolerable face among all those that are distinguished by the name of the fair sex; so that here I can truly say, they were no temptation to me, and that I had no occasion to "make a covenant with my eyes." For myself, I could have been heartily content they had had a certain place of worship from the men, assigned them in the assembly, as the Eastern Churches have, but for what reason I know not. But this liberty, Madam, that I took, to gaze, and make reflections, was only while they were singing an Anthem with vocal and instrumental Musick, there being two pair of organs in Christ Church, of which one is a very noble one. When the Minister ascended the pulpit, I heard him with great attention and delight. He was a Dignitary of the Church, but his name has slipped my memory. Retiring home from hence with what convenient speed the infirmity of my body would permit me, I dined in my lodging with my Landlord H—, a jolly man in his natural temper, but not very serious in matters of Religion. I made my repast as short as I could, as is usual with me upon such days; and withdrew into my chamber, where I spent the remainder of the day in such acts of devotion and meditation as were usual with me. But I had some more particular impressions upon my spirits concerning the Divine Goodness towards me, in respect to the now state of my health, that I had been enabled to go once again to the House of God: and I will own, to the glory of the Divine Name, that some touches in the Sermon I had heard that day

concerning thankfulness for mercies received, were very helpful to me in the course of this evening's devotion. The next week I went to see *Patrick Campbell*, to whom, by his order, I had sent several of "Mr. Turner's History." He treated me well enough the first time I saw him, giving me my morning's draught, and telling me "I was welcome to Dublin." But I said nothing then of the Books I sent him, nor he to me; which I thought somewhat strange. The second time I went to him, which was the week following, after the usual *Aw-d'ye's* were over, I expected he should have took some notice to me of the Books; which he not doing, I took notice of them to him; and then it was I perceived he had a natural aversion to honesty, for he began to shuffle at the very mention of them. However, resolving to be easy with him, I took my leave of him for that time. The third time I saw him, he shuffled about my Books at that rate, that a Stranger in his Shop (to whom I offered to refer my cause) resented it. And from that time forward, only for demanding my own, and telling him how unfairly he dealt by me, he became my enemy.

This, Madam, being the person with whom I had the preceding "Scuffle," if by this you do not sufficiently see his character, give me leave to give it you; which I will do impartially, and without any respect to the controversy I had with him. He is of stature rather tall than otherwise; his hair reddish; his speech very broad, like his country; no Scholar, but of good natural parts; very covetous, and extremely proud. He had a very mean beginning (for which no man ought to blame him, for he could not help it himself, and consequently it was none of his fault); but his intolerable pride makes it necessary that he be often put in mind of it. I have heard some persons say, that had dealings with him, "that they had rather speak to the Lord Mayor about business than Patrick Campbell, and that he would not look for so much respect." He cares not to part with money, and where he can shuffle he will. He is of *Vespasian's* mind, and thinks no gain is unsavoury. What good parts he has he uses ill, employing them for the most part to circumvent his Neighbour; of which his taking my Room over my head is an undeniable instance. He un-

derstands the doctrine of Equivocation as well as a Jesuit; and their honesties are much alike, only the Jesuits are the fairer dealers. He pretends extremely to Religion, and has got many a penny by the bargain. He will commonly say grace over a choppin of ale, and at the same time be contriving how to over-reach you. Candour and fair-dealing are things he often mentions, as a cover for the opposite vices; but never cares to make use of them, unless sometimes to draw in a greater booty.

This, Madam, is a part of his character; which should I draw out at length, it would make a pack too big for a Pedlar: but, having thus accidentally stumbled upon his original, it will be wisdom to leave him where he was first found. Which yet I am unwilling to do, till I have acquainted you, Madam, that I have enough by me to confirm every tittle of this character, without referring to any thing relating to myself; for I have the History of his Life sent me from Dublin since I came over, even from the time he sold Thread-laces in Glasgow by the name of *Patrick Ure*, to the time that *Patrick Campbell* begged pardon of the Company in Dublin for his pretty experiment of turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, &c.; and this attested by several eminent persons in that city, among whom *Mr. Thornton*, the King's Stationer, is one. But, having told him I will be a generous enemy, I intend this history of his Life shall be kept secret, unless he shall hereafter provoke me to publish it.

From *Patrick Campbell* I rambled to the ingenious *Mr. Ray's**, who is both Printer and Bookseller, and the best situated of any man in Dublin; and thence back to honest *Ware's*, witty *Shaw's*, and grave *Mr. Foster's*, who, as they all deserve an honourable character (which for brevity sake I here omit) so I shall give it them in my "Summer Ramble."

Having left *Mr. Ray*, I rambled to *Castle-street*, where *Vulcan* with his wooden leg startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *crepitus ossium* which I have heard some of our Physicians speak of: however, I was honestly treated by him, and will do him justice in my "Summer Ramble."

* Of whom see before, page 238.

Some time after this, seeing the "Squire of Alsatia" in a Play-bill, to be acted, I had a great mind to see it; for, there being so many *Alsatians* in Dublin, I thought it could not chuse but be acted to the life: and so having done my business (for I always make recreation wait upon business) I went to the Play-house; which place, you know, Madam, is free for all comers, and gives entertainment as well to the Broom-man as the greatest Peer: and therefore, having got my ticket, I made a shift to crowd into the Pit, where I made my honours to Madam *H—y* (whom I was amazed to find at the Play-house) and to two or three other Ladies that I happened to know. My next adventure there was, to give a liem to the China-orange-wench, and to give her her own rate for her oranges; for you know, Madam, it is below a Gentleman (and as such I passed in the crowd) to stand haggling like a Citizen's Wife. I found, Madam, the Dublin Play-house to be a place very contrary to its owners; for they on their outsides make the best show: but this is very ordinary in its outward appearance, but looks much better on the inside, with its Stage, Pit, Boxes, two Galleries, Lattices, and Musick-loft; though I must confess that even these, like other false Beauties, receive a lustre from their lamps and candles. It stands in a dirty street, called *Smock-alley*. Hither I came dressed (though I say it) tolerably well; though not so much to be seen, as to see the follies of the age; for, however the Theatre be applauded by a modern Gentleman, for the representation of those things which so mightily promote Virtue, Religion, and Monarchical Government; for my part, I thought Vice, which fundamentally destroys all those things, is here, as well as in other Theatres, so charmingly discovered, as to make men rather love than abhor it—like the Judge, who, on the Bench, discovering the arts of some cow-stealers to disguise their beasts by altering the figure of their horns, taught a poor fellow the trick, who, putting it in practice, was brought to the gallows. However, to give the Devil his due, there are some Actors here, particularly Mr. *Ashbury*, Mr. *Husbands*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Hescot*, Mr. *Norris*, Mr. *Buckly*, Mr. *Longmore*, Mrs. *Smith*, Mrs. *Schooling*, no way inferior to those in London; nor are

the Spectators, by what I saw, one degree less in vanity and foppery than those in another place.

For the Play, Madam, I need say nothing, it is so well known; it was pretty to see the Squire choused out of so fair an estate with so little ready rhino. Yet the diversion was not so great, but that the crowd made me more uneasy; a thing I ever abominated, and for the most part made it my business to shun all my days. In a word, no Church I was in while at Dublin could I discern to be half so crowded as this place. I cannot tell indeed how it would have been had they played on Sunday, as they do in Popish countries, and particularly at Rome; where a stranger once observed all the people suddenly ran out of the Play-house into the Church as fast as they could, which made him at first think it was a most religious place; but, when he came to hear the Friar preach, his words, actions, and other gestures, were so comical, that his wonder ceased, for he thought all the Actors and Players in Christendom were a fool to him. After spending three or four hours in the Play-house to see a few men and women make fools of themselves, I returned home to my chamber, and could scarce be reconciled to myself, to think how foolishly I had wasted that time which might have been spent to better purpose.

Madam, I should next acquaint you with a prodigious Storm, which happened in Dublin about the latter end of July; it might indeed be more properly called a Hurricane than a Storm. It strangely surprized me. Though its fury continued not above six hours, there was hardly a house in the City where it had not left some visible marks of its rage, especially in Christ Church-lane; so that it was more safe being in the fields than in the City at that time. The oldest man alive could never remember any thing so terrible as this Storm. But to give an account of the mischief it did, would be too great a digression. I shall therefore reserve it for my "Summer Ramble;" as I shall also a comical entertainment made at Kells in the county of Meath, by one Captain Bryan O'Brogan, Son to Philip O'Brogan, Prince of Cavan.

Soon after this great Storm, the Duke of Ormond landed at Dublin, and from thence went to his house at Kilkenny, where (in my "Summer Ramble") I saw his race, and had a sight of the Castle and other rarities of the interest of Dr. Wood, whose great civilities I know in the following pages. About this time the Dublin Players, with all their appurtenances, strolled down to Kilkenny; after which it was reported in Dublin, "that one *Wilks*, one of the best Actors, had played his last part, being killed in a duel." This report was so far believed, that an ingenious person wrote an Elegy upon him, which was printed, and publicly sold. This news of his death was talked with such assurance, that, though Mr. Wilks soon after came to Dublin, and shewed himself alive, they would hardly believe him. The ground of this report, as I was told, arose from this, that a countryman seeing a Tragedy acted in Kilkenny, wherein Mr. Wilks acted the part of one that was to be killed, thought it was real, and so reported it.

I might next mention the sudden deaths of the *Dublin Sheriffs*; the tragical story of a person that was killed by a fall from his horse; and the dismal accident of a child's firing a garret (with himself in it) with gunpowder; but, should I relate half the occurrences I met in Dublin, I should swell this Letter beyond measure, so I reserve them all for my "Summer Ramble;" and shall next proceed (that I may render the account of my Conversation the more complete) to give a particular count of the visits I made in Dublin; for, Madam, as is an observation "that a man may be known by his company," so I think it is not incongruous to believe that an idea of his conversation may be taken from the persons to whom, and the occasions on which, he makes his visits.

And here, Madam, I must first acquaint you, that soon after my coming to Dublin, Mr. *Norman* the Bookeller sent one Mr. *Rogerson* to invite me to his house. When I came thither, I found his business was to propose the buying of the *Venture* I had brought over; in which though we agreed not, he treated me very kindly, shewing me all his house, and therein his Picture, done so much to the life, that even *Zeuxis*, or *Apelles*, could

scarce exceed it. From his House he had me to his Garden, which, though not very large, is to be much admired for the curiousness of the knots, and variety of choice flowers, that are in it; he being an excellent Florist, and well acquainted with all the variegated tapestry of Nature in the several seasons of the year. Mr. Norman has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his Garden is the most excellent of its kind. He has a room adjoining to this earthly Paradise, to shelter his more tender Plants and Flowers from the insults of Winter-storms. From hence he carried me to a large Warehouse, where he had a large Auction, preparing, as he said, for Sale; though I heard nothing more of it while I stayed in Dublin.

Before I proceed to the next visit, give me leave, Madam, being fallen a second time among my Brethren, to spend a few lines about them, among the many I trouble you with concerning other people. They are not a Corporation of themselves, but mixed with Cutlers and Painter-stainers; and their present Master is Mr. Norman *, whose character I here send you; with this addition, that he never opposed my Auction.

Nor must I, Madam, forget the extraordinary civility of the King's Printer, Mr. *Andrew Crook*, who is a worthy and generous Gentleman, whose word and meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He is one that is as far from doing other men an injury, as he is from desiring to be injured; and though his circumstances are not so great, yet his soul is as large as if he were a Prince, and scorns as much to do an unworthy action. He is a great lover of Printing, and has a great respect for all that are related to that noble Mystery.

Having paid my respects to the King's Printer, I went next to Mr. *Thornton*, the King's Stationer, of whom I shall say in short—He is a very obliging person, has sense enough for a Privy Counsellor, and good-nature enough for a Primitive Christian. He treated me, when I came to Dublin, with a bottle of excellent claret;

* Of Mr. Norman, see before, page 238.

and, if I live to publish my "Summer Ramble," Patrick Campbell shall know there is not a better neighbour, nor an honestest man, in Dublin.

As I passed from the King's Stationer, I met with an honest Gentleman with whom I was formerly acquainted in London; it was my worthy Friend Dr. *Smith*, of College-green near Dublin. His character is above my pen; yet I may venture to say, he is a man of extraordinary sense, and the only Physician I durst commit the care of my health to, in the whole Country. He invited me to his house, and when I came gave me a hearty welcome; and for his treat, though it was very genteel, yet nothing seemed so agreeable to me as the Doctor's company.

I went next to Bride's-street, to pay my respects to Mr. *Wallis* (a Member of Parliament) and his Lady, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted at Tunbridge some years ago. I shall ever acknowledge the generous reception I met with here; neither can I forget to characterize his extraordinary Kinswoman; whose wit and beauty set her above the rest of the fair sex, as having nothing in her but what bears witness to the perfection of her mind and body:

Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing.
Her Eyes are Stars; her Mind is every thing.

I would say something too of that ingenious Gentleman who is Tutor to Mr. Wallis's Children; for I found (in some discourses I had with him) that his learning and knowledge had outstripped his years: but he is too modest to bear the character he justly merits; and to speak of him by halves is what I cannot approve of; so I will wave his character, with only saying, the conversation I found here was the most agreeable of any I met in Dublin.

Durst I here attempt Mr. Wallis's character, I might say of him, as was said of the Lord Russell, that he is "one of the best of Sons, the best of Fathers, the best of Husbands, the best of Masters, the best of Friends, and the best of Christians." And his Lady is no way inferior to him for Virtue, Wit, and Generosity. And her Kinswoman Madam *More* (not she that I spake of

before, but one I had the honour to know at Tutbridge, is so like her in these qualities, that, were their faces alike too, you could not distinguish one from the other.

In some conferences I had with Mr. Wallis about my Welsh Travels, I told him I found the following Epitaph on a tombstone in Conway Church, which for the remarkableness of it, I inserted in my "Journal." It was this: "Here lies Nicholas Hooks, of Conway, Gent. the One-and-fortieth Child of his Father, William Hooks, Esq. by his Wife Alice; and Father of Twenty-seven Children himself."—Which was a matchless instance of a fruitful Family.

To which Mr. Wallis replied, "He heard there had been a Troop in Ireland, wherein one Mother had Two-and-twenty of her own Children listed."

Having taken my leave of Mr. Wallis, his Lady, and the rest of his Family, my next visit was to Sir *Henry Ingoldsby*, a Member of the Privy-council in Ireland, and a Gentleman of near ninety years. When I came to his house, I sent up my name; and Sir Henry ordered his Gentleman to bring me into a private apartment where he was. When I entered the room, Sir Henry received me in a courteous manner. I told him, "I presumed to wait upon him, to inquire whether my Reverend Father Mr. John Dunton was not once his Chaplain; and that, if he was, it must be forty years ago." Sir Henry did not at first remember it; but, sending to his Lady, she sent word "that she did call to mind such a person; but," it was added, "my Father did not live in the house, but used to come often to it." I then asked Sir Henry, "Whether one Mrs. *Mary Hall* did not live with him when my Father was in Ireland? for that in my Father's Will was this expression, 'Item, I bequeath unto Mrs. Mary Hall, Servant to Sir Henry Ingoldsby when I was in Ireland, five pounds, if ever demanded, or she be not dead, for her friendly offices to me during a great sickness I had in that Kingdom.' I told Sir Henry, "I was not put upon this inquiry by the Executrix; but that Providence having brought me to Ireland (though twenty years after my Father's death) I could not be satisfied without inquiring whether this *Mary Hall* were alive or dead." To which Sir Henry did

me the honour to reply, "It was a great piece of justice in me, if I had no advantage in it myself." To which I returned, "I had not, any farther than to see to the execution of my Father's Will." But as to this Mary Hall, Sir Henry told me, "he supposed she died at Limerick, she marrying thither from his house to a rich but ill-natured man, which soon ended her days."

Pardon me, Madam, for the digression of this story. I had some hesitation in my own breast about making this inquiry. I was not satisfied that conscience obliged me to it; but, not being satisfied without doing it, I did it; and it yet appearing to me a *moot case*, because I was none of the Executor, I leave it to your determination, "whether I could be under any obligation in that case, or no?" This discourse being ended, I gave Sir Henry an account of the reason of my coming for Ireland; with which he was so well pleased, that he promised to give me and my Auction all the encouragement he could; for which I returned him my humble thanks, and so took my leave of Sir Henry for that time.

Madam, I dare not presume to give Sir Henry's character; to describe so great a man would be a theme big enough for my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Worminton* (a person of great modesty and worth, and perhaps the most ingenious Poet in all Ireland): but, though I shall not presume to characterize this antient Knight, yet I shall say, what every one does, that he has the repute of a person of great honour and probity; and of that great judgment and experience in affairs of State, as renders him worthy of the dignity of a Privy-councillor, which he has been for many years; and though he is now arrived to Fourscore (ten more than "the Age of Man," Psalm xc. 10), yet he enjoys his health and strength to admiration; which shews him to have been a person of great temperance; and perhaps on this account he has no equal in Ireland, or it may be in the whole World.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*. Having taken my leave of Sir Henry Ingoldsby, in my way home I met with Lieutenant *Downing*, my former Fellow-traveller to New-England. You can hardly imagine, Madam, how agreeable a thing it is to meet with an old Friend in a Foreign Country. It was some thousands of miles off,

that we were last together ; and we were equally surprised to meet each other here. There was in his company at that time Captain *Annesley*, Son to the late Earl of *Anglesey*, to whom I had the honour to be related by my first Wife. We stayed not long in the street, but went to drink at the Widow Lisle's in Castle-street ; whither I chose to go out of a principle of gratitude, her's being the first house that received me in Dublin. After a "Health to the King" and some others of our friends in England, we talked over our New-England *Ramble* *. After this, I told the Lieutenant of my Brother *Annesley*'s death ; at which he was highly concerned. This discourse being ended, Captain *Annesley* told me, "that the Earl his Father had written an excellent History of Ireland ; but it was in such hands as he believed would strip it of some of its choicest remarks." And, Madam, this is likely enough ; for there are some men in the World who are afraid of following truth too close, lest it should dash out their own teeth. I then told Captain *Annesley*, "I had printed his Father's 'Memoirs,' the Copy of which I purchased of Sir Peter Pett ;" and he could not but think them genuine, because of that great amity which was between the Earl his Father and Sir Peter Pett †.

To give you, Madam, the Captain's character: He is a most accomplished Gentleman ; not (as a Wit observes) that thin sort of animal that flutters from Tavern to Playhouse, and back again, all his life ; made up with Wig and Cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition :—but a person made up of solid worth, yet as grave as he is witty ; brave and generous ; and shews, by his humble and courteous carriage, that he is, and was born, a Gentleman. And for the Lieutenant, my old Fellow-traveller, I must say he has much address, and as great a presence of mind as was ever seen. He is most agreeable company, and perhaps the best friend I had in America. After three hours spent in this conversation, I went to visit Captain *Townley* and his Lady, as also one Madam *Congreve* ; who were all three my

* Of which see the particulars in page 90.

† Sir Peter Pett, knight, was Advocate-General for the Kingdom of Ireland.

Fellow-travellers in the coach from London to Chester. The Captain is a person of great honour and worth, and so is his Lady; but of these I shall say more in my "Summer Ramble," more particularly of Madam Congreve.

In my way home I called upon Mr. *Rawson* and his Wife, styled "the most ingenious;" who, though she has enemies, perhaps as little deserves them as any woman in Dublin; and though I should get hatred by saying this, yet my way is, "to do as I would be done by, and to speak as I find." But, having characterized the "most ingenious," it is fit next that I speak of her Lord and Master: He is a very honest sober man, and one of that great modesty, that I heard he went forty miles to demand a debt, which he was so civil and courteous as not to ask for when he came there.

But it grew late; so, leaving this loving couple at their fine embroidery, I went next to pay a visit to Mr. *Lum*, in Castle-street, a Member of Parliament, and one of the chief Bankers in Dublin, whom I made use of to remit my moneys to London. He is a person of great integrity, has a good estate, and is punctually just and honest in his dealings. And, to complete his character, he is a Gentleman of extraordinary sense, which he has the happiness of being able to express in words as manly and apposite as the sense included under them. He treated me with much candour and respect as long as I stayed in Ireland. His chief manager of his business, Mr. *Purefoy*, was also very obliging, and ready to serve me upon all occasions.

Captain *Davis*, who was also a Member of the House of Commons, gave me a most obliging welcome to Dublin, at the Garter-tavern in Castle-street. If I should attempt this Gentleman's character, it would be to his prejudice; for all that I can say will come far short of what ought to be said. For sense, wit, and good-humour, there are but few can equal, and none that exceed him; and all these qualities are accompanied with great humility. Madam, I had first the honour of being acquainted with this Gentleman at Tunbridge Wells (the same year Mr. *Wallis*, his Lady, and Madam *More*, drank these Mineral Waters); and this occasioned the repeating of what conversation we had formerly had at

Tunbridge. From this we fell to discourse of the Customs and Manners of the Irish. The Captain told me, "they were naturally a very generous people, and so kind to Strangers, that they would go twenty miles to set a man in the right way; and if he happened to be benighted, they would give him the best entertainment they had, and even lie out of their own beds to accommodate him."

In my further conversation with Captain Davis, I asked him "what eminent Writers they had in Ireland, and especially whether any of the Fair Sex?" To which he replied, "they had a very celebrated Female Poet, one Mrs. *Taylor*, who had written her own Life to a wonder when but Ten Years of Age." Madam, I thought these remarkable passages worth noting down in my "Journal;" but nothing did so much affect me as a piece of Antiquity that the Captain told me he had seen with his own eyes. He had seen a woman very perfect in all her senses (excepting Hearing) who said "she was Underlaundress to Queen Elizabeth's Chief Laundress;" and he told me "he believed her to be 130 years old;" which for a woman, naturally subject to more infirmities than men, I think to be very extraordinary; and I believe your Ladyship will be of my opinion.

I had the honour of enjoying the Captain's useful and most pleasant company for about two hours; when, night coming on, we parted.

The day following, in the afternoon, I went to see my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thwaites*. His person is the very picture of Mr. *Dangerfield*, to whom, Madam, he is so very like both in person and address (oh, what would I give for such a near resemblance of Iris and *D—ne*!) that I may well affirm, if you have seen one, you have seen the other; and, having said this, I need not tell you what an extraordinary man he is. Mr. *Thwaites* is a Gentleman of a very obliging temper, and I believe is as generous to strangers as any man in Dublin. He may, without compliment, be called an accomplished person; he can do almost every thing, and it is hard to say what he does with the greatest grace. And as to wit, I was really afraid to hold any argument with him; for I found he could say what he would, and prove what he said; and in this too he resembles the ingenious *Dangerfield*.

In this alone Mr. Thwaites has the advantage, that his whole life has been so unblemished, even Envy herself cannot fix a blot upon him. His Lady is an extraordinary person, worthy of such a husband; and they both gave me a very generous welcome, worthy of themselves. In our conversation, I affirmed, "that a good Wife generally, if not always, makes a good Husband;" which is undoubtedly matter of fact: for, though we suppose the Husband to be the worst of men, and one that abuses his Wife in a villainous manner; yet his Spouse, if she be a good Wife, by her meek and patient suffering under such abuses, cannot but some time or other (as long as he is a man) be overcome by the patience of his Wife, and at last be brought to compassionate her wrongs; and in time this compassion may turn him to the ways of virtue. But then she must be as well a good Wife as a good Woman; for there are many pious Women that are far from being good Wives. She must be one that is of a good humour, and always appear so to her Husband; and, if in time this does not make a Husband better, he ought to be herded with the brutes, and not reckoned amongst human creatures. And yet, after all, Madam, I am afraid that some such brutes there are in the world; but this will make nothing at all against my assertion, because there is no general rule but admits of some exceptions.

My next visit was to the Lady *Sands*, Mr. Thwaites's sister. I had the honour to meet her first at Mr. *Shaw's*, a Bookseller on Cork-hill, where she invited me to her house. Here I had the good luck to meet my ingenious Friend Mr. Thwaites a second time. My Lady *Sands* is a person of great piety and extraordinary sense; and I found, in those few minutes I had the honour to enjoy her company, that her Husband is as happy in a tender, discreet, and obliging Wife, as any Gentleman in the Kingdom of Ireland. In this visit I had the favour of some discourse with her eldest Daughter, whose beauty, virtue, and good-humour, are equal to that of the best ladies in Dublin. The Lady *Sands's* Husband is Mr. *Clarkson*, Son to Mr. *David Clarkson*, the late Nonconformist, so deservedly famous for his learned Works. This Gentleman I was formerly acquainted with, and, if

I do not mistake, he was in New England in that very year that I rambled thither; but, though we had been old acquaintance, I missed him in this visit, and never had the happiness to see him whilst I was in Ireland. At taking my leave of my Lady Sands, she was pleased to send recommendations by me to her Mother-in-law, now in England.

From my Lady Sands's house, I went directly to my Auction; and in my way thither I met the ingenious Mr. *Wright*, an Ensign in the Army, but a person of great perfections both of body and mind. Madam, this Gentleman reconciles the Lion and the Lamb exactly; for, being a Commission Officer, in the Field he seems made only for War, and any where else for nothing but Love. He is naturally brisk and gay, yet one of a very compassionate temper; and I see by him that Pity never looks so bright as when it shines in steel. But why do I praise particular virtues, when he excels in all? He does nothing but what looks very handsome, and there is a charm in the meanest, and something most bewitchingly pleasant in the most indefensible of his actions. He was much surprized to see me in Ireland; for he was Brother to one that had been my Apprentice, which was the original of our acquaintance. We met again by appointment that night at the Tavern with one Mr. *Young*, a Gentleman of the College, and another Gentleman to me unknown. The Ensign told me, he had that day the honour of dining with her Grace the Duchess of *Ormond*, which led us to discourse of the matchless virtues of that Noble Lady, and other subjects which I now forget. Mr. Young also obliged me so far as to settle a particular friendship with me; and I wish I deserved the honour he did me in that matter, for he is a Gentleman of great humility, and I believe (if I may judge by those few minutes I spent in his conversation) never read of a virtue which he did not forthwith put into practice. One part of our conversation related to the Ensign, who, though the possessor of so many excellences, yet continues a single man; which gave us occasion to wonder that none of the Dublin Ladies had ingrossed so rich a treasure to themselves. We had appointed another meeting before I went away, to drink my *boon Voyage*;

but wind and tide, which stays for no man, hurried me away; so I was disappointed of my intended happiness, and forced to be so rude as to leave Dublin without taking leave of some other Friends.

Having left the Ensign, and my new Friend Mr. Young, I went next to pay my respects to the Rev. Mr. *John Boyse*, whose ingenious "Answer to Bp. King," and several others of his curious composures, have so justly recommended his learning and piety to the world. Madam, I have already sent you this Gentleman's character, and shall speak further of him in my "Summer Ramble." He gave great encouragement to my Auction, as well for my own sake (as he was pleased to tell me) as for my Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Annesley's. He is now preaching on "the Four last Things." His subject was "Heaven" when Mr. Larkin and I heard him; and he preached in such an extraordinary manner on that subject, as if, with St. Paul, he had been "in the third Heaven" himself, and was returned to relate what he had seen.

I next visited Mr. *Sinclair*, another Nonconformist Minister in Dublin. He is a most affectionate Preacher, a person of a sweet disposition, and extremely obliging. He gave me a hearty welcome to his house, having been before acquainted with me at Bristol. Some discourses we had about Persecution occasioned him to tell me, "that a Nonconformist Meeting was suppressed at Galway by the Magistrates there, whilst a Popish Meeting was suffered to be kept unmolested." He spoke very honourably of my Father-in-law Dr. Annesley; and promised me, "if I came again, I should have all the encouragement that he could give me." I heard him preach, on the 30th of September, on Mark ix. 24, about Faith, on which he made an excellent Sermon.

Nor was my happiness less in being acquainted with Mr. *Emlyn*, who is Mr. Boyse's Assistant. I met this Gentleman several times at my Auction; so that I find he was one of my Benefactors. He is a very solid, rational, judicious Divine, and lives the doctrine he preaches. I heard his Sermon to the Society for Reformation, at New Row, on 1 Sam. ii. 30. This Sermon is since printed; and I wish, Madam, I could send it to

you ; for some that have read it say, a better Sermon was never published.

As to the Reverend Mr. *Nathanael Weld*, though I had no personal acquaintance with him, yet I went several times with Mr. Larkin to hear him ; once more particularly, when he preached on the 130th Psalm, about Forgiveness. His whole Sermon was very excellent, but I took more particular notice of the following passages : " We live upon forgiveness every day. What joy would forgiveness make in the black Regions ! The Devils never had the offer of a Saviour ; but we are still in the land of Hope." — Madam, I have already given you a short Character of this pious, learned, and excellent Preacher, and shall say no more of him here ; but in my " Summer Ramble" I shall give his and his Brethren's Characters at large ; for, Madam, to confess the truth, though I go now and then to hear a Divine of the Church of England, as I told you before, yet I more frequently hear the Dissenting Ministers. I do not know how your Ladyship will relish this ; for I do not remember in any discourses we had in Dublin (where I had first the honour of being known to you) that you ever mentioned your going to any Meeting. But, whatever your practice or thoughts are in this respect, I must acquaint you that I practise nothing that I think unlawful ; and am very willing (when your Ladyship has answered those Twelve Hundred uncommon diverting subjects that I intend to send you in so many distinct Letters) to defend my practice in this matter ; for, Madam, there are but " Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England," and the Presbyterians (who are a religious and conscientious people) approve of *thirty-six* of them, and the rest are justly called indifferent. So that, Madam, if hereafter you will give me leave to write to you on this subject, I shall endeavour to prove, in several Letters, " that my going now and then to a Meeting is no unnecessary separation, or any departing from the true Church ;" for such I esteem the Church of England.

Madam, having visited the Nonconformists, my next ramble was to Mr. *Harman*, a young Gentleman, and Son to Colonel Harman, a Member of the House of Commons. In this visit my Friend Mr. Larkin was with me ;

where, after mutual salutations, and sitting down by a good fire, we fell into a pleasant chat, first of Antipathies in Nature; and here Mr. Harman told us a story of a Gentleman that bought a muff. "This person had a natural antipathy against Cats, and therefore desired the Furrier who sold him the muff 'that it should not be lined with any Cat-skin;' which the Furrier (who lived in Essex-street) assured him it was not. Upon this the Gentleman bought it, and designed to wear it home; but by that time he came to Crane-lane (which was not above a bow-shot from the Furrier's) the Gentleman fell into a swoon, and was taken up for dead. Upon taking away the muff, he came to himself again; but fell into a great rage against the Furrier, threatening to kill him; which he having notice of, got out of the way."

Mr. Harman's discourse being ended, I next told the story of my aversion to Cheese when I was young; and how my Father's causing me to eat it unknown had like to have killed me; which aversion notwithstanding I afterwards overcame, and now love Cheese as well as any man.

We then discoursed of the antipathy that Cats have to Men; and of their taking away men's breath when asleep; with other things to that purpose. This led us to talk of *Sympathy*, and the wonders thereof; and more particularly of "Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetic Powder," and the great cures wrought by it.

From hence we fell to talk of a third wonder in Nature, "Men's walking in their sleep;" of which Mr. Larkin gave a memorable relation, of a house supposed to be haunted; which was only occasioned by one of the Gentleman's Daughters, who walked in her sleep every night; which was at last discovered by a stranger's having courage enough to lie in the room said to be haunted.

This naturally led us, in the fourth place, to talk of Apparitions; and here Mr. Harman asked me "what I thought of a Spectrum's assuming a human shape?" I assured him "they might;" and to confirm this, told him the story of one *Joseph Chambers*, who appeared to *Mary Gossam*, with whom I was well acquainted, and who is still living (1699) "in that very *Night-cap* which she put upon his head when she had laid him out." — This story of Chambers appearing after

his death led Mr. Larkin to tell another of an Apparition he had seen in Staffordshire in his youth, which he thought had been a living Woman, till he saw it vanish; adding, "that he looked upon the denying of Spirit, and their appearing to persons after death, to be the next degree to Atheism." After about two hours spent in such agreeable conversation, we took our leave of Mr. Harman, who is a gentleman of a fine presence, and of a most sweet and affable temper. He is now in the bloom and beauty of his youth; and his great ingenuity and close application to his study do justly render him the growing hopes of his Father's Family, and may in time to come render him an ornament to the College.

I am afraid, Madam, I shall tire you with this tedious relation of my visits: but I hope your goodness will pardon me; for it is necessary to be thus particular, that I may silence the tongue of Patrick Campbell, who has had the impudence to say, "that I kept company in Dublin with none but a kennel of scoundrels;" whereas you see, by the visits I made, that I was not acquainted with one scoundrel in Dublin except himself, and the *Brass* in Copper-alley. This naturally brings me to acquaint your Ladyship, that, among those I employed to bind up Books for my Auction, I had to do with one that I call *Brass*, a man poor and proud, unacquainted with honour or good manners; to supply the want of which, he is well furnished with conceit and impudence. Being thus qualified, he was looked upon by St. Patrick as a fit tool for him, and accordingly chosen for his Auctioneer, though he knew not how to read the title of a Latin Book. But the Gentlemen of Dublin, who had been genteelly treated with wit and sense at my Auction by Mr. Wilde, could not bear with the gross ignorance of a *Brass Hammer*; so that Patrick was forced to discard him in a week's time, and put a better man (Mr. *Shaw* of Cork-hill) in his place. This *Brass*, knowing the necessity I was under of having my Books bound in order to sale, resolves to make me pay a rate for Binding not only beyond what was given in London, but even beyond what was given by the Booksellers of Dublin. I found, Madam, I was in his hands, and remembered the Proverb, that "he that is in a boat with the Devil must land

where he can." There was a necessity of having my Books bound, and I was forced to comply with his unreasonable rates. How this consisted with justice and equity, I leave you to judge. Those were things *Brass* never troubled his head about; for, when he brought me in his bill, he overcharged even his own unreasonable agreement; which I refused to pay; but offered to refer it to one Mr. *Servant*, a Binder in Golden-lane, with whom I had made the same agreement as I did with him. But, *Servant* being a very honest man, *Brass* refused to have the thing decided by him, because then he was sure it would go against him; and therefore this fellow (who for his impudence I call "the Brass in Copper-alley") serves me with a *Token* from the Lord Mayor, to appear before him; which I accordingly did; and, having told his Lordship what I had offered, he was pleased to say, "It was a very fair proposal I made him," and so dismissed us both; which was all he got by his *Two-penny Token*.

I will next give you an abstract of Mr. *Servant's* Character, who, though of the same function, is the direct Antipodes to Brass: this being as eminent for honesty, fair-dealing, truth, and justice, as the other is for pride, conceit, and ignorance. But Mr. *Servant's* reputation does not need a foil to set it off; for he is well known in Dublin to be all that I here say. But I shall add to the good character he has already, that I never met with a more scrupulous or conscientious man in my whole life; he is punctual to his word in the smallest matters, and one that manages all his affairs with discretion; courteous and affable in his conversation, and ready to do every one what good he can. In short, his life is the exemplar of a Christian's practice.

But, leaving Thomas, &c. hard at work (for he is a very industrious man), my next visit shall be to Mr. *Jey*, an eminent Lawyer in Dublin. He was a Benefactor to my Auction, and my very sincere Friend; and, to say the truth, whatever the Lawyers are in other Countries, yet in Ireland they are the best Gentlemen and the best Christians.

Thence, to close the evening, I went to take a dish at *Patt's*, who is a fair-conditioned man, and very obliging

to all his customers ; loving to do business without making a noise of it. It was here I sometimes met with Mr. *Pitts*, an honest and ingenious Attorney, a man of good worth, and unblemished in his reputation. Madam, he talks finely, dresses his thoughts in curious language, and has good-nature in his very looks. He is a true lover of the present Government, and a brave assessor of English Liberties, in opposition to Popery and Slavery.

Just as I left *Patt's*, I met with my worthy and ingenious Friend Dr. *Wood*, Physician in Kilkenny, with whom and Dr. *Smith* I spent some agreeable hours ; of which expect a fuller account in the conclusion of this Letter ; and also in my "Summer Ramble," where you will also meet the discourse I had with a Gentleman about the Earl of Meath's Hunting Pig, which will be very diverting.

And now, Madam, as your several directions to me informed you of the changing of my Lodgings, so I think it proper here to give you my reasons for so doing. My first Lodging was at a Counsellor's in Wine-Tavern-street, who, being in some danger of overtaking the Law (for he had out-run his own practice), left his house, and as it is supposed, the Kingdom too. Yet I must say, as to his conversation, he is a Gentleman (though under a cloud), and sings

"I'll find out a kinder, a better than she *,"

beyond any man in Christendom. And as for his Lady, she deserves the following Character : She is discreet and witty ; the best of Wives ; and, I hear, has the name for being a Beauty. It is true I never thought her so ; but I am no judge, I find ; for she is bright and fair, and those that admire a red colour cry, "There is no Sun but in her eyes." But, as famous as she is for beauty, I must own, while I lived with her, I saw nothing but what was modest and honourable. And I shall ever have some kindness for Counsellor *H*——, as he was the occasion of my being acquainted with my worthy Friend Mr. *William Wainwright*, who, though he lives a Bachelor, is a person of strict modesty, and has the

* A line in a new Song.

symptoms of a good Christian ; for he is sincere in what he says, and is as religious in all his actions ; and, to crown his character, he is a person of great humility, and of a most sweet natural temper : and, Madam, I must say, there is no virtue I would wish in a Friend, but I find it in William Wainwright. He was the first acquaintance I had in Dublin ; and we were so little weary of one another, that he was one of those that saw me on shipboard when I left Ireland, though to the hazard of his life, for I sailed in a sort of a storm.

And, as I thank *H*— for bringing me acquainted with this worthy Gentleman, so I am obliged to him for the favour he did me in first making me known to the virtuous and ingenious Mrs. *Edwards*, whose Character, Madam, I shall here give you. She is a Country Gentlewoman, of admirable perfections of body and mind ; modest to the highest degree, and of a most agreeable conversation, with which, for my own part, I was very much delighted ; and I am ready to flatter myself mine was not altogether ungrateful to her : and how can you blame me, Madam, to think thus, since a Lady of your quality has not disdained to grant me the honour of a Correspondence with you ?—*Apelles*, the famous Painter of Greece, when he was to draw any curious Picture, would have several celebrated Beauties before him, that he might draw an eye from this, a mouth from that, and a mien from the other, &c. Had Mrs. *Edwards* lived in the time of *Apelles*, he need not have hunted about for Beauties, for he had found them all in this virtuous person : so I will descend (for my general Character does not set her in a full light) to a more particular description of her. And I will begin first with her face, which is neither oval nor long ; her hair is black, or near it (and then I need not tell you it is charming). As to her eyebrows, they are a great ornament to her face ; and look as exact as if the hand of Art and Nature had been at work. Excellently well proportioned is her nose, not sharp nor big, but gives a noble air to her face. Her mouth little and pretty : her lips of a charming red—

And do, like to the Twins of Cupid's Mother,
Still kiss, because in love with with one another.

Her teeth are even and well-set, and look as white as snow. Her eyes (her tempting eyes) full of fire and briskness, and tempered with an attractive languishing. As to her neck and breasts, they are the best sized that ever you saw, and of a dazzling whiteness, as well as her arms and hands. As to her body, it is small, and of a curious shape; and is supported with handsome legs, as I do believe (for I never saw them). As to her stature, she is of little pitch; and is so neat, so free, so disengaged, that there are few like her (save *Rachel Seaton*, whose picture she is); and Mr. —, who unsuccessfully attempted her chastity, swears at her virtue, and often wishes she had fewer charms. She hath a noble air in her walk; and has the dress, looks, and behaviour of a Gentlewoman, and wants nothing but a fortune to make her so. In a word, she has something so distinguishing in her whole person, that when she was single (for you will hear by and by she is married), she more distressed her Husband's liberty, than others did with all their art and more curious dresses. So much for her Person.—As to her Mind, which is the charm of charms (you know, Madam, I ever thought so), she is pious, but not a jot reserved; and has more devotion in her heart than eyes. As to her wit and singing, it so strangely surprized me that day she went with the Counsellor to Malhide (which Adventure you will have in my "Summer Ramble"), that I am hardly yet come to myself; for I could not conceive how a Female could have in that mean cabin (at Bally Many) where she dwells, all the politeness and accomplishments of a Court. As to her heart, I can say nothing, and it is not fit I should; but, Madam, this I will say, by being a Platonic Lover (for I am the same in Dublin as I was in London), she allows me all the liberty I ask, or Virtue will give, which cannot be much; for I have a Wife of my own, that is far more charming in my eye, and one I love above all the world. Besides, I am by nature as cold as ice; and I believe (if I may trust my eyes and ears) that she is chaste, so much as in thought. And as she is very innocent, so of consequence very charitable, and speaks ill of nothing. Madam, she has other extraordinary qualities I could tell you of (for this is but a

hasty draught of this excellent person); but here is enough to shew what Mrs. Edwards really is, and what all her sex should be. And now, Madam, who would think that a person of such virtue should have any enemies? But, as Dryden says,

“The butt of Envy still is Excellence;”

and she is not without slander, though I had almost said she as little deserves it as Virtue itself: but the very reflections she meets with (as well as her real virtues) do but add further to her good character; for it is none but such as would corrupt her virtue, and cannot, that give her an ill word. She is proof against the blaze of gold:—then no wonder if those who abuse that virtue they cannot debauch; such as reflect on a woman because they find her too spiritual (too Platonic) for their embraces;—but the bad word of such a person is the best encomium a virtuous woman can have; for it is by the judgment of sober people that a reputation stands or falls, and by all such Mrs. Edwards was highly valued. I am told that no less a person than the Countess of *Meath* honoured her with a tender friendship; the Lady *Davis* and Madam *Gilbert* do the same; and she is as kindly received in Mr. *Usher's* Family. Mr. *Meegee* and his Wife (persons of great piety) scarce covet any other company. Mrs. *Brown*, at the Currow, has a particular friendship for her; Mrs. *Parsons*, Mrs. *Ware*, Mrs. *Ryley*, have the like; and wherever she boards, they are scarce easy a minute without her. Then, Madam, I shall not ask your pardon (or Valeria's either) for my giving this tender Character of Mrs. Edwards; for, as you are both virtuous persons, you would surely be angry with me should I forbear praising what so much deserves it. Besides, I am mistaken in both of you, if your great innocence do not set you above suspicion (it is only guilty people are jealous): or if it does not, to tell you the plain truth, my innocence is too great to need my concealing my thoughts of her; and the rather still, as her Husband has said, in the presence of Mr. *Larkin*, “that had he ever been jealous of her (as he never was in his whole life), yet that he should now believe her virtuous, for my having a good opinion of

her;" which I do not speak out of ostentation, but to shew her innocence, and my own too.

Thus, Madam, you see, by my Character of Mrs. Edwards, that my virtue is safe enough; for though she is a woman (a thing in petticoats), yet my love is all Platonic, to all except Valeria.

"So Angels love, and all the rest is dross."

Really, Madam, I am such an enemy to running astray, that I heartily wish Adultery were death, and that it were burning in the hand so much as to kiss another man's Wife. But there is no sex in Souls; and I think it a duty to admire virtue wherever I find it. But, if any are so vile as to nibble at this Character, they may go about their business; for, Madam, I have not an acquaintance in the whole world (except yourself and the dear Valeria) but may find enough in his own breast to damp his censuring me, or that virtuous person whose character I here send you. You see, Madam, by these words, that I am a great enemy to compliments; nay, I often wish, as Valeria says, "that there were no such thing in the world;" and when I am dead and gone, I would willingly come again, to contradict any one that reports me otherwise than I am, though he did it to honour me.

Madam, having given you the true Character of Mrs. Edwards, perhaps you will be desirous to know who it is that is blest with so great treasure; which obliges me to give you the following Character of Mr. Edwards: "He is a person of an indifferent stature, neither tall nor short; and, though no pretender to any extraordinary perfections, is far from being contemptible. He has a martial countenance, and a mind like it; and will turn his back to no man in a just cause, nor receive an affront from any. He has not, indeed, the politeness of a Courtier, but an honest bluntness that better becomes him. His only fault is, he has been formerly unkind to his Wife; but he has made her part of amends, both in a just acknowledgement, and by an extraordinary fondness since; upon which she has been so generous to forgive him; and he takes it so very kindly, that they are now as happy a couple as any that live in Ireland."

Having left the Counsellor's house (where I came acquainted with Mr. Wainwright and Mrs. Edwards), I retreated for a little air and solitude to Arbour-hill, a mile from Dublin, to the house of one Mr. *Thomas Orson*, who with his Wife (an antient couple) seem to be like Adam and Eve in Paradise; he employing himself in his Garden (where I have a nosegay every morning, my Landlady finding I admire flowers); and she within doors in making of Milk-water, of which she distils very large quantities. I think myself obliged to let them live as long as this paper holds, in gratitude for those parental tenderesses they shewed me when I languished in an illness which seized me in this house. Neither were they less kind in curing a bite given me by a great *Mastiff* (one of the beasts I fought at Ephesus), who had one night torn me to pieces, had not the drawing my sword baulked his attempt.

Madam, the reason of my coming to this Country-seat was my great indisposition of body, and being tired with the hurries of Dublin. I have, in my "Dublin Scuffle," given my thoughts of a Private Life, for I am as great an admirer of it as your Ladyship is of Gardens; and I suppose you will not blame me for it, for the three first men in the world were, a Gardener, a Ploughman, and a Grazier. Even the great *Cowley*, that had known what Cities, Universities, and Courts could afford, broke through all the entanglements of it, and, which was harder, a vast praise; and retired to a solitary Cottage near Barn-Elms, where his Garden was his pleasure, and he his own Gardener; whence he giveth us this following Doctrine of Retirement; and may, as William Penn says, "serve for an account how well he was pleased in his change."—"The first work," saith he, "that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? The First Minister of State hath not so much business in public, as a wise man hath in private. If the one have little leisure to be alone, the other hath less leisure to be in company; the one hath but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration.

There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'that a man doth not know how to pass his time.' It would have been but ill spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life. The meaning of all this is no more than that vulgar saying, *Benè qui latuit, benè vixit*; 'He hath lived well, who hath lain well hidden;' which if it be a truth, the world is sufficiently deceived. For my part I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is in *incognito*. What a brave privilege it is to be free from all noise and nonsense; from all envying or being envied; from receiving and paying all kind of ceremonies! Our senses here are feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated in Courts and Cities.

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, after conquering four Kingdoms, &c. resigned up all his pomp to other hands, and betook himself to his Retirement, leaving this testimony behind him, concerning the life he spent in that little time of his retreat from the world: "That the sincere study of the Christian Religion had in it such joys and sweetness, as Courts were strangers to."

Thus, Madam, have I sent you the true reason for my leaving Counsellor H——, and betaking myself to a private life; wherein not only Antiquity pleads for me, but the example of Cowley and the best and greatest men of the age. And, Madam, as I am charmed with a private life, and with every day a green prospect; so there is a dainty one adjoining Mr. Orson's house, my present quarters; where I often wander up and down, to think of you and the dear Valeria. I told you before, it was my fortune to travel; and even in Dublin itself I am not without my Rambles. One I make to represent Drapers' Garden; the other, Stepney Fields; another, St. James's Park; and when I pass through Skinner-row, methinks I am in Cheapside, and shall soon be at the Raven in Jewin-street, the only house on earth I love. Pray, Madam, let me know if it stands in the old place; it is a mighty pleasure for us Travellers to hear how matters go in England. But, as much as I love the Raven, I thought myself very happy at Mr. Orson's; I mean as happy as I could be without Valeria. But how uncertain are worldly comforts! for I had not, Madam,

turned many days at Mr. Orson's house, but I fell sick distemper which many times is fatal ; so that I might be just apprehensions of a speedy dissolution of my bly frame, I being at best of no strong constitution. say I had no fear of Death at all upon me under these umstances, would savour more of an hardened insensy of heart, and Pagan ignorance, than the piety and sideration of a Christian. But herein an enumera- of the particulars of my past life was presented to and things appeared with very different aspects ; but not so frightful, but that, through the Divine Good- , I had hopes left of the remission of all my sins, upon sole account of my Saviour's merits. I dare not be presumptuous as to say, my faith amounted to an rance of my eternal salvation ; yet I may say, I an more seriously than ever to consider " what I was, nce I came, and whither I was going !" For, Madam, ar prospect of Death makes the world, and all things , appear with a quite different face from what it did. belief I should now die, made me to think why I l ; where I should be buried ; and what would be- e of me after Death ? I now began to review the le course of my life ; and whether, if Time would weave my life again to the first thread, I would live as I had done ?" Ah ! Madam, " the fashion of the d passes away ;" and a sick bed presently convinces of the vanity of riches, honours, pleasures. How n and contemptible do these things appear in the of a dying man ! They cannot help us to a good science, give a minute's ease, or save from the e. Sure I am, whilst my distemper lasted, would one have given me the whole world, I could have ight of nothing but the terrors of Death, the cer- ty of Judgment, the glories of Heaven, the torments ell, the comforts of a good Conscience, and what I t do to be saved, with the necessity of a good Life ; though through mercy I am now recovered, I hope e end of my life I shall think of the world just as I when I thought I was leaving it ; and to this end, I re Death may be much in my thoughts, and the re- ing part of my Life a continual preparation for it. read of one that, every time he heard the clock,

cried, "Well, now I have one hour less to live." I wish I could imitate this good man: however, I will look upon every day as if it were my last; that so, when Death comes in earnest, I may be ready and willing to die; and after Death I doubt not but my body will rise again. I will therefore no longer spend my hours in pampering of that which will be food for worms.

But I will not, Madam, enter upon all the conceptions and ideas I had in this sickness of the future World; some of them being perhaps more the fancy of my own brain, than any true representation of the thing itself. It having pleased Almighty God to make my illness of a short duration, I shall, from the more melancholy scene of Death, pass to the more pleasing actions of Life; and take the liberty to acquaint you, that I now began to visit my Friends, and to take some innocent diversion abroad. But, Madam, no pleasure is lasting with me, I find; for I had not been long recovered, and able to walk abroad, but I was hurried from my Dublin Paradise (I mean Mr. Orson's house); for Mr. Wilde, who managed my Auction, being just now arrived from London, I was forced to remove to Mr. Landers's in Capel-street, that I might be nearer my business. Mr. Landers's Character resembles that of *old Jacob*, being a plain, but sincere-hearted man; and his Wife as good a Landlady, and one of the best of Nurses for an infirm person, which was then my condition. Nor must I forget honest *Kate*, their Servant, whose readiness and care to please me supplied her want of understanding Point-work.

But, that my condition in my absence from Valeria might truly resemble that of a Pilgrim, who is continually in motion, I was forced to remove yet nearer my Auction, upon the information I received of my Porter's being turned Thief; so that from Landers's house I removed to Mr. Cawley's, at the Tennis-court in Wine Tavern-street. Mr. Cawley is a very humble and agreeable person, civil and obliging to all his Lodgers; and I must say, to do him right, to me in a very particular manner; and so was his Wife also, who is a very ingenious, discreet, and prudent person; and both of them expressed an uncommon concern at my parting with them, which was not until I came for England. Nor

must I forget my Kinswoman *Juggee*, as I used to call her, who was their trusty Servant.

Thus, Madam, I have briefly given you an account of the reasons and causes I had for my several removes from one Lodging to another; and how happy I was in meeting with kind Landlords. And were I in England again (and I cast longing looks that way every day), I would say more in their praise. But, oh! this cruel distance! Well; had I the same advantage of speed to send unto you at this time in this place, as they have from Scanderoon, when, upon the coming in of any ship into harbour, they use to send their Letters by Pigeons to Aleppo and other places; I say, Madam, had I such an airy Postillion, I would send you these Occurrences more at large.

Madam, if you should ask me which I liked best of my four lodgings, my answer is, I looked upon them all as places I must quickly leave, which made them all indifferent to me; but, could I have enjoyed Valeria there, I should have given the preference to Mr. Orson's, his curious Gardens being very delightful, and his house a private Country-seat.

Thus, Madam, I have given you a brief account of my way of living in Dublin; with which, had I had Valeria's company, I should have thought myself very happy; for, through the Divine goodness, bating my first fit of sickness, I enjoyed a competent measure of health. Those other indispositions I sometimes met with served only as memento's, to put me in mind of preparing for another world; and even under them, I was cheerful and well contented; having, though not exempt from human infirmities, no guilt of any wilful sin lying on my conscience; so that all troublesome thoughts were banished from my breast, and I passed away my life with great delight.

And now, being pretty well, I had a mind to ramble into the country, for a little conversation among the Irish; and to view the Cabins, Manners, and Customs, &c. of the "*dear Joys*." But the company I met in Dublin was so agreeable, I could not presently leave it; and, which made it yet the more delightful, after my recovery, I sometimes conversed with Counsellor *Kairns*, Coun-

sellor *Stevens*, Mr. *Bourn*, Mr. *Bosworth*, Mr. *Crawcroft*, men eminent for Piety, Wisdom, Learning, and all other Virtues; by whose conversation I improved my own understanding, and found that the knowledge of my own ignorance was a great step towards being a good proficient in the School of Wisdom. When I could not have such company, I gave myself to reading some useful book or other, the Bible having always the preference; and afterwards to writing my "*American Travels*," and "*Summer Ramble*," both which I began and finished in Ireland. I enjoyed also, especially when I lay at Mr. Orson's, the pleasure of walking in a delightful Garden, well furnished with the most curious Herbs and Flowers; whose various colours delighted my eye, and their fragrancy my smell; besides which, I had the satisfaction of a lovely prospect. Southwards, towards the City of Dublin I had the silent murmurs of the River Liffey in my way. Westward I had a full view of Kilmainham Hospital, which at that distance, being seated on the summit of a hill, was a very agreeable prospect. To the Northwards, or rather the North-West, I had the pleasant sight of a village called Kabragh, which was pretty near; and at a greater distance, the fine town of Finglass, seated on a hill, where I had a noble prospect of the Sea, and of all the Ships in the Harbour of Dublin. Sometimes I would walk down from my lodging to the River-side, which was not a mile from it, where the pleasant rills of running water were extremely delightful. At other times I would walk through those green meadows from the end of Stony-batter to the Kabragh, which is a village about a mile from my lodging, full of stately trees, which give a pleasing shade and delightful prospect; from whence, as I came back, I had the Sea and Harbour directly in my view. And sometimes I walk to Chapel-Izod, to visit the Lord *Clonuff*, who is President of the Illustrious House of Cabinteelee, and confers honours as freely as a Prince, though with more ceremony than those of the Round-Table. During the time of my last being there, he created no less than four Noblemen; of which the *Duke of Froom* was one; the *Marquis of Swan Castle* carrying the sword, and assisting at the ceremony. But more of this in my "*Summer Ramble*," where you will

have the history of my Lord Clonuff at large, with a merry account of the original of the House of Cabinteelee, and the honours the President has conferred, with an exact list of the Nobility created by the said President.

Sometimes I would, for my diversion, ride out a few miles, either to Santry, Swords, or Mallahide, a place as eminent as Billingsgate for people going to eat oysters there; and that which made these little journeys more delightful was, that I had now, though at a distance, the sea within my view, which I like well enough on shore, but not on board, for I am always sick on the ocean. Sometimes I walk along the Strand, up to Clantarff, which when the tide is in, is very pleasant; and the next day perhaps I take a ramble to Donnibroek, Dumcondrah, Repharnum, Palmerstown, and whither else my fancy leads me. And sometimes I went to the Dublin Bowling-green, perhaps the finest in Europe, either to divert myself by playing, or look on those that did; where I have seen the Gentlemen screwing their bodies into more antic postures than Proteus ever knew, as if they thought the bowl would run that way they screwed their bodies, and many times would curse it when it did not. And while I thus looked on, I could not but reflect how like the *jack* is to the World, which most men covet with the greatest earnestness, but very few obtain. And when sometimes I saw a bowl, played by a skilful hand, lie very near her, it has in one small moment, by the unlucky knock of a succeeding bowl, laid at the greatest distance from it; and others have in the same instant been laid by the *jack* that never thought of it: just so it is with the things of the World; some that with toil and industry have gotten an estate, by one or other unforeseen disaster have in a moment lost it all; when some perhaps that never expected it, by the same accident that quite undid the other, were made rich. So fickle are riches, which, as the wise man tells us, "Make themselves wings and fly away," Prov. xxiii. 5.

At other times I have gone further off, and visited some of the Irish Cities. The first I rambled to was Kilkenny, where I was introduced to the acquaintance of my worthy and ingenious Friend Dr. Wood, by the following letter, written by an eminent person in Dublin,

and which I will insert here, not out of vain-glory, for the praises he gives me shew that his love had blinded his judgment, but that your Ladyship might the better see, by that inquisitive temper which he found in me, what variety you are like to have in my "Summer Ramble."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Sept. 12, 1686.*

"The Bearer hereof, Mr. Dunton, is my Friend, and as such you will look upon him as a very good and honest Gentleman : he goes to your town to look about him, and see the place for some days. I pray oblige me so far as to let him have your assistance, to see the Castle, and such other things as his curiosity leads him to, for he is an inquisitive person, and a man not unfit for travel. All the favours you do him shall be thankfully acknowledged as done to

Your humble Servant, &c."

This letter had that effect that Dr. Wood and his Lady gave me a hearty welcome, and afterwards brought me into the company of several Gentlemen of worth and quality. I came to Kilkenny on Friday night ; and the next morning the Doctor carried me to view the Castle, the noble seat of the Duke of *Ormond*, of which I shall give a most particular account in my "Summer Ramble;" and indeed the Alcove Chamber and Dutchess's Closet, &c. will deserve a large description : but, leaving these noble apartments, I shall next proceed to tell your Ladyship, that adjoining to these lodgings is a great window, that gave us a view of a private Garden of pleasure, I think finer than the Privy-Garden in Whitehall, or any walk I had ever seen. Being hugely pleased with this pleasant prospect, the Doctor had me up one pair of stairs, where, on the left hand, was the room where the Duke of *Ormond* dines ; it was high-roofed, very large, and hung all round with gilded leather. The table-cloth was laying as we entered the room ; and I do think the curious foldings of the damask napkins, and pretty nick-nacks that adorned the table, had I time, were worth a particular description. And the plate for the dinner was not less remarkable ; there were three silver tankards, embellished with curious figures, and so very large, that, I believe, would his Grace have given me one of them, I could scarce have dragged it to my lodging ; there were two silver salvers as large and noble, and a voider made

of silver, big enough to contain all, as I perceived it did. Leaving this noble dining-room (for what is dinner, or plate either, to a man that has no right to it?) we ascended two pair of stairs, which brought us into a noble gallery; which, for length, variety of gilded chairs, and the curious pictures that adorn it, has no equal in the three Kingdoms, and perhaps not in Europe; so that this Castle may properly be called the Elysium of Ireland; and, were not the Duke and Duchess better principled than to forget Heaven for the sake of a perishing glory, they would little think of Mansions hereafter, who have such a Paradise at present to live in.—But to return to the description of this noble gallery. The first thing I saw remarkable in it, and indeed the top-glory of all the rest, was the picture of the Duchess of Ormond; the face was finished, but the other parts wanted more of the Painter's art: yet I must say that of her Grace's picture, that, were all the beauties in the World lost, it might be found again in this painted face; though that too is as much out-done by the original, as a real flame exceeds that of a painted one. There is also a design of drawing the Duke's picture; and when both are finished, Dr. Wood told me, they are designed to adorn the Tholsel, a sort of Exchange; to which will be added the pictures of all those that have been Mayors of Kilkenny. The next picture I saw remarkable was the Lord Strafford, frowning, like a mere Nero, on the Messenger that brought him ill news from the Parliament. By him hung the Duchess of Modena's picture, late Queen of England; and next to her stands the late King James, drawn like a man affrighted; so that I told the Doctor "I judged the Painter designed to draw him just as he looked when he fled from the Boyne."

Near King James's picture hangs the picture of an old Usurer telling money, and a Jew by him, which, considering the moral of it, is pretty enough to behold.

Here is also the picture of that chaste Prince, Charles I. who, if you will take his word on the scaffold, "never strayed from his Queen, in thought, word, or deed;" and next to him, if I do not mistake, hangs Henrietta, that lustful Queen. Here is also the picture of Charles II. that Royal Libertine; but the Queen Dow-

ager I did not see. There were great variety of other pictures; but I reserve the rest for my Summer Ramble. But, Madam, I cannot forbear telling you at present, that at the West end of the gallery stood "the several Ages of Man," perhaps the finest draught that the World has seen. On the left side of the room hangs the picture of Vandyke, as drawn by himself, and a curious thing it is; and a little below him is a Scotch Lord, drawn in that garb he hunts, or goes to visit the Clans. And I must not forget to tell you, that on the South side of the gallery hang two Royal Buds, Charles II. drawn when he was four years old (ah, Charles! what innocence didst thou outlive!) and James II. in hanging sleeves—and it had been well for England, and himself too, if he had put off his body with his little coat, and so exchanged one Heaven for another. I should next proceed to describe the pictures of the Duke of Ormond's Family; for in this gallery, and in Dunmore House, which I will describe in my "Summer Ramble," hang all the Progenitors of this noble Duke; but to mention these in that manner I ought, would require an age. So, Madam, I must lead you out of the gallery, though with a sad heart to leave such a pleasant place, and next describe the Bowling-green adjoining to this Princely Seat. It is an exact square, and fine enough for a Duke to bowl on: nay, Church and State were here at "rub, rub, rub, and a good cast;" for, when the Doctor and I came to the Green, the Duke was then flinging the first bowl. Next trowled the Bishop of —, Colonel R—, with about four inferior Clergy. At paying our bows to the Duke, he gave us the honour of his hat in a very obliging manner; and here I would attempt his Grace's character, had not the ingenious Cibber * done it before me. But I may venture to add to what he has said in the Duke's praise, "that the most he has said of him is the least of what he merits; for the Duke is a man of a truly brave and noble spirit, and lives in the World like one that is much above it."

After making our devoirs to the Duke, the Doctor and I left the Bowling-green, and went next to see the Gar-

* In his Poem published at the Duke's landing in Ireland.

den adjoining to the Castle, which, though gone to decay, is now repairing by a young Gardener from England, and will in a few years be as pleasant as the Spring-garden near Vaux-hall. Having seen what rarities the Castle, Garden, and Town afforded, the Doctor and I parted over a glass of claret; and in the afternoon I rambled to Dunmore, another seat of the Duke of Ormond's, and the finest house in Ireland. On some of the floors of this house I told twenty-four rooms; the staircase that leads to them is hung with curious landscapes, and is so very large that twenty men might walk abreast. Had the house but another branch, it would be a perfect H; but without this additional beauty, perhaps, it may boast of more rooms than are to be found in some whole Towns. Leaving this noble seat, after *Peggy Corkran* had shewn me all the rarities in it, I returned that night to Kilkenny; and, on the following Monday took a new Ramble, to view the Boyne, and the antient town of Drogheda. Whither I went afterwards, you shall know in my "Summer Ramble." But, Madam, I ask your pardon, for I was going to leave Kilkenny before I had told you of the chief rarities said to be in it; which are, that in this town there is "Fire without Smoke; Water without Mud; Air without Fog." I searched into this report, and found it a real truth; and that the fourth element, of Earth, was also as pure.

I would here describe the town of Kilkenny, and give a particular character of Mr. *Mukins*, the present Mayor, of Mr. *Philips*, the Mayor Elect, the Recorder, Aldermen, and Common Council-men, and several other remarkable things and persons in this place. I would also mention the odd adventure of a Lieutenant that travelled with me to Kilkenny; neither would I omit to give you the heads of a remarkable Sermon I heard in St. Kenny Church, where an eminent Prelate told us, that, "look into all divisions of Religion, as those of Rome and Geneva, &c. and you will find, as they are against Monarchy, that they have left the good manners to the poor Church of England." Madam, I humbly conceive this passage will deserve remarks by a better pen than mine; as will several other notable strokes this good Bishop entertained his auditory with; but, though

they are noted down in my "Journal," yet I reserve the rest for my "Summer Ramble," lest they make my letter too voluminous. So, Madam, at present I take my leave of Kilkenny, with only telling you, that morning I left it, Dr. Wood wrote an answer to the letter I brought him from my Dublin Friend, which I will insert here, as it further shews how courteous the Doctor is to Strangers, and to me in particular.

"DEAR SIR, I received yours by Mr. Dunton, whose stay here is so short that I have not been able to shew him what civility I would, especially being every day hurried with country business. I hope to step to Dublin in a little time, and to have the opportunity of drinking a glass of wine with you and him; meanwhile a letter now and then would be acceptable to me, when your leisure will permit. I wish you all happiness, and am
Your affectionate Servant, NATH. WOOD."

And so, good Doctor, with thanks for all your favours, I bid you and your ingenious Lady farewell.

Thus, Madam, you see, by taking notice of Castles, Gardens, Antiquities, Pictures, Public Fabrics, the Rarities in Nature, and the civility I meet in my generous Friends, that wherever I go I still learn somewhat worthy of my knowledge; neither do I, in such Rambles, omit any thing that may instruct or delight me; and am much pleased with beholding the beauty and situation of places. Neither did I, in this Country Ramble, meet with any alloy to my pleasures by the dulness or decay of my senses, for I found them all in their perfect vigour. Besides, I found travelling got me a stomach, which made me eat even coarser fare with a better appetite; though I saw little of that here, for the Kilkenny claret is the best in Ireland, and the Doctor's treats were still rich and noble.

Madam, having said so much of Dr. Wood's civilities to me, perhaps you will expect I should send you the Doctor's character; which I will do, and his Lady's too, that you may see how happy I was in their conversation. Dr. Wood, like Luke the Evangelist, is "the beloved Physician" in these parts, Col. iv. 14; and he really merits that great respect which the people give him. He is a complete Gentleman; very kind to strangers, and obliging

to the last degree ; and I do think, if I may believe my eyes, he is the happiest man, except myself, that ever entered into a married state. Madam, I own, a kind Wife often makes an obliging Husband of one that would otherwise be very indifferent : but this is not the Doctor's case ; for he is a man of that sweet temper, that the worst of Wives would be kind to him ; but he has met with one of the best ; then how happy is this couple, that seem to rival one another in kindness !

This, Madam, will raise your curiosity to know a little more of his Lady. I dare not attempt her character ; but this I will say, " She looketh well to the ways of her household, and speaks not a foolish word," Prov. xxxi. 27. ; and her thoughts are so new, so particular, that they raised my wonder to a great height. In the several visits I made the Doctor, of which more in my " Summer Ramble," I could scarcely speak for admiring at every thing she said or did. I am, sure, Madam, if you did but know her, you would love Ireland, though it is a coarse place, purely for her sake.—But, Madam, the coach stays for me ; so, having left the Doctor and his good Lady, suppose me now on the road for Dublin ; and in my return thither, I was blessed with extraordinary company : they were these following ; a French Brigadier, who gave largely to all the poor on the road, and I think had the soul of an Emperor ; for he treated all the way from Kilkenny to Dublin ; and, had he spoke a language we had understood, I doubt not but our minds had fared as well as our bodies.

Sure, there 's some wondrous joy in doing good ;
 Immortal joy, that suffers no alloy from fears,
 Nor dreads the tyranny of years ;
 By none but its possessors to be understood :
 Else where 's the gain in being great ?
 Kings would indeed be victims of the State.
 What can the Poet's humble praise,
 What can the Poet's humble bays
 (We Poets oft our bays allow
 Transplanted to the Hero's brow)
 Add to the Victor's happiness ?
 What do the sceptre, crown, and hall,
 Rattles for Infant Royalty to play withal,
 But serve to adorn the baby dress

Of one poor Coronation-day,
To make the pageant gay ?
A three hours scene of empty pride,
And then the toys are thrown aside !

But the delight of doing good
Is fix'd like Fate among the Stars,
And deified in verse.

'Tis the best gem in Royalty ;
The great distinguisher of blood ;
Parent of Valour and of Fame,
Which makes a Godhead of a name,
And is contemporary to Eternity.

This made the antient Romans to afford
'To Valour and to Virtue the same word ;
To shew the paths of both must be together trod,
Before the Hero can commence a God.

Madam, having dedicated this Poem to the memory of this great and generous man, whose bounty we lived upon ; I proceed to acquaint you, we had also in company a French Major, a gentleman of good sense, but a little passionate.

Our third companion was *Johnny Ferguson*, a very pleasant fellow, and one that did great feats at the Boyne. These three, with myself, were all the men that were in the coach : but we were not without a Sho-companion, I mean the virtuous Mrs. *Hawksworth*, who may pass for a Wit ; and if ever I go to Constantinople, it shall be on purpose to visit her ingenious son ; and I must say, if he takes after his Mother, he will scarcely meet his fellow, though he should girdle the World. The time in such company flew too fast, and I began to wish the way to Dublin had been much longer. In our way home, we had debates concerning the Spider's web ; the curious work in a Turtle's nest ; the government of Bees ; the love of a Spaniel Dog to his Master ; and upon other subjects. But I waive them here, designing all our disputes in the coach shall be part of my "Summer Ramble."

I was no sooner come home, and had given some necessary orders about my Auction, but I rambled to Drogheda, and paid a visit to the famous Boyne, so memorable for the victory King William there obtained over

the Irish, though they were five to one. And, that nothing might escape my view that was worth seeing in Drogheda, Mr. Wilde sent by me the following letter to Mr. James Jackson, Son to an Alderman in Drogheda.

“MR. JACKSON,

“Mr. Dunton being willing to see your famous Town, and the River Boyne, where King William passed over, I desire you will help him to a horse, and either go with him yourself, or prevail with some Friend of yours to go that knows matters and things. I would also have him go into a currough *, that he may carry his boat on his arm afterwards.

I am your humble servant, RICHARD WILDE.”

That morning I rode to Drogheda, the air was sweet and kind, the fields were trim and neat, the sun benign and cherishing. From every thing I met I received a civility; and, which added still to my happiness, I went in company with the Minister of the Newry. He is a Divine of great learning and worth, speaks admirably, and inspired a soul into all our company; and in my “Summer Ramble” I will attempt his character at large. He treated me that night with a noble supper; not for any thing he found in me, but, as he expressed it, for the sake of my being the Son of a Clergyman. When I had taken leave of this generous Parson, I went to lodge with one Mr. *Watson*, an Apothecary in Drogheda; I was hugely pleased with my new quarters, for my Landlady, though a Roman Catholic, was a very obliging generous woman; and for Mr. *Watson*, I do not think there is an honester man in Drogheda. I found him excellent company, and a very ingenious man. ‘His wit is ductile and pliable to all inventions, from a pin to a pillar: nothing was so small but his skill could work; nothing so great but his industry could achieve. After I had conversed a-while with my new Landlord, I went to Alderman *Jackson’s*, to deliver Mr. Wilde’s letter. Before I came to Drogheda, Mr. Wilde told me what a courteous person Mr. *Jackson* was; and when I came to his Father’s house, he received

* A Boat, made of such light materials, that a man may pass over the Boyne in it, and then wind it up, so as to carry it in his hand.

me in such an obliging manner, that his favours did transcend report as much as they exceeded my desert.

Madam, this Gentleman resolves to live a bachelor, which I could not but wonder at; for doubtless Nature meant him a conqueror over all hearts, when she gave him such sense and such beauty, for he is a very handsome man; his wit sparkles as well as his eyes; and his discourse charms as well as his beauty; and I found, by a little talking with him, that his mind is none of those narrow ones, who know one thing and are ignorant of a thousand; but, on the contrary, it is so very large, that, although it cannot be said Jackson knew every thing equally well, yet it is most certain he can give an excellent account of all things. But, though his soul is enriched with every virtue, yet I thought the most remarkable thing in him was his great humility, and readiness to serve a stranger; for I might pass as such, having never seen him but a minute or two in London.

Madam, meeting with such a friend as this, you may well think I could never enough enjoy him; so, leaving his Father's house, we went together to a place in Drogheda, where we fell into company with several Gentlemen, and particularly with Mr. *Singleton*. He is a young sprig of Divinity, and might have stayed at Jericho till "his beard was grown," 2 Sam. x. 15. But, when he speaks, it is off-hand, as they call it here; so that Nature seems to have made a present to him of whatever a long study and meditation gives out by degrees to others. He preached in Drogheda Church, upon this text, "And Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents," Gen. xxvii. 27; and I think it was the most ingenious Sermon I ever heard. But my design here is only to hint at things. So I leave this young Divine, that I may come to acknowledge the generous treatment I met in Drogheda, from Mr. *Kelsey*, for I do not forget the token he sent by me to his Friend Sir *Thomas Montgomery*. This Gentleman has a great deal of wit, and, which is rare in witty people, is master over himself; walks according to the rules of Virtue, as the hours pass by the degrees of the Sun; and, being made of good humour, his life is a perpetual harmony; and by consequence is a great blessing to his Wife and Children, if he has any. After Mr.

Kelsey had given me a particular relation of the Boyne fight, and we had drunk a health to his Friend in England, Mr. Jackson carried me to visit the famous *Walker*, the ingenious Translator of "Epictetus." He is an universal scholar; and I do believe, were all the Learning in Ireland lost, it might be found again in this worthy person. And he is as pious as he is learned; he prefers conscience before riches, virtue above honour; he desireth not to be great, but to do good; and is so very exact in all he says, that his words are decrees of wisdom. When we came to this Gentleman's house, his scholars were acting "Henry the Fourth," and a Latin Play out of Terence; they were all ingenious lads, and performed their parts to a wonder; but one *Ellwood*, who acted Falstaff, bore away the bell from the whole school. But, "Thieves! Thieves!"—yet no wonder, for I am still in Ireland; for I had no sooner left Mr. Walker's school, but I lost my Cane, and a Silver Box.

But, Madam, as thievish as Drogheda is, I cannot but think with pleasure of Ireland, as it was there I had the honour to be first known to your Ladyship. But more particularly I love Drogheda; where for two days, the tears I shed for the matchless D——ne would not suffer me to walk abroad. Madam, it was here your advice was so very seasonable, and went so far towards drying up all my tears. But, though I have reason to love Drogheda, as it was the town where I grieved so much for D——ne, and as it was here I was blest with your kind correction for my weeping more than became me; yet, after all, Drogheda is a thievish place; and had I but stayed a week in it, as I could scarce forbear, *Jackson* and *Kelsey* were so obliging, I had surely been reduced to primitive innocence; so I left Drogheda in a sort of fright, after I had seen the Mayor, who is so clear in his trust, that his virtues shine to Dublin, and from thence to London; the Aldermen; the Primate's house; and the Mount that gave me a sight of the Boyne, that fatal place to the Popish army. So, dear *Jackson*, farewell, till I see thee again in London; where thou shalt be, though not so nobly treated, yet as welcome to me as I was to you in Drogheda. And, Madam, the truth is, he that confers on me favours so generously as Mr. Jackson did steals

me from myself, and, in one and the same act, makes me his vassal, and himself my King. When I receive a favour from any man, till I have repaid it, "my mind," as Feltham says, "is a prisoner; and till a ransom be paid by a like return, I am kept in fetters, and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the conqueror desires it."

I stayed but three days in Drogheda; and am now returned to Dublin, where I hear from England the sad news of the death of my Owl: it is the Bird of Athens, and has been peering for Mice in my House and Garden for three years; so, out of mere love to this old servant, I fell to write an Essay in praise of an Owl, and have spent about twenty sheets in telling the virtues of poor Madge. A learned Author wrote in praise of Barrenness; the great Erasmus wrote in praise of Folly; and a late Writer has wasted a great deal of paper in praise of a Cow's-Tail; and I could not see why I might not follow such examples, and endeavour to praise my Owl. I confess, Madam, this subject is not *grave* enough for your perusal; or, if it was, I would write an Elegy on poor Madge, and send that, and his character, for your reflections; but this is a hint by the bye, neither will I presume to be thus merry without your leave. But I had scarce finished my Owl's character, which would take up a month to transcribe fair, when my old *rambling maggot* began to crawl, and bite afresh; upon which I immediately grew as fickle and wavering, as if I had drank "Liquor distilled from a Woman's brains."

Nothing would satisfy me now, till I was on another Ramble; and the next I took was to Ballimany, to see the Curragh, and the running for the King's Plate. Madam, by this speedy *rambling* again, you see the toil of keeping accounts was a labour too tedious for my mercurial brains.

Being now resolved for a new adventure, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, I took a coach to one *Gent's*, a mile out of town, where my horse waited for me; and here my stars threw me upon good company, one of which they called *Climene*. We set out for Ballimany with the early sun: yet we had his company but a little while; for just as we got to the Fox and Geese (it is a house

your Ladyship has heard me speak of), he withdrew into an apartment behind a cloud, so that the day now grew very unpleasant; but our company was so agreeable, that bad weather was little minded.

The next spectacle we were entertained with, was the *Sign of a Church*. I call it so, for it was only a Steeple standing like a may-pole, without any prop but a tall pillar, and which to us, at a great distance, seemed little bigger than the spire it supported. We could not but wonder at the humour of these people, that they should fancy only a Steeple without the necessary appurtenance of Vestry, Pulpit, or Chancel! But the next person we met told us "it was not the fault of the parish, but plainly the Devil's malice to the preaching of God's word; or as fast as the building went on by day, the Devil carried it away by night." I then asked, "Why the Steeple had better luck than the other parts of the Church?" To this he replied, "that the parish formerly had been very wicked; and that Heaven permitted the Steeple should be left standing, to upbraid the inhabitants." Madam, if what this fellow said was true, or we thought it a piece of banter, this Steeple is high enough to be a warning to the neighbouring Villages.

Being hugely pleased with this fellow's answer, we jogged on to the Naas. And now, let us turn to the right or the left hand, we had a charming view of the country; not but a sight of Climene was beyond all we saw, for she is a perfect beauty; yet, for variety like, we would now and then look about us.

Being now come to the Liffey, which all pass that go to the Curragh, that River was swelled so high, that poor Leander, as one in our company called himself, was forced to cross it with his Hero (Climene) behind him. I do not know what information Climene received from her Friend Leander; but she was pleased to tell me, she understood I had a mighty passion for my first Wife, and that she was a person that deserved it." She then inquired "Whether I loved any before her?" I told her "I did." She then asked "Who the person was?" I told her, "it was one *Rachael Seaton*; who was so very beautiful, that a Venus might have been turned out of her person; and yet her wit did far ex-

ceed her beauty." Having said so much, Climene asked me a hundred questions about Rachael; as, "Whether she was rich? what were her Parents? how we came to part? and whether I continued to love her after I married Eliza?" I told her "I did not; but could not but own I took a mighty pleasure in Rachael's company before I knew Eliza; though after I knew *her* I scarce loved any thing else; and because Rachael admired Poetry, I made my courtship to the Muses too, that I might be the more grateful to her; and, Madam, can you believe it, I had the good fortune to write something in Rachael's praise, which met with a kind reception." I first presented them to her; and she, being tickled with my commendations, shewed them to her Scotch Friends, and others; for Clara now, for so I called her, pretended to out-do me in tenderness. But, Madam, these Poetic Essays had an effect different from what I intended; for I designed, by them, only to make my own addresses to her the more acceptable; but she, by shewing them abroad, got the name of a Wit, and, having acquired a reputation beyond what she had before, began to value herself at a higher rate, and to treat me with disdain.

I was not so blind with gazing on her face, or charmed so much with her witty letters, but I could see with what contempt she treated me; and, seeing, could not but resent it to that degree, that I thought it my duty to humble her; and, in order to it, I sent her the following lines*:

Know, Clara, since thou 'rt grown so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,
 Thou 'dst else in the forgotten crowd
 Of common Beauties liv'd unknown,
 Had not my Verse exhal'd thy name,
 And imp'd it with the plumes of Fame.
 That killing power 's none of thine;
 I gave it to thy voice, thy eyes.
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
 Thou art my Star, shin'st in my skies.
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
 Lightning on him that plac'd thee there.

* These Verses were also published by Dunton in "The Living Elegy," but are there addressed to Mrs. *Malthus*. See p. 460. EDIT.

Treat me then with disdain no more;
 Lest what I made, I uncreate.
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore :
 I know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise Poets, that wrapp'd Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

How Clara resented this Poem, I never asked, for her pride had given me enough of her : pride was never yet found in a noble nature, or humility in an unworthy mind, and so I left her; and I appeal to you, Madam, whether I had not reason to slight her? As for Climene, my fellow traveller, she gave her judgment in my favour; and, Madam, I want to know whose part you will take; for this is the Wit I so often mentioned to D——ne; and it is your judgment alone that can determine whether I did well or ill.

As we walked along, Leander would now and then put in a word against Clara's inconstancy; but *Wells*, another of our Fellow-Travellers, could not bear the story without railing at the whole sex; upon which Climene bantered them both. This urged them again to ask Climene, "How many whining slaves she had murdered herself?" for she was very handsome and very witty. But, Madam, neither Climene nor any of the company would come to confession.

In such discourses as these, we passed away the melancholy day, till we came to Ballimany, our intended quarters. It is a small village of poor cabins, and an old castle, of which there is abundance in Ireland, built, it is said, by the Danes, long before the coming of the English into it; they are square strong buildings of stone, with a small door, and stone stairs, and windows like spike-holes, purposely for strength; for, as the Danes enlarged their frontiers, they built these castles on them as curbs to the neighbouring Irish. I have often had occasion, in some of my letters, to mention these cabins, or butts, but now take the description of them.

'They build them by putting two forked sticks of such length as they intend the height of the building, and at such distance as they design its length; if they design it large, they place three or four such forks into the ground, and on them they lay other long sticks, which are the ridge

timber; then they raise the wall, which they make of clay and straw tempered with water, and this they call *mud*. When the wall is raised to a sufficient height, which perhaps is four feet, then they lay other small sticks, with one end on the ridge piece, and the other on the wall; these they wattle with small hazels, and then cover them with straw, or coarse grass, without any chimneys; so that, when the fire is lighted, the smoke will come through the thatch, so that you would think the cabin were on fire. Another sort of their cabins is made by laying one end of the stick upon the bank of a ditch, and the other upon a little bit of a mud wall; and then, when it is wattled, they cover it with heath-straw, or scraws of earth; and into this miserable place will half a dozen poor creatures creep for shelter and lodging. But their beds are upon such a firm foundation, that nothing but an earthquake can move them; instead of feathers or flocks, they use rushes or straw, which serves them without changing. Sheets they never provide; and, to tell the naked truth, unless they can purchase a poor cadow, which is not often, they ligg together like Adam and Eve before the Fall, not a rag to cover them but themselves; which may be one reason why they so multiply, each little hut being full of children. They seldom have any partitions, or several rooms; but sleep in common with their swine and poultry; and for second or third story, you may look long enough ere you find any. But, as the buildings of Versailles are so very magnificent as not capable of such a description that may give a just idea of them; so these, in the other extreme, are so very wretched things, that perhaps the pen of the noblest Architect would be very defective in describing them. Behind one of their cabins lies the garden, a piece of ground sometimes of half an acre, or an acre; and in this is the turf-stack, their corn, perhaps two or three hundred sheaves of oats, and as much pease: the rest of the ground is full of their dearly beloved potatoes, and a few cabbages, which the solitary calf of the family, that is here pent from its dam, never suffers to come to perfection. Madam, I should more exactly have described their dwellings, or cabins, if I durst have adven-

tured oftener into them, or could have stayed in them, when I was there.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*. Next morning early, without regarding any ceremony, we made our visit to a Popish Father, who was just up, and wiping his eyes. The weather was very fair, and we stayed at the door (which had a little green field before it) until the room within was swept to receive us. The dew lay in pretty spangles on the grass, made by refraction of the sunbeams. I had a mind to try the Father's Philosophy, and inquired "what the dew was?" He told me, "It was a vapour that fell upon the ground in the night season, and that the Sun drew it up again in the day." But Climene told him "it was an old and vulgar notion, and exploded by the newest Philosophers, who were of opinion it might be either the moisture which the horses of the Sun shake from off their manes, when they were put into his chariot rising out of the Sea; or that more probably it was the sweat of the grass and herbs, condensed by the cold of the evening air." Her notions made us all laugh; and the Priest swore, by St. Patrick's hand, "she was as witty as she was pretty;" and put some other compliments on her, the best of which were much beneath what she truly deserves. The house was now ready, and the maid came to call us in, where we broke our fast, and prevailed with Father A—— to accompany us to Kildare, where we were going to be merry. His palfrey was presently saddled, and we mounted. We soon came to the Curragh, so much noised here. It is a very large plain, covered in most places with heath: it is said to be five and twenty miles round. This is the Newmarket of Ireland, where the horse-races are run; and also hunting-matches made; there being here great store of hares, and moor-game for hawking; all which are carefully preserved. They have a tradition (I fancy it was taken from the Story of Dido's purchasing so much ground as she could surround with an ox-hide, on which she built Carthage) that St. Bridget, the great Saint of Kildare, begged as much land from one of the Irish Kings, for a common pasture, as she could environ with her frieze mantle. The Prince laughed

at her, and bid her take it ; she cut her mantle into so many small shreds, as, when tacked together by their ends, surrounded all this Curragh, or Downs.

Kildare is an ordinary Country Town, not near so good as the Naas : yet it gives a name to the County, and is an Episcopal See, though but of small revenues ; and is now therefore united to the Deanery of Christ Church, which is the King's Royal Chapel in Dublin, as the Bishoprick of Rochester is to the Deanery of Westminster in England. It has in it the Cathedral Church, with two or three Inns, and those very sorry ones. It has two Fairs yearly, and a weekly Market, and sends two Burgesses to the Parliament ; yet, after all, it is but a poor place, not lying in any road, and not having any trade belonging to it. There are some shops, with hops, iron, salt, and tobacco, and the Merchant not worth forty pounds. This County gives the title of Earl to one of the Family of the *Fitzgeralds*, formerly called *Geraldines*, who came over into Ireland among the first adventurers in Henry the Second's Reign, and is now the first Earl here, as *Oxford* is with you. Here we dined on a dish of large trouts, and, with some bottles of wine, made ourselves merry. When we took horse, our landlord told us, "we must accept of a *Dugh-a-Durras* from him ;" which is a drink at the door. He had a bottle of brandy under his arm, and a little wooden cup, with which he presented each of us a dram. From hence we went about two miles backward towards the King's County, to view the Earl of Kildare's Chair. It is an old Castle, built on the side of a hill, which overlooks all the neighbouring country. I was told it was built by some of the Earls of Kildare, as a Watch Tower, for which purpose it was very well placed. We had hence a lovely prospect towards the North, of a noble Vale, part of which was covered with corn, and part with cattle, with some woods ; among which were seen some houses of good bulk and shew raising their heads ; beyond these were hills, on which stood several great houses ; a fine river ran through the Valley ; on another side, the greatest part of the Curragh lay open to our view, which indeed is a noble plain.

After we had satisfied our eyes with staring about, we steered our course towards the Bog of Allen; which, though it be the greatest in Ireland, yet never was so famous as in the last Rebellion, where the *Rapparees* (who are a loose undisciplined people) had their rendezvous, when they designed any mischief on the country, to the number of five or six hundred, and where they easily hid themselves when pursued; for, as I am informed, this Bog is near fifty miles long, with many Woods in it, and some Islands of very good and profitable land; as the Island of Allen, which they say is worth 800*l.* a year.

His Majesty, for encouragement to breed large and serviceable Horses in this Kingdom, has been pleased to give 100*l.* a year out of his Treasury here, to buy a Plate, which they run for at the Curragh in September. The Horses that run are to carry twelve stone each; and therefore there are several fine Horses kept hereabouts for the Race, in Stables built on purpose. There is another Race yearly ran here, in March or April, for a Plate of a hundred guineas, which are advanced by the Subscription of several Gentlemen; and the Course is four measured miles.

On Thursday, Sept. 13, was the day of the Race this year for the King's Plate. There was a vast concourse of people to see it, from all parts of the Kingdom. My Lord *Galway* (one of the Lords Justices) was present at the Race, and other persons of great quality. I met on the Curragh (where the Race was run) with my worthy Friend Mr. *Searl*, and several others that I knew in Dublin. After the Race was over, our Company rode to Ballimany. At this Village is a little thatched house, like one of our English country houses, built by the Earl of *Meath*. After we had seen all the rooms in this Nobleman's thatched house, we left Ballimany, and dined that day at the Naas, and reached Dublin about nine in the evening. But, Madam, if the predictions of Astrologers be true, such men as I am are very *Mercurial* folks (I mean the Planet, not the Mineral). I had not been long in Dublin before the itch of *rambling* broke out again upon me, though I once thought the fatigue of

my Curragh Ramble would have abated the sharpness of it : but what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh ; and I, among the other Sons of Adam, am in a literal sense born to great travels ; and some people are surely so much delighted with the variety of change, that, like other Epicureans, they will purchase the fancied pleasure through thousands of difficulties that attend the acquisition. Not impertinent to this is what I remember to have read in the celebrated Mr. Boyle, of one who was born blind, because of the adhesion of her eye-lids ; and her Parents living far in the country, from any Physicians or Surgeons, thought her malady incurable, until the time she was about eighteen years old ; when, being called to London about some business likely to require a long attendance, he brought his blind Daughter with the rest of his Family to Town, where the union of her eyelids being separated by a Surgeon's lancet, she immediately perceived a thousand pleasing objects ; she beheld every minute new things with admiration ; and, not satisfied with seeing, as soon as she could conveniently go abroad, she was every day on the ramble, as if she intended to make up for the losses she suffered by her former darkness ; and when she became acquainted with the objects of the Town, she begged leave to roam about the Country, not without expressions of some inclinations to satisfy her eyes with a view of all the world could afford her. Of this Girl's humour my Landlord found me ; for now (after I had settled the affairs of my Auction) I travelled, East, West, North, and South ; and, Madam, should I tell you what Irish Cities, Towns, and Villages I next saw, I should lead you such a *Wild-Goose-Chace*, I should tire you quite, but not myself, for I am never weary with travelling. But (as much as I love rambling) I have just now received a Letter from Valeria (crowded with desires to see me) which will shorten my Ramble some thousand miles. I will see but Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or so—that is all—and be in London by Plato's year ; not but I am a huge lover of Travels, and would gladly view the Globe Celestial too (as I told the ingenious D——ne) before I return ; I mean, climb so high as “to hang my Hat upon one Horn of the Moon, and touch the North Pole with my Middle Finger.”

But, seeing you admire I ramble thus, let me go down from the Moon a little, to tell your Ladyship, that, had you but seen Italy, and those other Countries I am bound to, you would rather envy than pity my rambling fate.

Alas! Madam, to change my bed troubled not me; for I could sleep contentedly in America, Ireland, Wales, &c. or in any place; for, if I had the hardest lodging, I could dream of my Valeria with as much satisfaction as if I had been sleeping on a bed of down; and, when I awake, I please myself with thinking, that in a little time I shall see her again. And wherever I ramble, I am still content; for there is a wheel within a wheel, and nothing comes to pass by chance.

As to my very Auctions; if things went prosperously there, I looked upon it as an effect of Divine Favour, and returned God the praise; if otherwise, it put me on examining myself, and humbling of my Soul before my Maker; and I look on all cross accidents as trials of my patience. And indeed still, upon self-reflections, I rather wondered that things went so well, than found myself concerned they went no better. When *Patrick** took my Auction over my head, it was for him that I was troubled most, that he should deal so barbarously with one that never gave him any cause for it. I was well satisfied in my own innocence, and thought I was concerned to make the world so, by letting them know the truth of things; and then to leave the issue to that wise Providence that best knows how to order all things for his glory and my good.

You may suppose, perhaps, Madam, there are no Beggars in Dublin, since I have all this while been so silent, and said nothing of alms-giving: but assure yourself, Madam, to the contrary; for, to the best of my knowledge, I never saw them so thick any where else in the whole course of my life; and how to carry myself in respect to these wretches has been a matter which often disturbed me. To give unto all, is impossible; for a man then must be richer than Cræsus; and not to give at all, is unchristian: but the main difficulty lies in the right distribution, and to relieve those who are most necessi-

* Patrick Campbell. See the "Dublin Scuffle." EDIT.

tous. But who can know this? for I have heard Bishop *Hall* say (he that was Bishop of Oxford) "that once walking through Moorfields, a Beggar followed him with great importunities, and 'desired him, for Christ's sake, to give him something, for he was ready to starve.' The Bishop (not thinking him a fit object for charity) told him, 'if he refused to give him any thing, he believed he would curse him.' 'No,' said the Beggar, 'indeed, Sir, I will not.' 'Well, then,' said the Bishop, 'I will try thee for once;' upon which the Beggar fell a cursing and swearing at him like a very devil." Madam, when I meet with such vile Beggars as these, I serve them as the Bishop did: but I am, if I do not flatter myself, naturally compassionate, easily affected with the miseries of other men, in any kind, but much more when I see old age go a-begging; and it is such that have been the principal objects of my charity; and next to them the blind. I never conceive the Beggar-man the more necessitous, by being the more importunate and querulous; and of this sort, no man, I believe, has been attended with a much greater train: indeed, I have heard your old Eleemosynaries, who have been trained up to the trade from their younger years (as I am satisfied many have been, both in England and Ireland), can, by long experience and constant observation, readily distinguish, even in a crowd of men, a compassionate face; and will single him out, as I may say, to be the object of their importunities. But, after all, Madam, in matters of the distributions of charity, the right hand is not to know what the left does.

And now, Madam, having given you some account of my "Conversation in Ireland," both in City and Country, and also given you some *hints* of my several Rambles in it, and what I observed in them; perhaps you may think by this time I have seen enough of Ireland to be able to give your Ladyship some general character of it. I confess, Madam, I am very bad at descriptions: but a general character of the *dear Joys* being what I formerly promised the ingenious D——ne, I shall now send it to you, her other self; and hope your goodness will be as willing to pardon all my mistakes in it, as her's

would have been, had she lived to have read what I here send you. Then give me leave to tell you in rhyme :

Off in the Seas, and downfall of the Skies,
With water compass'd round, a Nation lies ;
Which, on the utmost Western Ocean hurl'd,
Fixes the *ne plus ultra* of the world.
Water the bowels of this land does clog,
Which the weak Sun converts into a bog.
The Sun, whose great and generous influence
Does life and warmth to ev'ry place dispense,
O'ercome by th' innate venom of this air,
Can't draw it out, but leaves the poison there :
So true is what the Natives vainly boast,
No poisonous thing lives on the Irish Coast ;
Because their air is with worse poison fill'd :
So has a Toad been by a Spider kill'd.

Perhaps, Madam; you may think I am too poetical, and may expect a more particular account of the country and people where my *conversation* at present lies ; so I shall now proceed to a prose character of the *dear Joys*. And here I shall give you a glimpse of the Country ; or, as it were, a general view of my Irish Rambles : and, as an Irishman is a "living jest," it will be merry and pleasant ; but a little mirth must be forgiven to a Traveller, who has little else to keep him alive.

Then to proceed to the Prose Character of poor *Teague*. And here I must first acquaint you that the Gentleman who tripped lately to Ireland calls it "the Watering-pot of the Planets;" and the French have characterized it as "seldom dry, but often running over, as if the Heavens were a wounded eye, perpetually weeping over it." It is said there is but one good thing in Ireland, and that is the Wind, as it is generally Westerly, and sets fair to carry one out of it ; which makes good the old saying, "It is an ill wind blows no good."

Some of their chief Cities are tolerably good ; but most of them more populous than rich, Dublin excepted : for, though they are thronged like hives, yet, being for the most part drones, they rather diminish than increase their stock ; and were it not for the English, and strangers amongst them, I am persuaded in process of time they would be all starved ; so that of all the places I have yet

seen, give me Ireland to wonder at. For my part, I think it is a sort of *White Friars* at large, and Dublin the *Mint* to it. In every street you pass, you will either meet with some highway taylor, or some arrant unsatisfied pug, that drinks nothing but wicked sack. But at Dublin they have a Recorder, who at present is Mr. *Handcock*; who, besides the reputation that he has for his knowledge of the Laws, has also acquired that of a courageous and just Magistrate, impartially putting them in execution against lewd and wicked people, without regard to any degree of Quality or Riches; instances of which are frequently seen in his punishing Swearers with two shillings for each oath, according to a new Act of Parliament; and setting insolvent persons in the stocks. And many of the strolling courteous ladies of the town have, by his orders, been forced to expose their lily-white skins at a cart's-tail; by which he is become at once the fear and hatred of the lewd, and love and satisfaction of sober persons. Both Churchmen and Dissenters are joined in this noble work of exposing Vice, and all little enough. Such things as Chastity, Wit, and Good-nature, are only heard of here. Such Virtues as Temperance, Modesty, and strict Justice, which your Ladyship possesses in so high a degree, have the same credit with the beaux of Ireland, which the "*Travels of Mandevile*" find with us.

I do not hereby design any thing of the true Gentry or Nobility, amongst whom there are persons of as great Valour, as fair Estates, as good Literature and Breeding, and as eminent Virtues, as in any of the most polite Countries. But really, Madam, if you go into the Country as far as Galway, they are as bad, if not ten times worse, than I relate them. There is scarcely a Town without a pillory in it; Ballimany has one or two; Carlow has two or three, I think, the strongest I saw in Ireland; Kilkenny, I think, as many; it was here I lost my Ring, my Gloves, and my very Comb; and when I charged them with it, they cry, "the Devil burn them if they are Thieves;" and swear, "by Chreest and Shaint Patrick," that "they never saw it." I lay at Kilkenny but four nights; but here is such a den of Pick-pockets, that I think the Thieves in Drogheda are Saints to them.

I saw in my Ramble to Kilkenny that Inclosures are very rare amongst them ; much of their land is reserved for grazing and pasturage ; and there, indeed, "the grass being very sweet, and holding a constant verdure, it is," as a late Author observes, "in many places so indented with purling brooks and streams, that their meadows look like a new green-carpet, bordered, or fringed, with the purest silver." Yet hay is a rarity amongst them, and would cost them more pains than they can well afford towards the making of it ; therefore they seldom or never trouble their heads or hands about it. And then for "their arable ground," as the same Author observes, "it lies most commonly as much neglected and unmanured as the sandy Deserts of Arabia."

Their women generally are very little beholden to Nature for their beauty, and less to Art ; one may safely swear they use no painting, or such like auxiliary aids, being so averse to that kind of curiosity, though they have as much need thereof as any I ever yet beheld, that one would think they never had their faces washed in their whole lives. Amorous they are as doves, but not altogether so chaste as turtles. There needs no great ceremony or courtship, for they generally yield at first summons. The men, as birds of the same nest and feather, differ only in the sex, not in their good humour and conditions. Bonny-clabber and mulahaan, *alias* sour milk and choak-cheese, with a dish of potatoes boiled, is their general entertainment ; to which add an oat-cake, and it completes their bill of fare, unless they intend to shew their excessive prodigality, and tempt your appetite with an egg extraordinary.

Thus, Madam, have I given you a brief but general character of Ireland, which I have intermixed with what I found by the *dear Joys* : and what I say of these, I send to you as the character of the better sort of *Teagues* ; for as for the wild Irish, what are they but a generation of vermin ? If you peep into forty cabins, they are as spacious as our English hogsties, but not so clean ; you will scarcely find a woman with a petticoat can touch her knee ; and of ten children not one has a shoe to his foot. And these Irish Parents are so proud, that, rather than

dishonour (as they call it) their Sons with a trade, they suffer them to beg for their daily bread ; and for themselves, they are so lazy, that those of them that are not Thieves live by the drudgery of their poor Wives.

But, however careless they be of the living, they are mightily concerned for the dead ; having a custom of *howling* when they carry any one to burial ; and screaming over their graves, not like other Christians, but like people without hope : and sooner than this shall be omitted, they do hire a whole herd of these crocodiles to accompany the corpse ; who, with their counterfeit tears and sighs, and confused clamour and noise, do seem heartily to bemoan the departed Friend ; though all this is with no more concern and reality, than an Actor on the Theatre for the feigned death of his Dearest in a Tragedy. Instead of a funeral oration, they bawl out these or the like querulous lamentations, "O hone ! O hone ! dear Joy, why didst thou die, and leave us ? Hadst thou not pigs and a potato-garden ? Hadst thou not some sheep and a cow, oat-cake, and good usquebaugh to comfort thy heart, and put mirth upon thy Friends ? Then, wherefore wouldst thou leave this good world, and thy poor Wife and Children ? O hone ! O hone !" — with much more such stuff ; to all which *dear Joy* lending but a deaf ear, sleeps on till Doomsday ; while home they go, to drink, and drown the present sorrow ; till the melancholy fit comes upon them afresh ; and then they resort to the grave, and bedew it again with tears ; repeating and howling their *O hones* with as much deep sense and sorrow as before.

They have many other extravagant Customs daily practised at their Weddings and Christenings : but I reserve these for my "Summer Ramble." So I will conclude their character with only saying, they are a nest of disarmed Rebels ; that have a will, though not the power, to cut our throats.

I should next speak of their Priests (fit Shepherds for such Wolves) ; but you will meet them often in my *Malhide Ramble*, with my conferences with them : so I will drop them here ; but will send you a further account of my "Summer Ramble" by the next post : for, Madam, my mind is always with you and my dear Friends in

England; though at present I am in the Country of wrath and vengeance. But my ink is too clean for a further description *. Yet, Madam, if you would see the picture of poor Teague more at large, I would refer you to a Book called "The Description of Ireland;" that ingenious Author being the person I so often quote.

Thus, Madam, by what I have said, you see what an excellent Country Ireland is for a young Traveller to be first seasoned in; for let him but view it as much as I did, and I dare undertake he shall love all the rest of the World much better ever after, except Scotland and France, of which more when I get thither.

If you ask, why I stay in such a vile Country? Why, Madam, he that is in a boat with the Devil, must land where and as soon as he can. However, I will stay till you answer this; and then, *ho!* for Scotland, France, Italy, and next the Hellespont; for my Geography is now rectified by my learned Friend, and it is very likely the length of my Ramble will exceed the size of my hour-glass. However,

All may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave †.

And, if I hear Valeria is well, I care not whether I meet the Sun at his rising, or at his going down. All places are alike distant from Heaven; and that a man's Country where he can meet a Friend. Thus, Madam, when it is my duty, you see I can *ramble* in earnest.

Madam, having now troubled you with a thousand other impertinences; that I may still keep within the bounds of my Conversation, I will proceed in the last place to give you an account of the parting visits I made when I left Ireland. In these parting visits I had the happiness of being accompanied by my two friends, Mr. Wilde and Mr. Larkin. I have already given you a brief character of Mr. Larkin; and it would be unjust not to give you Mr. Wilde's, who has deserved so good a one from me, by his faithful managing my auction.—Mr. *Wilde* was born a gentleman, being descended from an antient family in Herefordshire, and brought up to Learning till

* Dunton's description is much too sarcastic; but at that period party prejudices ran high. EDIT. † Herbert's Church Porch.

he was fit for the University ; but his inclination leading him rather to a trade, he was bound an apprentice to *George Sawbridge*, Esq. the greatest Bookseller that has been in England for many years, as may sufficiently appear by the estate he left behind him. And you may easily imagine, Madam, that serving a Master who drove so great a trade, he could not fail of understanding Books, without he was greatly wanting to himself: which he was so far from being, that I need not make any scruple to affirm, that there are very few Booksellers in England, if any, that understand Books better than *Richard Wilde*; nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge; for he is indefatigably industrious in the dispatch of business; of which his managing my Auction is a sufficient proof; he far exceeded even my expectation, and gave the Buyers too, such great content, that, had I not seen, I could hardly have believed it. Nor does his talent lie in knowing Books only, but he knows Men as well too; and has the honour to be personally known to very many of the Nobility and Gentry of the first rank, both in England and Ireland; and there is scarce a Bookseller in Dublin but has a kindness for him. If any thing hates him, it is the fair sex, for his living so long a bachelor; but they might excuse him, for he is too busy to think of love, and too honest to marry for money; and I believe scorns to creep (for it is beneath a man to whine like a dog in a halter) to the greatest fortune in Dublin; not but *Wilde* is of a courteous affable nature, and very obliging to all he has to do withal; and it is visible by his carriage, he was bred (as well as born) a Gentleman. He had a good estate to begin the world with, but has met with losses: yet, when his stars were the most unkind, as was confessed in my hearing by his raving Enemy, he was still as honest as ever; and being always just in his dealings, he now, like the Sun just come from behind a cloud, shines brighter and fairer than ever. Some men are only just whilst the world smiles; but, when it frowns, they act such little tricks as renders their virtue suspected. But *Wilde* ever preserved his integrity, and is the same good man under all events. And as he was ever just in his dealings, so I must say his universal knowledge in Books

renders him a fit companion for the best Gentleman ; and his great sobriety, a fit companion for the nicest Christian ; and, to add to his reputation, where is a greater *Williamite* in the three kingdoms, than Richard Wilde ? He has done such eminent service to the present Government, that he cannot in time but meet with an ample reward ; and it is but just to think he should be preferred, for he is a true lover of his Majesty and the present Government, and a strenuous assertor of the Rights and Liberties of the People, and the Protestant Religion, in opposition to Popery and Slavery ; and this he has been from his youth ; insomuch that, for shewing his zeal in these things, even while he was an apprentice, the Tories and Jacobites, by way of derision, called him *Protestant Dick*. And, by his management of my Auction, he has given, both to myself and others, such a specimen of his judgment and great fidelity, that the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Clogher has done him the honour (in his Letter to me) to tell me he is extremely satisfied in Mr. Wilde's fidelity *. I do assure you, Madam, I am so well satisfied in his conduct herein, that, were I to keep an Auction as far as Rome itself, Mr. Wilde should be the sole Manager. But, though Mr. Wilde really merits the character I here give him, yet he being one whom I conversed so much with in Dublin (which my inclination would have led me to, if my business had not), he also is one of *St. Patrick's* † Kennel of Scoundrels ; by which you may also know what to think of *St. Patrick*, whose characters run counter to the sentiments of all honest Gentlemen. And yet, even in this, *Patrick* is true to himself, and hereby declares he hates honesty and ingenuity wherever he finds it. But, Madam, I fear you will think me too long in my character of Mr. Wilde ; and I fear so too with respect to your Ladyship ; though, as to himself, I have not yet done him that justice he deserves from me, and therefore must remain in his debt, till I publish my "Summer Ramble."

But I will now proceed to the account of my parting Visits ; the first of which was rather an Invitation than a Visit, to the house of Dr. *Phœnix*, who invited myself

* See before, p. 506.

† Patrick Campbell. EDIT.

and three of my Friends (Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Price) to dinner. He lives in that part of the City which is called St. Thomas's Court, and is a peculiar Liberty belonging to the Earl of Meath. We found the Doctor discoursing with the Dean of Killaloe, who dined with us. At our first coming, the Doctor saluted us all in a very obliging manner; but was pleased to pay me a most particular respect, in regard, as he expressed it, that I had so much obliged the Nation in general, and himself in particular, by bringing so large a collection of valuable Books into the Kingdom. After this first greeting, the Doctor had us into his Laboratory, and there shewed us his stills, and several great curiosities. Before dinner we had some conversation with the Dean about the power of Imagination; and the Dean told us, "he knew a man at Barnet, near London, about forty years ago, that professed to have a constant converse with the Dead; affirming that, while he was discoursing with others, he was at the same time conversing with the dead. This man would utter many strange expressions of his discourses with dead people, and pretended by this converse to tell things done at that moment a vast distance off, which afterwards, upon inquiry, proved true." But dinner then coming up, put an end to our conversation, and found us other business to do, than to talk of melancholy people. After dinner, the Doctor's Lady told us this remarkable story: "That some years since, having been delivered of a fine Girl, two Ladies that were then the Doctor's Patients desired the baptising of the Child might be deferred till they were able to go abroad, because they had a mind to stand Gossips to it. But the two Ladies not being well enough to go abroad so soon as they thought at first, a month's time was passed since the birth of the child, all which time it remained unchristened. But one day, as the Doctor's Lady was in her chamber, looking for something which she wanted in a press, on a sudden she cast her eyes back, and saw sitting down in a chair an Uncle of her's, who had been dead several years; at which being somewhat surprised, she asked him how he did? And he, on the contrary, asked her, "What was the reason she did not christen the Child?" She told him, "it was because her

Husband promised two Ladies should be Gossips to it, and they were both yet indisposed, and could not come." The Spectrum then called her to come to him, which she accordingly did; and he embraced her in his arms, and kissed her naked bosom, which she said she felt extreme cold. He then asked her "where her Husband was?" And she told him where. After which, he charged her to "let the Child be christened the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon;" and then went away, she knew not how. When the Doctor came home, his Lady told him what she had seen, and desired the Child might be christened, according to the charge given by the Spectrum; but the Doctor was unbelieving, and still resolved to defer it till the two Ladies could come to be Gossips. But the time prefixed by the Spectrum being past, and the Child not christened, that night the bed-cloaths were attempted to be pulled off, she crying out to the Doctor for help, who pulled the cloaths up with all his strength, and had much ado to keep them on, his Wife in the mean time crying out grievously that somebody pinched her. And the next morning, viewing of her body, they found she was pinched black and blue in several places. This did not yet prevail with the Doctor to have his Child christened till the two Ladies could come to be Gossips. But a day or two after, when the Doctor was again abroad, and his Lady alone in her chamber, there appeared to her another Spectrum in the likeness of her Aunt, who had been dead near twenty years before, with a coffin in her hand, and a bloody child in the coffin, asking her, in a threatening manner, "why the Child was not christened?" She replied, as she had done to her Uncle before, "that her Husband delayed it on the account of two Gossips, which could not yet come." Where to the Spectrum, with a stern countenance, said, "Let there be no more such idle excuses, but christen the Child to-morrow, or it shall be worse for you," and so disappeared. The Lady all in tears tells the Doctor of the threatening of this Sne-spectrum, and prevails with him to have it christened the next day; and in three days after, the child was over-laid by the nurse, and brought home in a coffin all bloody, exactly like that which was shewn her by the last Spectrum. The Doctor

confirmed that part of the story which related to him; and as to the Spectrums, his Lady averred before myself, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin*, and Mr. Price, that what she related, was nothing but truth. The Doctor, after the story was ended, made this inference from it, "That the Baptizing of Infants was an ordinance of God, or else it had not been so much inculcated by two persons or spirits risen from the dead." But my Friend Mr. Larkin replied to the Doctor, "that he was of a quite contrary opinion;" and said, "it was a great argument against Infant Baptism, that the Devil was so earnest to have it done." And when they both referred the matter to the Dean, he put it off by saying, "We had some discourse before dinner of the power of Imagination, and this seems to be some of the effects of it."

After this discourse was ended, Dr. Phoenix caused a Robin-red-breast, which he had in a cage, to be brought into the dining-room; where it entertained us whilst at dinner with singing and talking many pleasant things; as, "Sweet Lady"—"Is the Packet come?"—"What news from England?" and several such expressions, which the Doctor's Lady had taught it. The smallness of this bird renders its *talking* the more remarkable; and, perhaps, Madam, this Robin-red-breast is one of the greatest rarities in Ireland, if not in the whole world; and I believe Dr. Phoenix thinks so; for, as small as this bird is, he told me "he would not sell it for twenty guineas;" and I do think, were it sold to the worth of its pleasant chat, it would yield a thousand. After I had staid the utmost limits that my time would allow me, I took my leave of the Doctor; and then, returning the Doctor and his Lady thanks for their kindness both to myself and my Friends, we took our leave; the Doctor wishing me a *boon voyage* to England, and a good journey to London. But the Doctor is a worthy person, and I cannot leave his house till I have given a character of him; besides, his civilities to me were so many and great, that not to acknowledge them, in a just character of him, would be very ungrateful; for he was a great encourager of my Auction, and a very generous Bidder.

* Mr. Larkin is now living in Hand-alley, Bishopsgate-street.

But to proceed to his character : Dr. Phoenix is a little jolly black man, but so very conscientious, that he is as ready to serve the poor for nothing as the rich for money. His great skill in physick has made him famous ; and, which renders him the more eminent, his prescriptions are generally successful, and his *aurum potabile* never fails. His wise advice has rescued more languishing Patients from the jaws of Death, than Quacks have sent to those dark regions ; and on that score Death declares himself a mortal Enemy to Dr. Phoenix ; whereas Death claims a relation to mere Pretenders to Physick, as being both of one occupation, *viz.* that of killing men. But though his great success makes patients throng to him, yet is he a modest, humble, and a very good man, as appears by this ; at his first coming to a sick man, he persuades him to put his trust in God, the Fountain of Health. The want of such seriousness hath caused the bad success of many Physicians ; for they that will not acknowledge God in their applications, God will not acknowledge them in that success which they might otherwise expect. I would be larger in the Doctor's character, but after all, must come short of it ; so will add no more about him : and shall now attempt his Lady's character, of whom I might say many pretty things ; but, Madam, I fear I shall tire you ; however, I say them all in little, by only telling your Ladyship that the person I would here describe, is *Doctor Phoenix's Wife*. I say, Madam, it is praise enough to say she is Dr. Phoenix's Wife, and that she merits so good a Husband. Then let the learned world debate as long as they please about the Nonsuch Bird, this Lady proves, by her great virtues that in Dublin (if no where else) is to be seen a She-Phoenix.

Leaving Dr. Phoenix's house, our next visit was to the College of Dublin, where several worthy Gentlemen (both Fellows and others) had been great Benefactors to my Auction. When we came to the College, we went first to my Friend Mr. *Young's* chamber ; but, he not being at home, we went to see the Library, which is over the Scholars lodgings, the length of one of the Quadrangles ; and contains a great many choice Books of great value, particularly one, the largest I ever saw

for breadth ; it was an "Herbal," containing the lively portraitures of all sorts of Trees, Plants, Herbs, and Flowers. By this "Herbal" lay a small Book, containing about sixty-four pages in a sheet, to make it look like "the Giant and the Dwarf." There also (since I have mentioned a giant) we saw lying on a table the thigh-bone of a Giant, or at least of some monstrous overgrown man, for the thigh-bone was as long as my leg and thigh ; which is kept there as a convincing demonstration of the vast bigness which some human bodies have in former times arrived to. We were next shewed by Mr. *Griffith*, a Master of Arts (for he it was that shewed us these curiosities) the skin of one *Ridley*, a notorious Tory, which had been long ago executed ; he had been begged for an anatomy, and, being flayed, his skin was tanned, and stuffed with straw. In this passive state he was assaulted by some mice and rats, not sneakingly behind his back, but boldly before his face, which they so much further mortified, even after death, as to eat it up ; which loss has since been supplied by tanning the face of one *Geoghagan*, a Popish Priest, executed about six years ago for stealing ; which said face is put in the place of *Ridley's*.

At the East end of this Library, on the right hand, is a chamber called "The Countess of Bath's Library," filled with many handsome Folios, and other Books, in Dutch binding, gilt, with the Earl's Arms impressed upon them ; for he had been some time of this House.

On the left hand, opposite to this room, is another chamber, in which I saw a great many Manuscripts, Medals, and other Curiosities. At the West end of the Library there is a division made by a kind of wooden lattice-work, containing about thirty paces, full of choice and curious Books, which was the Library of that great man, Archbishop *Usher*, Primate of Armagh, whose learning and exemplary piety has justly made him the ornament, not only of that College (of which he was the first Scholar that ever was entered in it, and the first who took degrees) ; but of the whole Hibernian Nation.

At the upper end of this part of the Library hangs at full length, the picture of Dr. *Chaloner*, who was the first Provost of the College, and a person eminent for Learn-

ing and Virtue. His picture is likewise at the entrance into the Library; and his body lies in a stately tomb made of alabaster. At the West end of the Chapel, near Dr. Chaloner's picture (if I do not mistake), hangs a new skeleton of a man, made up and given by Dr. *Gwither*, a Physician of careful and happy practice, of great integrity, learning, and sound judgment, as may be seen by those Treatises of his that are inserted in some late "Philosophical Transactions."

Thus, Madam, have I given you a brief account of the Library, which at present is but an ordinary pile of Building, and cannot be distinguished on the outside: but I hear they design the building of a new Library; and, I am told, the House of Commons in Ireland have voted \$000*l.* towards carrying it on.

After having seen the Library, we went to visit Mr. *Minshull*, whose Father I knew in Chester. Mr. Minshull has been Student in the College for some time, and is a very sober, ingenious youth; and I do think is descended from one of the most courteous men in Europe; I mean Mr. *John Minshull**, Bookseller in Chester.

After a short stay in this Gentleman's chamber, we were led by one *Theophilus*, a good-natured sensible fellow, to see the new House now building for the Provost; which, when finished, will be very noble and magnificent. After this, *Theophilus* shewed us the Gardens belonging to the College, which were very pleasant and entertaining. Here was a Sun-dial, on which might be seen what o'clock it was in most parts of the World. This Dial was placed upon the top of a stone, representing a pile of Books. And not far from this was another Sun-dial, set in Box, of a very large compass, the gnomon of it being very near as big as a Barber's pole. Leaving this pleasant Garden, we ascended several steps, which brought us into a curious walk, where we had a prospect to the West of the City, and to the East of the Sea and Harbour: on the South we could see the Mountains of Wicklow, and on the North, the River Liffey, which runs by the side of the College. Having now, and at other times, thoroughly surveyed the College, I

* See before, p. 237.

shall here attempt to give your Ladyship a very particular account of it. It is called *Trinity College*, and is the sole University of Ireland. It consists of three squares, the outward being as large as both the inner; one of which, of modern building, has not chambers on every side; the other has; on the South side of which stands the Library, the whole length of the Square. I shall say nothing of the Library here (having already said something of it); so I proceed to tell you, Madam, that the Hall and Butteries run the same range with the Library, and separates the two inner Squares. It is an old building; as is also the Regent-house, which from a Gallery looks into the Chapel, which has been of late years enlarged, being before too little for the number of Scholars, which are now, with the Fellows, &c. reckoned about 340. They have a Garden for the Fellows, and another for the Provost, both neatly kept; as also a Bowling-green, and large Parks for the Students to walk and exercise in. The Foundation consists of a Provost (who at present is the Reverend Dr. *George Brown*, a Gentleman bred in this House since a youth, when he was first entered, and one in whom they all count themselves very happy; for he is an excellent Governor, and a person of great piety, learning, and moderation); seven Senior Fellows, of whom two are Doctors in Divinity; eight Juniors, to which one is lately added; and seventy Scholars. Their Public Commencements are at Shrovetide, and the first Tuesday after the eighth of July. Their Chancellor is his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*. Since the death of the Right Reverend the late Bishop of *Meath**, they have had no Vice-Chancellor, only *pro re natâ*.

The University was founded by Queen Elizabeth, and by her and her Successors largely endowed, and many munificent gifts and legacies since made by several other well-disposed persons; all whose names, together with their gifts, are read publicly in the Chapel every Trinity Sunday in the afternoon, as a grateful acknowledgment to the memory of their Benefactors; and on the 9th of January 1693 (which completed a Century from the Foundation of the College) they celebrated their first

* Dr. Anthony Dopping. EDIT.

secular day; when the Provost, Dr. *Ashc*, now Bishop of Clogher, preached, and made a notable entertainment for the Lords Justices, Privy Council, Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin. The Sermon preached by the Provost was on the subject of the Foundation of the College; and his text was, Matth. xxvi. 13. "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole World, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her;" which in this Sermon the Provost applied to Queen Elizabeth, the Foundress of the College. The Sermon was learned and ingenious, and afterwards printed by Mr. Ray, and dedicated to the Lords Justices, who at that time were, the Lord Henry Capel, Sir Cyril Wiche, and William Duncomb, Esq. In the afternoon, there were several Orations in Latin spoke by the Scholars in praise of Queen Elizabeth and the succeeding Princes; and an Ode made by Mr. *Tate* (the Poet Laureat), who was bred up in this College. Part of the Ode was this following:

Great Parent, hail! all hail to Thee;
 Who hast the last distress surviv'd,
 To see this joyful day arriv'd;
 The Muses' second Jubilee.

Another Century commencing,
 No decay in thee can trace;
 Time, with his own law dispensing,
 Adds new charms to every grace,
 That adorns thy youthful face.

After War's alarms repeated,
 And a Circling Age completed,
 Numerous offspring thou dost raise,
 Such as to Juverna's praise
 Shall Liffey make as proud a name,
 As that of Isis, or of Cam.

Awful Matron, take thy seat
 To celebrate this festival;
 The learn'd Assembly well to treat,
 Blest Eliza's days recall:
 The wonders of her Reign recount,
 In strains that Phœbus may surmount,
 Songs for Phœbus to repeat.
 She 't was that did at first inspire,
 And tune the mute Hibernian lyre.

Succeeding Princes next recite ;
 With never-dying verse requite
 Those favours they did shower.
 'Tis this alone can do them right :
 To save them from Oblivion's Night,
 Is only in the Muse's power.

But chiefly recommend to Fame
 Maria, and great William's name,
 Whose Isle to him her Freedom owes :
 And surely no Hibernian Muse
 Can her Restorer's praise refuse,
 While Boyne and Shannon flows.

After this Ode had been sung by the principal Gentlemen of the Kingdom, there was a very diverting Speech made in English by the *Terra Filius*. The night concluded with illuminations, not only in the College, but in other places. Madam, this day being to be observed but once in an hundred years, was the reason why I troubled your Ladyship with this account.

Having rewarded Theophilus for his readiness to shew us the Gardens, &c. we took our leave of the College ; and I then went (Mr. Wilde and Mr. Larkin being still with me) to take my leave of the Honourable Colonel *Butler*, of St. Stephen's-green ; to whom I was greatly obliged, both as he was a great encourager of my Auction, and as I had all along his countenance and favour in it, especially when there were some persons that had a mind to disturb and banter my Auction ; but by this worthy Gentleman's appearing against them, and resenting the affront as done to himself, they quickly cried *Peccavi*. Madam, it would be too great presumption in me to attempt this Gentleman's character, for I should but dim the lustre of his brighter virtues by all that I could write. But the noble favours I received from Colonel Butler oblige me to a public acknowledgment ; though all I can say of him will be like lesser Maps of the large World, where a small mark sets down some ample Shire, and every point is a City. His brave and generous soul is so well known, that it is but wasting of time to tell it ; then were can I begin, or where shall I end ? Should I speak of his Learning, I might call him the *Mecænas* of Ireland ; for the Books he buys do by their number sufficiently declare his love to Learning,

and by their value and intrinsic worth the vastness of his judgment. Neither is he less remarkable for his affable carriage, his sweet and obliging disposition, his large charity, his singular humility, justice, temperance, and moderation. And I do believe his noble attainments in the Art of Painting has no parallel in the Kingdom of Ireland. Madam, I would proceed in the Colonel's character, but I fear his great modesty will make him think I say too much, though I am very sure all that know him will think I say too little.

When we came to the Colonel's house, he received me and my two Friends in a most obliging manner. After our first salutation, he had us into his dining-room, hung round with curious Pictures, all of his own drawing; some of which were King Edward VI, the Lady Jane Gray, the two Charles's, King William and Queen Mary, with others which I now forget.

When we were all seated, the Colonel told me "he took my coming to see him very kindly; and that, if he came to London, he would do himself the honour of repaying my visit." We next fell to discourse of the Auctions I made in Dublin; and here the Colonel was pleased to say, "I had been a great Benefactor to the Kingdom of Ireland, by bringing into it so large a quantity of good Books." I thanked him for the honour he did me by that expression; and further added, "that, if all my Buyers had been so generous as himself, my *Venture* had been very fortunate." This discourse about my Auction naturally led us to talk of Patrick Campbell (the grand Enemy to it); and after I had told the Colonel what treatment I had from Campbell, "he said I had just reason to vindicate myself; and that he believed there never was a fairer Auction than mine, or a better Auctioneer than Mr. Wilde;" and therefore, Madam, I dedicate * "The Dublin Scuffle" to Colonel Butler, as a generous Protector of an injured Stranger. Upon taking my leave of the Colonel, he expressed himself very sorry that I was leaving the Country, and said, "If ever I returned with a second *Venture*, he would encourage it all he could." For this I returned him my humble thanks, confessing my unworthiness of those many favours I had

* See p. 491.

received from him. Then taking my final leave, he gave me that endearing salutation, which is the great expression of kindness among the Gentlemen of Ireland. After this tender favour, he honoured me so far as to say, "he should be wishing for Westerly winds, for my sake, till he heard I was landed;" and so, with wishing Mr. Larkin and myself a good voyage, we parted, well satisfied in the honour done us by the noble Colonel. Madam, I told you that Colonel Butler was very remarkable for his great humility and generous temper; and you see, by his obliging expressions to persons so much below him, how much he merits that noble character of being humble; I call it so, as pride lessens (or rather disgraces) men of the highest rank, as much or more than it does others; and therefore it is, though Colonel Butler is very eminent for every virtue, yet, if he excels in one more than another, it is in his great humility; which further appears by his inviting me often to see him, and (if I may be so proud to use his own expression) in being pleased with my conversation.

Having left the Colonel's house, we all three returned to our several Lodgings. In our way thither, we went to take our leaves of the Rev. Mr. *Searl*, at his house in Bride's-alley; and of my worthy Friend Mr. *Jones*, at his house in Great Ship-street; but neither of them were at home. However, I had the happiness of seeing Mr. *Jones's Sister* (a person eminent for her great piety), with whom I left a million of thanks for all the favours I received from him. And here I parted with my two Friends Mr. Wilde and Mr. Larkin; and the next day (it being the last for taking of Farewells) every one went as his humour and fancy led him. And the first Ramble I took this morning was to take my Farewell of Ringsend, where I had two or three good Friends; it is about a mile from Dublin, and is a little harbour, like your Gravesend in England. I had very agreeable company to Ringsend, and was nobly treated at the King's Head. After an hour's stay in this dear place (as all Port-towns generally are), I took my leave of *Trench*, *Welsted*, and two or three more Friends, and now looked towards Dublin: but how to come at it we no more knew than the Fox at the Grapes; for, though we saw a large strand,

yet it was not to be walked over, because of a pretty rapid stream which must be crossed. We inquired for a coach, and found no such thing was to be had here, unless by accident; but was informed that we might have a Ringsend Car, which upon my desire was called, and we got upon it, not into it. It is a perfect Car, with two wheels, and towards the back of it a seat is raised crossways, long enough to hold three people; the cushion we had was made of patch-work, but of such coarse kind of stuff, that we fancied the Boy had stolen some poor Beggar's coat for a covering: between me and the horse, upon the cross bars of the Car, stood our Charioteer, who presently set his horse into a gallop, which so jolted our sides, though upon a smooth strand, that we were in purgatory until we got off at Lazy-hill, where I paid 4d. for our fare of a mile's riding, and almost as pleased as the young Gentleman that drove the Chariot of the Sun would have been to be rid of his seat. However, they are a great convenience; and a man may go to Ringsend from Dublin, or from hence thither, with a load of goods, for a groat; and we were told there are an hundred and more plying hereabouts, that one can hardly be disappointed.

I parted with my Fellow-traveller in Essex-street, and from thence I went to take my leave of my honest Barber, *Matt Read*, upon Cork-hill; and because I found him a generous lad, I will not leave him without a Character. He is a man willing to please, and the most genteel Barber I saw in Dublin, and therefore I became his Quarterly Customer; but as ready as he is to humour his Friends, yet is he brisk and gay, and the worst made for a dissembler of any man in the world. He is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks, which made me have a kindness for him; and it was not lost, for he treated me every quarterly payment, and was obliging to the last, being one of those dozen men that feasted me in Essex-street the Friday before I left Dublin, and that witnessed to the Attestation concerning my Conversation. He has wit enough, a great deal of good humour, and (though a Barber) owner of as much generosity as any man in Ireland. And if ever I visit Dublin again, *Matt Read*, or, in case of his death, his heir and

successor, is the only Barber for me. And as for his Spouse, she is a pretty little good-humoured creature, and smiles at every word.

Having shaken hands with honest Matt, I went next through Copper-alley to Skinner-row, for a parting glimpse of *Brass* and *Patrick Campbell*; for, though they had treated me ill (and that is the reason why none but they, and the old Usurer, have a black character in the "Dublin Scuffle"), yet I had good nature enough (though not to discourse yet) just to see them when I left Dublin. From paying this silent Farewell, I went to the Tholsel, where I saw Mr. *Quin**, the present Lord Mayor for the City of Dublin. Perhaps, Madam, you will wonder that I should send you so many Characters, and have yet omitted to send the Character of a person in such an eminent station; but the reason was, I staid to be thoroughly informed, before I attempted the Character of my Lord Mayor. But, Madam, I am now able to give you his true character; and the least I can say of his Lordship is, he is a person of great justice and integrity (as I found in the hearing I had before him), a courageous Magistrate, and a true lover of his King and Country; and has the love of all good men. But there is no need of any more than reading the "Flying Post" of February 16, 1699, to know him as well as if he stood before us; for there it is said, "Dublin, Feb. 7. Our Citizens are mightily pleased with the Lord Mayor, on the account of his proceedings against the Bakers, and relieving the Poor from their oppressions. A congratulatory Poem hath been lately printed and presented to him on this occasion." Thus far the "Flying Post," in which you see that courage and justice I told you were so eminent in him. But this faithful discharge of his great trust is what the Citizens of Dublin might expect from him, for prudence and piety have visibly shined through all the actions of his life; and it is not honour or power alters the temper of a good man; and therefore it is, since he has been chosen Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, that his conduct is such, that he is not only a pattern fit to be imitated by all that shall here-

* An Apothecary in Skinner-row.

after succeed him, but in many things it will be difficult for any to resemble him; and therefore no wonder the Citizens of Dublin have fixed him in so large a sphere of doing good. A private post was not large enough for the service Heaven designed by this active Magistrate; nor (as was said of my Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Aunesley) "a hill high enough for the notice of one so exemplary." And, to render him the more complete, this brave soul of his has the happiness to live in a very beautiful tenement; and it had been pity it should have lived in any other. But I shall stop here, for I had not the honour to be personally known to his Lordship; so I shall leave the *Tholsel* without any other Farewell than what I have given in this Character; and from hence shall step to the Bull in Nicholas-street, to take my leave of one who is called, what she really is, "The Flower of Dublin." No Citizen's Wife is demurer than this person, as I found at the first greeting; nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper; and yet a virtuous good woman, and very obliging to all her Customers; and I left her with some regret, and next rambled to Cow-lane, to take my leave of the *Lady Swancastle**, who is deservedly famous for her great love to her Husband. Madam, "a good Wife is a good thing, and rarely to be found," said the wisest of mere men; and we have reason to believe him the rather, because, as Mr. Turner † says, "The first man Adam, the strong Sampson, the Philosopher Socrates, and many others, have been either over-reached or afflicted with Women." But, as many bad Wives as there are in the world, I do assure you, Madam, my Lady Swancastle is none of them; for she is an honour to her sex, and a comfort and crown to her Husband, and perhaps the most generous person to her friends in the world; of which the noble cordial she gave me that hour I left Dublin, and many other favours I received from her, do abundantly testify; and, though her Lord and she are antient, yet they

Live as they 've liv'd; still to each other new;
And use those names they did when first they knew.

* Some whimsical appellation. EDIT.

† In his "History of Providence."

Still the same smiles within their cheeks be read,

As were at first.

And may the day ne'er come to see a change ;

Let neither Time nor Age e'er make them strange :

And as you first met, may you ever be,

George a young man, and Chrit. a girl to thee.

What, George ! though you should seem like Nestor old ;

And Chrit. more years had than Cumana told ;

Time's snow you must not see, though it appears—

'Tis good to know your age, not count your years.

Madam, leaving this good Lady under much grief (for her Lord is going to sea with me), my next visit was to Mr. *Hamer*, who (as well as my *Lord Swancastle*) has met with a suitable Wife ; and both being of a sweet temper, they live as loving as two turtles. They lately gave me a splendid treat, and with them I eat my Christmas Dinner *, and therefore it was, when I gave my Farewell Supper †, I thought it proper to invite Mr. Hamer and his Wife, as a slender acknowledgment of the favours I received from them.

From Mr. Hamer's house I walked into Church-street, to take my leave of Mr. *Constantine*, the only Apothecary I made use of in Dublin, but had not the happiness to see him—perhaps he was not returned from England : however, Madam, in return for the visits he made me during my illness, I shall here give you his Character ; and, seeing I did not see him, I desire it may pass as my Farewell to him. And the least I can say of Mr. Constantine is, that he is a very conscientious man ; I speak this from my own experience ; for, when I sent for the bill of the physick I had of him, I found it the most reasonable I ever met with, except Mr. *Crow's* ‡, an Apothecary in Leadenhall-street ; and just such a fair dealer is Mr. Constantine ; and, which adds further to his reputation, he is a man that thoroughly understands his

* It was then my Lord Swancastle gave me a noble Apple, if I could have kept it ; of which I have a pleasant story to tell in my "Summer Ramble."

† To Mr. Bourn, Mr. Gee, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Servant, Mr. Dell, Mr. Penny, Mr. Tracy (*alias* Pat), Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Price, and Mr. Robinson.

‡ Who, in his Bill of 50*l.* for physick given to my first Wife, used me so very honestly, that I could not desire him to abate a farthing.

trade. He is as intimate with Willis and Harvey (at least with their Works) as ever I was with Richard Wilde, and is as well acquainted with the "London Dispensatory" as I am with my own name. He is so conversant with the great variety of Nature, that not a Drug or Simple escapes his knowledge; their power and virtues are known so well to Mr. Constantine, that he need not practise new experiments upon his Patients, except it be in desperate cases, when "Death must be expelled by Death." This also is praiseworthy in him, that to the Poor he always prescribes cheap but wholesome Medicines; not curing them of a Consumption in their bodies, and sending it into their purses; nor yet directing them to the East-Indies to look for drugs, when they may have far better out of their Gardens; and, which is admirable in him, when he visits a Patient, his presence is a sort of Cordial, for he is one of a cheerful temper; and sure I am, that man is actually dying, that is not revived to hear him talk; he never speaks but it is to the purpose, and no man ever clothed his words in sweeter epithets. The estate he has got by his great practice has already preferred him to be Sheriff of Dublin, and I do not doubt but a few years will prefer him to the honour of Lord Mayor; and why not, since one of the same profession now fills the Chair?

Madam, I might enlarge in this Gentleman's Character: but this is my last visiting-day, and the Farewells I have yet to make will not allow it; but they that would know Mr. Constantine further may see a living picture of him every day in the person of Mr. *Chambers*, who, as he is his Brother by Trade, so equals him (if any man ever did) in all the virtues of an accomplished Apothecary.—But the Sun had now strid the Horizon, so I staid but a minute in Crane-lane, and next posted to Mr. *Sudal's* in Fishamble-street. I was often invited to come hither, but could not do it till this day. When I came to *Sudal's*, I found his Wife was a kinswoman of Mr. Doolittle (the Nonconformist Minister), and one that I knew in London. Mr. *Sudal* is but a little man in his person; but I see, by the treat he gave me, that a great and generous soul may dwell in a little tenement. And the least I can say of *Mrs. Sudal* is, she is an excel-

lent Housewife, has a great deal of ready wit, and, though taller than her Spouse by the head and shoulders, is otherwise a suitable Wife; but I think Mr. Sudal deserves her, for he is a mighty obliging Husband, and very remarkable for the punctual performance of his promise. It is true, his Trade and Customers oblige him more to time than other dealers; but he is punctual more from a principle of conscience than interest; and indeed, Sudal, if I belie you here, I should scarce think you a Christian; for, as the Author of the *Duty of Man* says, p. 227, "That sort of debt which is brought upon a man by his own voluntary promise cannot, without great injustice, be withholden;" and he that dies in such an act of injustice, if this Author be in the right, "dies in a state of damnation: for," continues this Author, "when a promise is made, it is now the man's right; and then it is no matter by what means it came to be so. Therefore we see David makes it part of the description of a just man, Psal. xv. 4, 'that he keeps his promise;' yea, though they were made to his own disadvantage. And surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, either as that signifies the Church here, or Heaven hereafter, that does not punctually observe this part of justice." Thus far "The *Duty of Man*." And I find Mr. Sudal's life is conformable to the notions of that great man. And, Madam, this part of justice (I mean that of keeping of promises) being likewise agreeable to my own sentiments, I could not but have an esteem for him. I stayed with him five hours, much of which time was spent in talking of Madam *D*—— and the baughty *Rachel* * (that *Rachel* I mentioned before). But at five I bade them adieu; and next went to High-street, to take my leave of *an old Usurer*. I wish I could say any good of him, but I profess I cannot; so I think it proper to conceal his name. When I came to his house, I told *Scrape-all*, "I came to bid him Farewell;" but this "rich poor man" (as Cowley calls the Miser) had not the soul to ask me to eat or drink; so that I must say, at parting, Mr. *L*—— is "a beggar of a fair estate." I may say of his wealth, as of

* *Rachel* Seaton; see pp. 47, 63, 356. EDIT.

other men's prodigality, that it has brought him to this. Another that knows the right use of 200*l.* shall live creditably and to better purpose than he with his 10,000*l.* Every accession of a fresh hundred bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. Nay, Madam, I am told by Mr. Larkin, who has known him long, that he is so very covetous, that he had been starved long since, had it not been for the free use of other men's tables. It is said, "Covetousness is the only sin that grows young as men grow old;" and I found it verified in this wretch, who, though worth 10,000*l.* the cloaths he had on when I came to see him were never young in the memory of any, and he has been known by them longer than his face. Madam, for my part, I am heartily concerned for the poor heir which will have the estate; for the old Miser never gave alms in his whole life, or did a generous action; and every one thinks it will never prosper, but be rather as great a curse to the heir as it is to the present possessor. Yet, to give the Devil his due, he is as charitable to his neighbour as he is to himself; and rather than go to a Doctor, Mr. Larkin says, he is sure he would die to save charges. He has but one Kinsman, who was forced to wander to London to get bread. He might have married a great Fortune, would this Miser have drawn his purse-strings; but he would do nothing for him while he lived, though 500*l.* given or lent him in his life-time would have done his Cousin more service than 10,000*l.* after his death. But I should starve should I stay here; so I leave *Sir Miser*, to take my leave of a more generous Friend; I mean the ingenious Dr. *Whaley*, a great Benefactor to my three Auctions. When I came to the Doctor's house, I found he was gone out; perhaps in search after Patrick Campbell, for putting of his title to "*Cumpsty's Almanack*;" but, if Campbell would ask pardon, I believe the Doctor would soon forgive him, for Dr. Whaley is a man of a noble spirit, and justly merits the esteem he has with ingenious men. His "*Almanack*" bears the bell from all the rest in Ireland. I was very desirous to have seen the Doctor at leaving Dublin, to thank him for all his favours; but, missing of him, I next rambled to Mr. *Carter's*, in Fishamble-street.

I had but just time to bid Carter adieu, but will say at parting, he is a genteel honest Printer; is like to marry a Beauty. I heartily wish him courage, for "faint heart never won fair lady;" and he cannot but conquer, for he is a witty man, and charms a thousand ways.

Having shaken hands with Mr. Carter, I went next to visit my Friend *Sparlin* in Damas-street. He is a very ingenious man, and blest with an excellent Wife. He was gone to the Custom-house; so I missed taking my leave of him, for which I was heartily sorry, for he was my fellow-traveller to Malbide, and I wanted to thank him for old favours. So I rambled next to the Keys in High-street, where I met by appointment with *Jacob Milner*, and his man *Shepherd*. As to Jacob, he is a well-set handsome man, and I shall treat him civilly in my "Summer Ramble," provided he grows humble, is very respectful to Mr. Wilde, and tells Campbell of his great sin in printing "Hodder's Arithmetick" with *Cocker's* title. And so *exit* Jacob, to make way for his man Shepherd, of whom I shall only say, *Trim-tram*; for he bought Books at my Auction, and I found him an honest fellow, and there is an end of it. Having taken my leave of Mr. Shepherd and his good Master, I went to spend half an hour with Mr. *Corbury* and his good Wife, who are very obliging persons; and I shall ever love them, and one day requite them, for their great tenderness to one of my best Friends. But the day spends, and I have other Farewells to make: so my next business was to take my leave of my three Landlords, Mr. Orson, Mr. Landers, and Mr. Cawley. As I went along, I happened to meet with Mrs. *Maxfield*, a very sensible good woman; she was going, perhaps, to the Four-Courts, to hear a Trial she had there depending. She hurried so fast after her Lawyer, that I had but just time to bid her adieu, and to send a tender Farewell to her virtuous Daughter.

Having left Mother Maxfield, I stopped no where till I came to my three Landlords; I have already sent their Characters, and shall only add that, after a little wringing of hands, and some tears at parting, I took my final leave of each; and in my way home I unexpectedly met with the ingenious *Climene*, my Fellow-traveller to Ballimany. We walked together to Mr. Larkin's, and there

parted. As we went along, we had a glimpse of a remarkable black man. She told me it was Dr. *Proby*; she gave him a mighty character, for his great success in curing the Stone, for his skill in Surgery, and readiness to serve the Poor. But I had not the happiness to be known to him; so I prevented her speaking to him, being here met by my servant *Robinson* (as true a hearted man as lives) and by his dear Spouse, who has brought me a pigeon-pie, I had almost said large enough to victual a single cabin to the East Indies. Having taken my leave of this happy couple, I should next inquire for the Gentleman with a red face, honest Dr. *Robinson* (I mean him who makes so noted a figure in the Dublin Custom-house). He is a very agreeable Friend, punctual to his great trust, yet very obliging: had I a minute to spare, we would shake hands over a glass of claret. And from him I should step to the Post-house, to take my leave of Mr. *Shepherd*. He is a very generous good man, and I should in justice give him a Farewell bottle; but I am tired with my day's Ramble; and the Sun has got on his night-cap, and, if I do not hasten, will be gone to his bed before I am got to my chamber. But I engaged Mr. *Wilde* to make an apology to Dr. *Robinson* and Mr. *Shepherd*, and to present them in my name with a Farewell-token. This Saturday night concluded my Dublin Farewells; and, if the wind be fair on Monday, I shall embark with Owner *Pickance*, and then Farewell to the Kingdom in general (Farewell for ever); and when I get to London I will fall to printing this Account of my Conversation, and also my "Scuffle with Patrick Campbell;" for it is expected in Dublin, as appears by a Letter directed to Mr. *Larkin*, which begins thus: "Sir, We, or many of us here, would be glad the 'Dublin Scuffle' was out, which *Dick Pue* says he will buy one of, and chain to his table, that the sale may be spoiled by every body's reading it for a penny apiece, and that he shall get. I am sorry, therefore, he is not likely to have a severer lash than I am afraid he will, without it be subjoined in a Postscript; for *Dick* and I now are two, and, for want of yours, made a Dublin Scuffle of our own the other night."

Thus far the Letter to Mr. Larkin ; and an hour ago I received myself a Letter from *Sir Hackney* (I call him so as he is Campbell's tool), wondering the "Dublin Scuffle" is not yet out ; but withal threatening I know not what if I omit the inserting some of his own maggots. It is true, Madam, such a fellow as this is scarce worth my notice ; yet I would tell you his name, but that he is ashamed of it himself : but, to shew this Hectoring tool how much I defy him and all his abettors, I will here insert the Character of *Robin Boghouse* (for so he calls himself). His face is full of a certain briskness, though mixed with an air a little malicious and unpleasant. He has a large stock of ill-nature, pride, and wit, in which lies his chiefest excellence, though a very unenvied one. His face is made of brass, and his tongue tipped with lies (for there was not a true word in all his Letter) ; yet, as lewd as that and his tongue is, they are the two best accomplishments he has. I find in his Letter he has not a dram of tenderness for his best Friends ; I mean those who pay him for scribbling. But no wonder he abuses the Men, for he is so unmannerly as to revile even the Fair Sex. Then where shall a man find him ? for he slanders every body, and, Proteus-like, appears in all manner of shapes. Sometimes he calls himself a Student of Trinity College near Dublin ; at other times a Knight-Errant, and fights every thing ; and the next moment owns himself a poor Labourer. He will swear through an inch-board, and do any thing rather than starve : so that, if two Irish Justices and myself be not mistaken, Robin Boghouse (*alias T. D.*) will die looking through an *hempen casement* ; or, if he will kneel low enough for it, perhaps he may come off (for I will stand his Friend when I see him penitent) with being only whipped at the cart's tail.

Thus, Madam, having sent you the "History of my Conversation in Ireland," and some hints of my "Summer Ramble," from the time I landed to the Sunday I left it ; and having also as truly related how I came to be engaged in a Dublin Scuffle ; perhaps you will expect my remarks on the impatience of these two, till my Scuffle arrives in Dublin.

Then first as to Dick Pue. I cannot find by the Letter

sent Mr. Larkin whether he so impatiently desires my Scuffle, that he may spoil the sale of it, by chaining one to his table, or that (to use the words in Mr. Larkin's Letter) he may "get a penny by people's reading it;" but I rather incline to this last opinion; for Dick hopes, by the many pence he shall get by it, that he might reimburse himself of that money he paid (for somebody) for secret service; and I know to whom, and what sum; and so shall the world too, except he will bring Boghouse to light, that the world may know the man that begets Actæons; and that is all I shall say at present concerning Dick, or his dear Cousin.

And now, Madam, having in this Letter sent you the Characters of almost every thing I conversed with in Ireland, I hope you will pardon me if (in the last place) I allow myself a Character amongst the rest *.

Your Ladyship once satirized me with the name of a Poet (for it is the same thing as if you had called me a Beggar; even famous Butler † was forced to die, and be interred on tick), and say all my tender expressions proceed more from the brain and fancy than my heart. But, Madam, as much as I love rhyming, yet there are four or five in the world (of which your Ladyship is one, and the ingenious *Hamlen* ‡ another) that I respect without the least mixture of Poetry. And I appeal to yourselves for the truth of this part of my character; for you both know I have but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and, were it not for discretion, I never think aught whereof I would avoid a witness; and therefore it is strange I have one Friend in the world; for folks do not love to hear of their faults; and I am downright, and call "a spade a spade." I also own I am very rash in my actions, and scarce ever did any thing (save taking two women for better for worse) but I repented of one time or other. I have a great deal of mercury in my natural temper, for which I must have allowance (or shall appear but an odd Christian). But the best men are the most charitable; and no man (if he considers himself) will blame that in

* This Character he afterwards transferred to his "Life and Errors;" see it already printed in p. 239.

† As Oldham tells us in his Poems.

‡ Now living at Frome in Somersetshire.

me which I cannot help. Perhaps I shall be blamed for this open confession ; but, having an honest design in every thing I do, I publish that to the world which others would keep as a secret ; and, for this reason, I creep to nobody, but, by daring to tell the truth, do often lose a Friend for the sake of a jest : but, bating but this fault, though I say it myself, I am as fit to make a Friend as any man I know ; for my bosom is my Friend's closet, where he may safely lock up all his complaints, his doubts, and cares ; and look, how he leaves so he finds them. The dead, the absent, the innocent, and he that trusts me, I never deceive or slander ; to these I owe a nobler justice, and am so sensible of another's injuries, that when my Friend is stricken, I cry out. I was never forward in contracting of Friendships ; but where I once love, I never hate ; no, not for a crime, any longer than till pardon is asked ; and, if my Friend falls to decay, I am even ready to rejoice (I ask his pardon) that I have an opportunity to convince him I loved in earnest ; and, though it were impossible he should ever requite me, while I have any thing, my Friend shall have all ; nay, I have this peculiar to myself, that I love a Friend better for being poor, miserable, or despised. True friendship, like the rose, flourishes best amongst thorns ; and my hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the greatest discouragement that lies in the way of serving my Friend ; and therefore I would rather serve my Friend * than barely pretend to it ; for I hate a noise where there is no performance. I never do that to my Friend that I cannot be content he should do to me ; and therefore, loving at this warm rate, it is but just I slight what loves not so much as myself.

So much for my Birth, Education, Person, Temper of Mind, Religion, and Friendship. As to my Dealings with men, my word is my parchment, and my *yes* my *oath*, which I will not violate for fear or gain ; and this is one reason why I never eat my promise, or say, "this I saw not, but this I said." In 600 Books I have printed I never swerved from the price agreed on, or made any

* The several hundred pounds I have paid for others sufficiently proves this.

Printer call twice for his money (which practice I learned from my honoured Master); nor did I ever print any man's Copy, or purchase his Author by out-bidding; and my way of traffick is all above-board, for I betray the faults of what I sell. I have twenty times in Dublin restored the overseen gain of a mistaken reckoning; and (being haunted with a scrupulous mind) have often paid a sum over twice, for fear of doing wrong; and this even Dick Pue will own, if he has any justice left. But what justice can I expect, when the malice of some men is so deep, and their capacities so shallow, as to believe a criminal in his own case, to the prejudice of an innocent man? But they that will judge me by the malicious tongues of my prejudiced enemies are fitter for a place in Bedlam, than to live amongst honest people; for honest men there are in the world; and therefore I appeal to Mr. *Wilde* in Dublin, to Mr. *Wilkins* in New England, to Mr. *Darker* in London, and all that have traded with me, for the truth of this scrupulous justice. But, as scrupulous as I am in trade, I was never wanting to my belly, nor a wretch to my back; and am the same enemy to prodigality as I am to a sneaking temper: and I think I am right (in this part of my character); for Solomon says, Eccles. ii. 24, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour." But though I pity the man, Eccles. vi. 2, "to whom God hath given riches, and not the power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it;" yet, of the two extremes, I think is much better to live beneath, than above my estate; for I had rather want than borrow, and beg than not pay.

Whatever your Ladyship thinks (or my Enemies may say against me) all that know me will own this is the true Character of John Dunton; or, at least, it is the Character of what I should be. I write not this out of vain-glory, but as a necessary vindication of my life and actions against the abuses of Patrick Campbell. But, perhaps, your Ladyship will say, "I live by ill neighbours; that I praise myself:" to this I answer, I see little in this Character that adds much to my praise; or, if I did, I should spoil it with telling your Ladyship that my faults are so many to my few virtues, if I have any, that I am

ready to own myself the worst of men ; and do often cry out with the Publican, Luke xviii. 13. " God be merciful to me a sinner." However, Madam, if I have been too kind to myself in this present Character, if your Ladyship, in your remarks on it, will honour me so far as to take your pencil, and draw me just as I am, for this Conversation sets me in a true light, I will print the Character you give me, though it were a satire upon my whole life ; for I know you are just, and will write nothing but what you think ; and I so little value the praises of others, that I will print it just as you send it ; and if the exposing my faults will make others avoid them, I shall reckon the publishing of them amongst the chief blessings of my life. And if, when your hand is in at Characters, you will send me your own, it would direct my pen in my writing to you, and be the best rule (next the Bible) that I could live by. But, Madam, if I find by your Character you are as fallible as other Ladies, I will be as severe upon it (in our future correspondence) as I desire you would now be upon mine ; which (if I know any thing of myself) is so far from being romantic, that I appeal to my own conscience for the truth of my whole character. And here conscience will stand my friend ; nay, in some sense, a man's conscience is the only Friend or Enemy he has in the world ; for a man cannot fly from himself (as I hinted in the " Dublin Scuffle"), and therefore must be as great a fool as knave, if he turns Argus (*alias* Traitor) to his own person. But I am so little guilty of this madness, that I think Argus a base animal, to suppress Letters merely to carry on a correspondence of his own with the same person ; for, notwithstanding *Bogland* boasts of no venomous thing, such a Serpent there is in Ireland, or else I am wrong informed : but he is a sly invisible tool, and I almost despair of catching him ; but, that I may do all I can to discover him, I will fall to write " A Search after Argus." I hear of him in London by the Bristol packet, and perhaps shall see him in Scotland ; but shall scarce catch him, except at Rome in a Jesuit's habit. But, if I miss him at Rome, I will take shipping for St. Helena, for he resembles a Cousin of mine that was born there, but *like* was never *the same* ; so I will leave this Island, and, ra-

ther than search in vain, I will ramble next to Helicon, to inquire of Madam Laureat, the Western Nightingale, who justly wears the bays, and has no equal on earth but your Ladyship ; and I am apt to think I shall meet him here, for, when Herma lays her hands to the spinnet, or charms with her heavenly tongue, the very Angels sit and listen to her song ; and what cannot a Lady discover, that can beckon to Angels to give her intelligence ? But suppose Herma can give no account of Argus, yet this Ramble may bless the rest ; for she is my Friend more than in words ; and, if I meet her, will wish me a great deal of diversion in my travels ; and, being a generous Lady, will contribute towards them.

I will next inquire of Mr. Read, the Barber I before described, for he will dine with me to-morrow in Jewin-street, and then I shall hear of Argus, for Mat has been viewing Holland, and, some say, had a glimpse of Argus in Amsterdam ; and not unlikely, for his manners shew him a Dutchman. If I gain no intelligence here, I will send to Lucas, in Crane-lane ; for he is a man very inquisitive ; and, being a grateful person, if he hear of Argus, will let me know it by the first post. But my search is still after Argus ; and, rather than not find him, I will next ramble to *Symon*, for he is a generous good man ; and, if he knows such a wretch as Argus, I am sure will bring him out ; or at least direct me to an old Gentlewoman, a grave, pious, ingenious Lady, who knows Argus by Numb. iii. and is the only person that can discover him : but, if I inquire for Argus here, perhaps this old Lady will think him a dry subject, and never consent to the favour I ask ; no, though I whine like a dog in a halter ; but this Matron need not fret herself, for it is beneath my spirit (as was observed by one that had reason to know) to court a young (much less an old) woman in vain. Besides, Rosinante will soon be saddled, and poor Sancho knows the way to the Bath, and, if I desire it, will go with me round the World ; I mean still in search after Argus, whom I will find if possible ; but, as Scoggin said when he untiled the ridge of a house to seek for a gold watch, I must as well look where he is not, as where he is ; and therefore, in my further search after Argus, I will next step to my Friend *Ignotus*, and from him to the

learned *Fido*, for they are two generous Levites, and would never conceal my Enemy. If I miss him here, as I judge I shall, I will next ramble to a certain Frenchman, and ask if he knows Argus, for Argus says he is intimate with him; but what I get of Monsieur must be by way of petition, for Argus says he is a desperate blade, and I have no fancy to a broken pate. If Monsieur will give no account of Argus, I will next step to the Post-house; for some say this invisible fox gets his bread by sorting and intercepting of letters; but, if I can have no account of him here, I will ride post to all the gibbets in Christendom, as the fittest place for a man that betrays his trust; and, if I miss of him here, I will conclude the story of Argus was but a poetical fiction, or that the Devil is run away with him.

Madam, I have now finished the "Account of my Conversation in Ireland;" to which I have added my search after Argus, the only Serpent thought to be in it, which perhaps your Ladyship will think as true as the story of Bevis, or the Travels of Tom Coriat; for how can this hang together, that this letter should be written at Patt's Coffee-house, as I at first hinted, when part of it seems to be written to your Ladyship in Dublin after my arrival at London; and part of it from Dublin, whilst you were in England. And perhaps, Madam, the World will be as much puzzled to find out how I could at the same time mention the last things I did in Ireland, as well as the first, and all this in one letter. How can this come right, except you are a man of art, and can reconcile plain contradictions?

This, Madam, is easily reconciled, if your Ladyship pleases to remember, that, though it is printed as one continued letter, yet it was sent to you in several; as were also your Ladyship's answers. And though this be enough to atone for the seeming contradictions, yet I may further add, it is not to be thought that a man that is not quite distracted would quote so many eminent persons, and some of the first rank, to countenance that which they could contradict. And as this alone is enough to prove the truth of part of my Conversation; so the additions I made to it since I came to London, upon a further recollection, reconcile all the seeming contra-

dictions in it ; for might I not write a great part of it at Patt's Coffee-house in Dublin, and send it to your Ladyship at your return to London, with a desire you would inquire after the state of my house in Jewin-street ? and is it not equally as probable that, whenever your Ladyship went back to Dublin, I should tell you, upon my arrival in London, of the last things I did in Ireland, with the names of the persons that hazarded their lives to see me on shipboard ?

Thus, Madam, though unacquainted with the subtle distinctions of art ; yet, by the clue of truth, I have led your Ladyship out of those labyrinths in which my Irish Conversation, printed in one tedious letter, might seem to involve you.

But, Madam, I fear I have tired you quite, and yet could scarce avoid being thus tedious : for, since I was resolved to have my cause tried at your bar, it was necessary to give you a full account of my Conversation ; that so, by putting things in the clearest light, you might be the better able to judge me aright. And, having done this, I shall conclude with this request to your Ladyship, that you would now “read, try, judge, and speak as you find.” And whatever your sentence be, you will thereby oblige,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most humble, and most obedient servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXTRACTS FROM

DUNTON'S ATHENIAN PROJECT;

(Published in 1710.)

THE COURT AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY I;
WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF HER PRIVATE CABALS,
AND THE METHODS SHE USED FOR INTRODUCING
POPERY; CONTAINING SECRETS THAT OUR ENGLISH
CHRONICLES HAVE WHOLLY OMITTED.

SEVERAL persons of great worth and learning have already given account of the great cruelties that have been exercised by Papists on Protestants; and some particularly have wrote of the dismal condition of the Reformed Christians in Queen Mary's days: but none have yet, as I remember, acquainted the World with Queen Mary's private cabals, and the method she used to introduce Popery, which was at her coming to the Crown in a fair way of being extirpated: and, considering that the discovering of a rock on which some have formerly split may be of great use for others to avoid it, especially our Tacking Gentlemen, who were lately going to ruin their native Country by their dangerous experiments, I have undertaken to give you this following account of the *Court and Character of Queen Mary I.*

King Edward VI. only Son to Henry VIII. succeeded him in the Crown of England; a Prince that was too good to live long; the Phœnix of English Kings, had he had time to prosecute his intentions, and mature his genius: but the Sun in him did shine too bright in the morning; God gave England only the representation of a good King, but would not, in judgment, let us be blessed long with him. Religion began to revive, Liberty to bud forth, the people to peep out of their graves of

slavery and bondage, just at they did at the landing of King William of ever glorious memory, and to have their blood fresh and blushing in their cheeks. But all is presently blasted by his death; and the people, who have seldom more than hopes for their comforts, are now fainting for fear. England is benighted, and hung with black; Queen Mary, that Alecto and Fury of Women, succeeds; and now both souls and bodies of the people are enslaved, and nothing but bonfires made of the flesh and bones of the best Christians. It is true, after the death of Edward VI. the Lady Jane, Wife to the Lord Clifford, fourth Son to the Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queen, as given to her by Edward VI.; but Lady Mary, eldest Daughter to King Henry, had the greater party, and so came to the Crown. Soon after which, she assisted at several private cabals, to burn her Protestant subjects; and in a few weeks restored the Pope and Cardinal, &c. to his former Supremacy over England, darkened the Reformation begun, and appointed the Church service again in Latin. And such a bloody Tyrant she was, to make sure of the Crown, she beheaded the Lady Jane Clifford and others. Yet she did not sit quiet on the Throne; for, to complete her sin, she drank deep of the blood of the Saints, and sent multitudes to Heaven in fiery chariots. And the like Fiery Trial we must have expected again in England, had the Pretender succeeded in his late attempt upon Scotland, as I shall prove in the conclusion of this Essay.

This bloody Queen married Philip, Prince of Spain; yet the Lord shut up her womb, that she had no Child, and cut her off, when she had raged over the Saints in this Nation five years, four months, and odd days, in 1559. But it is too much to name her as a Queen in the English tongue. I shall therefore proceed to describe her Court and Character, as she was a bloody Tyrant, and Persecutor of God's People.

Henry VIII. King of England, having left the Kingdom of England in great peace, and in a fair way to shake off the burthensome yoke of Rome; Edward VI. his Son, as I hinted before, succeeded him; a Prince so hopeful, that, in six years time, he had almost perfected the good work begun by his Father King Henry,

but unkind Death snatched him away, on the 6th of July 1553, in the 16th year of his age, whose death was much lamented throughout the Nation; most people prophetically presaging the misfortunes which were coming on them. And though the Lady Jane, as I observed before, was proclaimed Queen, her Reign lasted only ten days; for the Council turning to the Lady Mary, in the latter end of July 1553, caused her to be proclaimed Queen of England in London and other parts of the Realm; upon which she removed from her Castle of Framlingham towards London; and being come to Wansted in Essex, on the thirtieth of July, the Lady Elizabeth her Sister, with a train of a thousand horse, went from her place in the Strand to meet her.

On the third of August the Queen rode through London to the Tower, where she set free Stephen Gardiner, late Bishop of Winchester, and restored him to his Bishopric. On the fifth of August Edmund Bonner, late Bishop of London, prisoner in the Marshalsea, and Cuthbert Tunstal, the old Bishop of Durham, prisoner in the King's Bench, had their pardons, and were restored to their Sees.

Soon after this, it was resolved by Queen Mary, in her private cabals, that all Bishops whatever which had been deprived in the time of Edward VI. should be restored to their Bishopricks, and the new removed; and, according to this resolution, all that would not then forsake their Religion were turned out of their livings, and several old laws were again revived by Act of Parliament for the trial of Heresy; and Commissions and Inquisitors were sent abroad into all parts of the Realm: whereupon many were apprehended, and afterwards most of them burnt to death, or else through cruel usage died in prison, and were buried in dunghills in the fields, to the number of near 300 persons, men and women, in the short reign of Queen Mary. But, notwithstanding Queen Mary's Reign was thus bloody, yet at the beginning of it, viz. "On the twelfth of August, she made an open declaration in Council, that, though her conscience was stayed in matters of Religion, yet she would not restrain or compel others, otherwise than as God should put it into their hearts to embrace that Religion she was in;

which she hoped would be done by putting of godly and virtuous men into livings, to preach the word of God."

Upon this all parties hoped for a toleration to worship God their own way ; but the Papists, presuming upon the Queen's being of their Religion, openly commended their own Religion, and reproached the Reformed : so that on the thirteenth one Bourn, Canon of Paul's, preaching at Paul's Cross, not only prayed for the dead, but declared, " that Dr. Bonner, Bishop of London, late restored, and then in presence, for a Sermon by him made four years before on the same text, and in the same place, had been unjustly cast into the Marshalsea ;" which speech so offended the people, who had a great veneration for the good King Edward, that a great disturbance arose, and a dagger was thrown at him ; but he with much difficulty was conveyed into Paul's school by Mr. Rogers, whilst Mr. Bradford stepped into the pulpit and appeased the people. This being reported to the Queen, she makes another Declaration, " that she would have all her subjects live in amity ;" and charged them not to use the words *Papist*, or *Heretic*. Shortly after, all the Bishops which had been deprived in the time of King Edward VI. were restored to their Bishoprics, and the new removed ; also all beneficed men that were married, and would not renounce their Religion, were put out of their livings, and others of a contrary opinion were put into their room. These men, when restored, urge the Queen to re-establish Popery ; whom she answers, " that she designs nothing more, yet must act with so much secrecy and caution, as not to enflame her Reformed subjects." In the mean time, private cabals were held by the Queen and some of the most vigorous Papists, and, after several consultations, it was fully resolved that Popery should be suddenly restored.

On the 19th of August, John Duke of Northumberland, who professed himself a Protestant in King Edward's time, and persuaded the King to declare his Daughter, the Lady Jane, his successor, was tried and condemned for High Treason, and on the 22d executed ; and at his death declared himself a Papist, and to have

been so always. By which you may note what Temporizers Papists are, who can seem to be any thing for interest. Now, things seeming to be a little settled, the Queen thinks it convenient to make another step towards Popery ; which is, by a Proclamation to prohibit preaching ; it being certain that when man is ignorant, he is ready to embrace any novelty, not being capable of considering whether it be good or evil. Many censures passed upon this Proclamation ; but none durst openly testify their resentment, for fear of being clapped up ; and though the Queen seemed to carry all things fair, yet some of the wisest of the Reformed, being sensible that persecution was coming on them, held several consultations, but their consciences will not let them rebel against their Sovereign ; yet, on the 15th of September, Archbishop Cranmer courageously declares against the Mass ; of which Bonner makes use to inflame the Queen against him, and within two or three days Cranmer and Latimer are sent to the Tower : upon it several Reformed Christians fly beyond sea. The Queen, who had all this while contented herself with being Queen, by Proclamation, seeing things something settled, proceeds to her Coronation ; which was accordingly splendidly performed on the last of September. After which she discharges a tax ; published a general pardon, but interlaced with so many exceptions of matters and persons, that very few took benefit of it ; and those that did, were by the Commissioners assigned to compound with them, despoiled of offices and estates.

Soon after this, Justice Hales was imprisoned, for that, at a Quarter Sessions in Kent, he gave charge upon the Statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. in derogation of the Primacy of the Church of Rome : which was a high ingratitude in the Queen ; he having, in King Edward's time, refused to sign a warrant for disinheriting the Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth :

On the 10th of October, the Queen summons a Parliament, and Members are chosen by force and threats in some places ; and in others, those employed by the Court did, by violence, hinder the people from coming in to chuse ; in many places false returns were made ; and when the Parliament met, some were violently turned

out of the House. Several Bishops were thrust out of the House of Lords, for not worshipping the Mass, and soon after imprisoned.

On the 3d of November, Cranmer was arraigned in Westminster-Hall, and found guilty of High Treason; which, by the way, note, was only for not worshipping Mass, though other things were alleged against him; and was condemned to die. After which an Act was made for repealing the Laws made by King Edward touching Religion (see what a Parliament can do when one is picked out for the purpose). Then they passed another Act for preventing affronts to Popish Priests, who then began mightily to appear. Then another Act was passed for preventing "Unlawful Assemblies," by which was meant the meeting of the Reformed Protestants.

The Queen, having brought things to this point, begins to shew herself more openly; and publicly declares her resolution of being reconciled to the See of Rome, and accordingly sends Cardinal Pole to the Pope for his blessing and directions; but he was stopped by the Emperor as he was on his journey. But, the Queen sending to the Emperor to desire him not to hinder, Cardinal Pole went on his journey. In the mean while, Gardiner at home proposes to the Queen several private methods for rooting out the Reformed Religion, which are accepted of, but not put in execution till other necessities are dispatched; *viz.* the Match with Prince Philip of Spain, which Match the House of Commons disliked, alleging that it would bring England under a foreign yoke; and, since the Commons cannot be persuaded to consent to it, the Parliament is dissolved (the constant practice when they would not do what they thought destructive to the Nation), and a new one picked out (by the former methods) to agree to the Match. They were such men as could be bribed to do any thing the Queen would have them; for there were 1,200,000 crowns sent from Spain to corrupt them. They confirm the Marriage, set up the Mass, and concur with the Queen in all Acts for persecuting the Protestants. But, thanks be to God, we are not now in danger of such Parliaments; people's understandings being every where enlightened, and the whole Nation sensible of what will be the conse-

quence of such Parliaments, who shall concur with a Popish King, for destroying the lives, liberties, and properties, of those that are of the Protestant Religion ; a Religion which authorizes not murders and rapines ; that teacheth the way to Heaven, by meekness and humility, by loyalty and faithfulness to their Prince, and love to one another : but, on the contrary, the Popish Religion pretends to convert people by gaols, fire, and faggot ; the first instance of which in this Queen's Reign is Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, three Reformed Bishops, being adjudged Heretics, and condemned to die. After which follows the burning of Rogers a Minister, Hooper and Farrar two Bishops, and Bradford another Minister.

On the 25th of July 1554, Prince Philip comes to Winchester, attended by several Nobles who were sent to Spain to fetch him ; and on the 25th the Marriage was solemnized there. An infinite number of Papists of all Countries came over with him. The King and Queen send for Cardinal Pole from Rome ; who, being come, his attainder was taken off, and he makes a Speech to the Parliament, exhorting them wholly to the Mother Church ; upon which they desire pardon, and repent of their former errors, and profess themselves ready to abrogate all Laws prejudicial to the See of Rome ; upon which he gives them and the whole Nation absolution. In March, the Queen delivers up all the Abbey Lands, and leaves them to the disposal of the Pope and his Legate. So that by this Gentlemen may see what they are to expect from a Popish Prince ; viz. to have all their Estates taken away, their Families ruined, and even suffer the loss of their lives at his pleasure.

Soon after this, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, are burned, with thousands all over England ; the repetition of who they were, and where executed, I shall not trouble you with, since published at large in "Fox." I shall next discover Queen Mary's designs ; how she intended to have persecuted the Protestants in Ireland, but was by Providence prevented ; as you shall further know by the following relation, in which I shall only insert (as I have hitherto done) such material passages as have been omitted by other Historians, but have been averred (as you will hear anon) by several sufficient persons, as well

Ecclesiastical as Civil. Then to come to Queen Mary's designs against the Protestants in Ireland.

Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her Reign, signed a Commission for to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force, she nominates Dr. *Cole* one of the Commissioners, sending the Commission by this Doctor; who, in his journey, coming to Chester, the Mayor of that City, hearing her Majesty was sending a Messenger into Ireland, and he being a Churchman, waited on the Doctor, who, in discourse with the Mayor, taketh out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying unto him, "Here is a Commission that shall lash the Hereticks of Ireland," calling the Protestants by that title. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant Religion, and also having a Brother named *John Edmonds* of the same, then a Citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; but, watching her convenient time, whilst the Mayor took his leave, and the Doctor complimenting him down stairs, she opens the box, and takes the Commission out, placing in lieu thereof a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards, the Knave of Clubs faced uppermost, wrapped up. The Doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day, going to the water-side, wind and weather serving him, he sails towards Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October 1558 at Dublin: then coming to the Castle, the Lord Fitz-Walter, being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy Council; who coming in, after he had made a Speech, relating upon what account he came over, he presents the Box unto the Lord Deputy; who, causing it to be opened, that the Secretary might read the Commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the Knave of Clubs uppermost; which not only startled the Lord Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assured them he had a Commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the Lord Deputy made answer, "Let us have another Commission, and we will shuffle the Cards in the mean while." The Doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned into England; and

coming to the Court, obtained another Commission: but, staying for a wind at the water-side, news came unto him that the Queen was dead; and thus God preserved the Protestants in Ireland.

This is a copy of Richard Earl of Cork's Memorials; as also of Henry Usher, sometime Lord Primate of Armagh; being also entered amongst Sir James Ware's Manuscripts, who hath often heard the late James Usher, Nephew to the said Henry, and also Primate of Armagh, aver the same, and wondered that Mr. Fox had not inserted it in his "Acts and Monuments." There is yet living * a Reverend Father of the Church, *Henry* †, now Lord Bishop of *Meath*, who can affirm this relation from the said James Usher, late Lord Primate of all Ireland.

Upon the re-calling of the Lord Fitz-Walter into England, Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her Sister, discoursing with the said Lord concerning several passages in Ireland; amongst other discourses he related the aforesaid passage that had happened in Ireland, which so delighted the Queen, that her Majesty sent for the good woman, named *Elizabeth Edmonds*, but by her Husband named *Mattershad*, and gave her a pension of forty pounds, *durante vitâ*, for saving her Protestant Subjects of Ireland.

I shall conclude this brief account of the Court and Character of Queen Mary I. (wherein I chiefly insert such State Secrets as our English Chronicles have wholly omitted), with a brief account of those dreadful judgments that fell upon Bishop Bonner and Bishop Gardiner (the two chief Persecutors in Queen Mary's Reign), with the remarkable judgments that befell herself.

1. *Edmund Bonner*, Bishop of London (and the greatest Persecutor in Queen Mary's days), being imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth, died in his bed impenitent; and was denied Christian Burial, being at midnight tumbled into a hole amongst thieves and murderers.

2. Bishop *Gardiner*, a cruel Persecutor, died despairing; and having a Bishop with him, who put him in mind of St. Peter's denying his Master, he said, "I have denied

* That is, when Sir James Ware wrote. EDIT.

† Dr. Henry Jones, Bishop of Meath 1661—1680. EDIT.

with St. Peter, but never repented with St. Peter." He, rejoicing at the news of Bishop Ridley's and Bishop Latimer's burning, at a dinner that day, was that instant struck sick, denied the use of nature, either by urine or otherwise, for fifteen days, and then died with a sad inflamed body. And

3. As to Queen *Mary*, while she promised her protection of the Gospel she prospered, and by the help of the Gospellers she got the Crown; but afterwards breaking her promise, and bringing in of Popery, and burning of God's people for the Gospel sake, she and her Nation were much punished, and she was especially punished these several ways:—1. Her best Ships were burned. 2. She was opposed in her endeavours to restore the Abbey Lands. 3. Her Subjects suffered almost a famine, so that the poor people were forced to eat acorns instead of bread. 4. She lost Calais, in France, which had been the English Kings' right for the Reign of eleven Kings. 5. She was deprived of Children, which she greatly desired, and the whole Nation was cheated in the rumours of her bringing forth a Son. And, lastly, she having married Philip King of Spain, and so subjugated her Subjects to a Stranger (with whom she promised herself much felicity), was very unhappy by his withdrawing from her; and the short time she reigned does of itself shew God's displeasure for her burning so many eminent Protestants.

And now I shall only beg every honest Englishman, who is willing to serve his God in peace, and enjoy the privileges which God and the Laws have given him, to consider how sad the change of the present Religion and Government would be, when it shall lie in the power of the Pope to order the destruction of Protestants, and a Popish Prince think himself obliged to execute such his Holiness's orders; when we, who are free-born Englishmen, should be Priest-ridden; when those that will not rack their conscience to save their estates and lives shall be murdered; for such, and much worse, will be certainly the consequence of Popery, since all their learned Authors do publish "that every man is obliged to convert or confound Heretics;" and it is by that name they style us.

Let us reflect a little upon the late designs of the Pretender, or sham Prince, against Scotland. Was not the scene of converting England and Scotland, laid in blood? What care ought then to be taken for preventing the designs of such men! How diligent ought we to be in counter-plotting! How industrious ought we to be in choosing good Members for Parliament, who, if bad (I mean Tackers or Papists), can make such a figure in altering the Government, and bringing the Country to destruction! How ought we to amend our lives, and live answerable to God's great mercies hitherto bestowed upon us; and send up our hearty prayers, that God would continue her Majesty's life to us, and destroy and confound all her's and the Nation's enemies, and give a blessing to our Forces both at sea and land; for, should the French King, or the Pretender, that sham Prince he lately sent to Scotland to burn and ruin us, ever get footing in Great Britain and Ireland, we could expect no other than a second Fiery Trial.

THE MATHEMATIC FUNERAL;

OR, A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE PIOUS AND LEARNED DR. JOHN WALLIS,
IN ALGEBRAIC TERMS.

AS the calm Night had chas'd away
The noise, and tedious hurry of the Day;
And grateful Sleep, with gentle rest,
Had of all cares relax'd my breast,
Within my brain did such ideas play,
As with this scene supplied the absence of the Day.

Amidst the shade and silence of a grove,
Where not a bird did sing, or leaf did move,
Methought a grave majestic Matron sat,
That seem'd oppress'd by some severer fate;
The coronet she wore did quake,
And both her hands convulsed shake;

Of which one held a book, and one a cypress bough ;
 And trouble sat in wrinkles on her brow ;
 Nor could I guess what 't was the pageant meant,
 Till in these words abrupt she gave her sorrow vent :
 " Not so, dear *Wallis*, must thou quit the stage,
 Unheeded, unlamented by the age !
 I'll rather raise up some unthought-of Muse,
 My thankless offspring to accuse,
 And tell—how deeply learn'd in Mathematic lore,
 Thou went'st in paths scarce trod before,
 And taught'st my tender Sons the way
 (Such as would follow and obey),
 To trace ev'n unto Demonstration's top
 The most mysterious problems up ;
 Whate'er they do, I cannot chuse but moan
 Their Tutor and their Father gone ;
 Nor hast thou left me such another Son."
 As these last words she spake, methought I saw
 Another shape near to the former draw,
 Which like the first in all things did appear
 (*Granta* her Name) for they two Sisters were,
 But that there sat not such a Reverend Snow
 Upon her head, or so much sorrow on her brow.
 She soon advanc'd, and with respectful air
 Enquir'd, what meant the words that struck her ear.
 Why her fair Sister shew'd such mighty grief,
 Who 'midst so many Sons could never want relief ?
 The first replies, " Ah, *Granta*, did you know
 The righteous cause, you would not blame my woe.
 Hear then—for, if it must be said,
 Why *Rhedicina* grieves, it is for *Wallis* dead ;
 To whom, in Algebraic numbers skill'd,
 Did every arduous Problem yield ;
 Who taught what sure vicissitude did guide
 The flux and reflux of the Tide ;
 What laws confine the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
 And guide the motions of the Spheres ;
 That could, with astronomic eyes,
 On Jacob's Staff, as on his Ladder, rise :
 Nay, as he Nature's larger volumes did,
 And Heaven's fair characters spell out, and read ;
 So could below abstrusest things reveal,
 Though Cryptic Symbols strove and would conceal :
 However mingled and obscure, his eye
 Could through the mystic veil th' intended sense espy ;
 When labouring tongues impregnant went,
 When in articulate sounds he gave them easy vent.
 Taught by him, e'en the dumb did silence break,
 And without miracle learn'd to speak :

Of what in any wise was great
 His mighty genius knew to treat.
 Who to the sum of all his arts would mount,
 Almost with his Arithmetic of Infinites must count.
 Well, as I can't but mourn his fall,
 I'll give him at my charge the following Funeral.

I'll have the solemn pomp, and stately show,
 In Geometrical Progression go.
 Sage Algebra, with eyes cast down,
 By Cubes and Roots encompass'd round,
 Shall lead the Van ; and by her widow'd side,
 A gentle band of Fluxions glide ;
 Æquations, with affected pace,
 Shall gravely next take place ;
 Tall Axioms then shall march, upon whose state
 Long Corollaries shall await.
 This learned and lamenting tribe
 A huge Ellipsis shall describe,
 Whose two Focuses shall be
 Algebra and Geometry ;
 Geometry, which mighty Queen
 Shall in robes the next be seen ;
 Her Mathematic Guard among
 Slow Cylinders shall roll along,
 And all her Curves, and Squares, and Circles join'd,
 In figures properly combin'd,
 Shall make her up a flowing train behind.

This Cavalcade upon the Bard shall wait,
 And in her way participate his fate.
 Fluxions shall weep so long, till they be grown
 Most of them Niobes of Stone,
 And carved with $+$ and $-$ upon his Grave fall down.
 The whole contributors shall be
 Of something to the luckless treasury ;
 And thus erect (or rather shall become
 Themselves) his monument and tomb
 (Not Epicurus' atoms could advance
 The choicest of them in a happier dance).
 Thick Cubes shall down the lowest fall,
 And make the solid base of all.
 Then shall tall Cylinders stand up, and close
 Beauteous Pillars to compose,
 Whereon small Cones themselves shall rear,
 And at due distances appear ;
 Superinduc'd from end to end

Shall the Catenaria bend ;
 Upon whose high and arched top,
 Held by an Archimedes up,
 A wide-stretch'd Hemisphere shall grow,
 And be of all the Cupola.
 Laid underneath shall the dear Wallis be,
 And truly Rhedycina thinks that she
 Can't a more sweet Interment have
 Than to lie down and take a slumber in his Grave."

Methought here Granta answered—
 " Our loss, indeed, I truly moan,
 As he was also once my Son ;
 But let not sorrow to excess
 Thus your matronal breast possess ;
 There are that ought to wipe our tears away,
 And consolation may display ;
 Your *Gregory* lives, who may maintain,
 In business, and in grandeur, the Mathematic train.
 I have, howe'er, a Son, whose vaster mind,
 By ancient limits not confin'd,
 O'er Learning's former mounds has stepp'd,
 And the Herculean Pillars leap'd.
 He can, I'm sure, the mighty loss supply,
 And cherish all the orphan progeny.
 He tells how of Projectile Force
 Attraction did divert the hasty course,
 And subject to that only law above
 All the Celestial Bodies justly move ;
 Which one great principle unknown before,
 Supersedes the need of more ;
 And, on all Nature's Works impress'd,
 Does all things solve, like once the mighty Alkahest.
 For, what in vain preceding ages sought,
Newton produc'd at one prodigious thought."

More was the Matron ready to have spoke,
 But that that mighty name Sleep's tender fetters broke—
 The Vision fled away ; and I, surpriz'd, awoke *.

* Dr. Wallis died at the Savilian Professor's house, in New College Lane, Oxford, Oct. 28, 1703, in his 88th year, and was interred in St. Mary's ; where a monument was erected by his Son, John Wallis, Esq. a Barrister. EDIT.

THE NIGHTINGALE ;

OR, AN ODE UPON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY PURCELL, WHO (AS IT IS HOPED) IS GONE TO HEAVEN;
 "WHERE ONLY HIS HARMONY CAN BE EXCEEDED."

WEEP, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse ;
 Each mournful strain in softest accents dress,
 His praises and your sorrows to express.
 Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief
 With all the skill and harmony of Grief :
 To Damon's Hearse your tuneful tribute bring,
 Who taught each Note to speak, and every Muse to sing.

FIRST ACCOMPANIMENT.

Flat Trumpet.

Hark ! how the warlike trumpet groans !
 The warlike trumpet sadly moans,
 Instructed once by Damon's art

Sharp Trumpet.

To warm the active Soldier's heart,
 To soften danger, sweeten care,
 And smooth the rugged toils of War ;

Flat Trumpet.

Now with shrill grief and melancholy strains
 Of Damon's death and Albion's loss complains.

SECOND ACCOMPANIMENT.

Hautbois and Violin.

The sprightly Hautbois and gay Violin,
 By Damon taught to charm the list'ning ear,
 To fill the echoing Theatre,
 And with rich melody t' adorn each scene,
 Forget their native cheerfulness,
 Their wonted air and vigour to express,
 And in dead doleful sounds a tuneless grief confess.

CHORUS.

Weep, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse.

THIRD ACCOMPANIMENT.

Flute and Theorbo.

Mark how the melancholy Flute
 Joins in sad concert with the amorous Lute,

Lamenting Damon's hapless fate :
 From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's care,
 With soft complaint to move the cruel Fair,
 To calm her anger, and to change her hate.

FOURTH ACCOMPANIMENT.

Organ.

The various Organ taught by Damon's hand
 A nobler passion to command,
 The roving fancy to refine,
 And raise the ravish'd soul with charms divine,
 Now in deep sighs employs its tuneful breath,
 And bids each secret sound conspire
 To mourn its darling Damon's death,
 And with consenting grief to form one num'rous choir.

CHORUS.

Weep, all ye Muses, weep o'er Damon's hearse,
 And pay the grateful honours of your verse.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
 To aggravate your sad despair !
 Cease to lament your Learned Chief
 With fruitless skill and hopeless grief ;
 For sure if Mortals here below
 Aught of diviner Beings know,
 Damon's large mind informs some active Sphere,
 And circles in melodious raptures there,
 Mix'd with his Fellow-choristers above,
 In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
 To aggravate your sad despair.

So much by way of Ode to the memory of Mr. *Purcell* ;
 I shall only add, in Westminster Abbey an ingenious
 Gentleman (whose name I conceal * for a special reason)
 has bestowed upon him this Epitaph :—

“ Here lies Henry Purcell,
 who left this Life, and is gone to that Blessed Place
 where only his Harmony can be exceeded.
 Obiit 21^o die Novembris, anno ætatis suæ 37, annoque
 Domini 1695.”

* The Monument was placed by direction of the Lady Elizabeth Howard, and the Inscription written by Dryden. EDIT.

DIGNIFIED AND DISTINGUISHED;

OR, A CHARACTER OF THE MOST EMINENT CON-
FORMISTS IN THE QUEEN'S DOMINIONS*.

"PRINCES," says Dryden, "shine not on their Thrones,
Unless supported by Apollo's Sons :"

King Lewis had the Muse of famed *Boileau*,

Our Royal William had his *Congreve* too ;

Our very Clergy did but dully shine,

Till learned *Norris* did their sense refine;

'Tis Poets make the Clergymen *divine*.

Then, Muse, bestow (you scorn to write for bread)

A Character on *Priests* that are *inspired*,

Who 're *Dignified*, and so *Distinguished*.

First draw the Primate. He 's that pious rule

That Priests should mind, that would not play the fool.

Paint *Tenison*——No, Sir, it is in vain,

His merit baulks the Muse's humble aim,

She 's yet unfledg'd for the bright tracts of Fame,

A shining host of Virtues round him wait,

And vindicate his name from Time and Fate :

No Church was e'er in danger where such Bishops sate.

Great, yet not vain ; though just, he 's not severe ;

At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear ;

His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,

And Charity itself sits in his face.

He prays himself to soul to curb the sense,

And makes almost a sin of abstinence :

All Pulpit-fools might learn true wisdom hence.

Learning and Piety the Patriarch lead,

And Moderation crowns his aged head :

He was Distinguish'd for this cause alone,

To reconcile and make two Nations one †.

Awful as Shade, yet, like a Comet bright,

Where'er he goes he sheds a stream of light,

The Pulpit-fools run trembling from his sight :

His Looks and Preaching all in conquest lies,

You cannot hear him but we find you wise.

His aspect shines with temper and with love,

His mind 's as active as yon Fires above;

* From the Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, 1710.

† Alluding to the uniting of the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury was very instrumental.

His aims are pious as his post is high,
 'Twas Virtue alone that gave him Dignity;
 Born with auspicious stars and happy fate,
 But more in merit than in fortune great;
 He's an Archbishop in the wisest sense,
 For use, not grandeur, he the See maintains:
 Father indeed in God—as God does bless
 His toils and province with such great success,
 There's not one Pulpit-fool in all his Diocess.
Eusebia smiles beneath his gentle hand,
 That waves with such success the sacred Wand;
 His tender care his Rev'rend Children shares,
 As he the just return—their praise and prayers.
 Swift may the Guardian speed the course he bends,
 And drop his Mantle as he late ascends:
 He's Dignified to make the Nation Friends.

The next Archbishop here shall be decried,
 Was truly pious, learn'd, and Dignified,
 And so Distinguish'd by his healing tongue,
 Had not King William mitred *Tenison*,
 No other Prelate could have fill'd his room:
 For he is dead—e'en *Tillotson* must die—
 “No Patent's seal'd for Immortality.”
 Though ne'er so base, or never so sublime,
 All human things must be the spoil of Time:
 Bishop and Hero with the rest must go,
 Their Fame may mount, their Dust must lie as low.
 Thus Dignified, is *Tillotson* expir'd,
 With *Beveridge*, who lately has retir'd,
 As much lamented, and as much admir'd.
 Long we enjoy'd him; on his tuneful tongue
 All ears and hearts with the same rapture hung,
 As his on Royal *Mary* while she sung.
 His style does so much strength and sweetness bear,
 Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!
 Various his Sermons, yet they jointly warm,
 All spirit, life, and every line a charm;
 Correct throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,
 What he had finish'd nothing else could mend.
 Now in soft notes like dying Swans he'd sing,
 Now tower aloft like Eagles on the wing.

Speak *Gouge's* Charity in such a strain*,
 As all but *Burnet*† would attempt in vain.
 His Sermons this peculiar glory claim,
 As writ with something more than mortal flame;

* Mr. Gouge's Funeral Sermon, preached by Archbishop Tillotson, is here meant.

† Bp. Burnet preached Archbishop Tillotson's Funeral Sermon,

Wit, judgment, fancy, and a heat divine,
 Throughout each page, throughout the whole does shine :
 Th' expression clear, the thought sublime and high,
 No fluttering, but with even wing he glides along the sky.
 Railing disputes he daily sought to cure,
 He thought it Hell * the Damned did endure.
 But when both Whig and Tory shew'd their spite,
 In smoke and flame involv'd, they did not fight
 With so much force and fire as he did write.
 But where, Distinguish'd Prelate, is that He
 Surviving now to do the same for thee ?
 At such a Theme my conscious Muse retires ;
 Unable to attempt thy praise, she silently admires.
 Nor did old age damp his Seraphic flame,
 Loaded with threescore years 'twas still the same.
 Some we may see, who in their youth have writ
 Good sense, at Fifty take their leave of Wit ;
 Chimæras and incongruous Fables feign,
 Tedious, insipid, impudent, and vain :
 But he knew no decay ; the sacred fire,
 Bright to the last, did with himself expire.
 Such was the Man whose loss we now deplore ;
 Such was the Man, but we should call him more ;
 Immortal in himself, we need not strive
 To keep his sacred memory alive.
 Just, loyal, brave, obliging, humble, kind,
 The English he has to the height refin'd,
 And the best standard of it leaves (his Sermon Notes †) behind.
 Having done the Primate justice, 't is my place
 To do those right that copy from his Grace ;
 Then, Dunton, place *Sermon* in the second seat,
 In wisdom, alms, and moderation great,
 And all things else that make a Saint complete :
 How he the orbs of Courts and Councils mov'd !
 But, Muses—how he preach'd, and how he lov'd !
 What Spirit keeps his purse, your wit defines ;
 Amongst the Stars how Bishop *Burnet* shines !
 In this great Man does sparkle every grace,
 Angel in tongue, and Venus in his face ;
 He honours Lawn-sleeves, and makes the Mitre blaze.

* Archbishop Tillotson, in the Preface to one of his Books, tells us,
 "He is apt to think that furious disputing and quarrelling is part of
 the torment in Hell."

† These Sermons are printed in fourteen Volumes in Octavo, by
 that eminent Bookseller and truly honest Man, Mr. Richard Chiswell,
 who has printed so many excellent Books, written both by the present
 and late Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Patrick, Bishop Burnet,
 Bishop Wake, and other eminent Divines, as will perpetuate his name
 to the end of Time.

A thousand Cherubs round his Pulpit play,
 And Seraphs spread their garments in his way;
 All Heaven inspires when he does preach or pray;
 I' th' Pulpit you see his Soul in raptures pass;
 Clear as the lily in the crystal glass,
 And Heav'n gives all this fair extatic grace.
 Each atom of his Body is so fine,
 In every part it has the Stamp Divine.
 The Greek that strove to make a piece so high
 As might the works of Nature's self outvie,
 From all the rarest patterns which he knew,
 The best perfections which they had he drew.
 But, after all, it prov'd so ill, he swore
 He 'd never strive to perfect Nature more.
 Had he view'd Sarum with impartial eye,
 He 'd look no further for Divinity,
 Or any grace that charms the soul or eye.
 St. Paul's hearers, late a list'ning throng*,
 Confess'd the pious beauties of his tongue:
 Such charms are in his pulpit-oratory,
 Does he rejoice——Heav'n 's in that extacy.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 A living sermon of the truths he taught.
 Burnet's unblemish'd life, divinely pure,
 In his own heavenly innocence secure,
 The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy, shall endure.
 Serene as are the brighter Heavens! his mind
 O'erflows with bounty, and is unconfin'd:
 'Tis only Pulpit Fools that have his frown,
 He owns no High-Church but the Church of Rome †.
 He loves Religion, but he hates extremes,
 All persecution and *occasional dreams*.
 His life 's an equal thread correctly spun,
 Secure his interest when his days are done.
 I'll here attempt a shining character
 Of that great man the learned *Rochester* ‡.
 His fame will live, he is so Dignified
 By merit, place, and ev'ry thing beside;
 He 's a first rate in the Distinguish'd tribe.

* *Viz.* That Royal and Noble Auditory that heard him preach the Thanksgiving Sermon for that Glorious Victory obtained at Ramillies by the Duke of Marlborough.

† See Bishop Burnet's Speech to the House of Lords, concerning Occasional Conformity.

‡ Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester.

His matchless style, and Royal History *,
 His flowing wit, commission — loyalty †,
 Will be admir'd, till time itself shall die.
 He thinks so deep, and does so much excel,
 He's so Distinguish'd by his writing well;
 Soft France we scorn, nor envy Italy,
 The only universal wit is he.
 Anger is mad, and choler mere disease;
 His Muse sought what was sweet, and what would please:
 Still led where Nature's beauteous rays entice;
 Not touching vile deformities, or vice.
 Here no chimera skips, no goblin frights;
 No Satyr's here, nor monster else that bites.
 Sweetness his very vinegar allay'd;
 And all his snakes in ladies' bosoms play'd.
 Nature rejoic'd beneath his charming power;
 His lucky hand makes every thing a flower.
 So every shrub to jessamine improves;
 And barren trees to goodly myrtle groves.
 Some, from a sprig he carelessly had thrown,
 Have furnish'd a whole garden of their own.
 Some, by a spark that from his chariot came,
 Take fire, and blaze, and raise a deathless name.
 This character is to his merit due,
 On earth the King of Wits, they are but few,
 And, though a Bishop, he's a Preacher too.
 The next Distinguish'd Clergyman I'll name,
 Is Bishop *Blackall*, free from ev'ry stain;
 His life and sermons Dignify his fame:
 He's pious, learned, humble, truly wise,
 He grasps short-liv'd Occasion ere she dies,
 Prevents address, and rescues by surprise.
 Others' devotion only comes and fits,
 And their zeal warms them but like ague-fits:
 His constant is, its motion still the same,
 Nimble and restless, like aspiring flame.
 So the Sun's heat and active influence
 Do life and vigour constantly dispense.
 At Blackall's name my languish'd Muse revives,
 And a new spark in the dull ashes strives:
 I hear his tuneful voice, his song divine,
 And am inspir'd by every charming line.

* "The History of the Royal Society" is here meant; a matchless Work for learning, wit, and language.

† Alluding to his Book, intitled, "A Letter from the Bishop of Rochester to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorset, concerning his sitting in the late Ecclesiastical Commission."

Oh, Hoadly! pious Hoadly! how could you complain *
 Of Sermons studied by so great a man?
 They are so fine, no Orator can reach
 Their excellence, or so divinely preach.
 What life! what doctrine bless'd St. Mary's chair †!
 (It was no Church if Blackall was not there)
 He's Dignified by many a convert's prayer.
 Who don't believe what Bishop Blackall said,
 (When at Boyle's Lecture he both preach'd and pray'd)
 Would not believe a spirit from the dead ‡.
 In short, he is a Preaching Cherubim—
 His Sermons in his conversation shine.

Sir William Dawes should next Distinguish'd be,
 By learning, noble birth, and piety.
 But here my Muse has lost her pinions quite,
 No pen the praise he merits can indite,
 Himself to represent himself must write.
 Sir William does in every Church display
 An air of something new and something gay;
 'Tis Heaven, at least, to hear him preach or pray.
 He Dignifies his Pulpit, See, and Lawn,
 And is a very Angel of a man.

And now I talk of Angels, if we'd hear
 An Angel indeed, St. George's Chapel's near §:
 'Tis here each Sunday morning I repair
 To hear a man, but find an Angel there,
 That wears a gown to Dignify the place
 (For Dr. Marshall's Nature's master-piece).
 He, like Amphion when he form'd a town,
 Puts life in every stock and every stone.
 None are so wicked, or so sear'd with vice,
 But hearing him does melt their hearts and eyes;
 Ev'n Ormond cannot hear him but he sighs.
 To piety he ever did incline,
 Forsook the Law || to follow the Divine.

* Alluding to "An Answer to the Sermon preached by the Bishop of Exeter, &c."

† The Pulpit belonging to St. Mary Aldermary Church (where Bishop Blackall preached) is here meant.

‡ Bishop Blackall preached several excellent Sermons at Mr. Boyle's Lecture upon those words: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Luke xvi.

§ It is the New Chapel erected at the upper end of Ormond-street, near Lamb's Conduit Fields.—This Chapel was consecrated by Bishop Gibson in 1723, as the Parish Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square. EDIT.

|| I have heard Dr. Marshall forsook the Law to study Divinity, and he preaches like one in earnest for Heaven.—The Rev. J. Marshall died 1730. He had been Preacher at this Chapel, and was the first Rector. EDIT.

He does the serpent change into a dove,
 The factious with persuasive rhetoric move,
 And shews the furious Tacker how to love.
 The stubborn of each sex to reason bring;
 Like Blackall he can preach, like Cowley sing,
 And 's a Distinguish'd man in ev'ry thing.

Wise — as the best, will the learn'd Stanhope seem,
 But in St. Lawrence pulpit picture him;
 For, Dunton, 'tis there you 'll find the Seraphim.
 Devotion is the empress in his breast,
 Learning and zeal below divide the rest;
 He loaths the fools that dare to preach in jest.
 His temper is harmonious as the spheres,
 Copious his wit, yet sparkling as the stars.
 Athens and Rome, when Learning flourish'd most,
 Could never such a famous Preacher boast;
 Whose matchless beauties in the English tongue
 Can even rival the fam'd Tillotson.

Judgment does some to reputation raise,
 And for invention others wear the bays:
 Stanhope has both, with such a talent still,
 As shews not only force of wit, but skill.
 So faultless are his works, 'tis hard to know,
 If he does more to Art or Nature owe.
 Read where you will, he 's music all along,
 And his sense easy as his thought is strong.
 Some, striving to be clear, fall flat and low,
 And when they think to mount, obscure they grow.
 He is not darker for his lofty flight,
 Nor does his easiness depress his height;
 But still perspicuous, wheresoe'er he fly,
 And, like the Sun, is brightest when he 's high.
 He 's Dignified by all the Books he writes,
 And so Distinguish'd by his learned flights;
 His mere Translations shine, and far excel
 What others write, though an Original.

Some men a luckless imitation try;
 And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high,
 Flutter and flounce, but have not wing to fly.
 Some in loose words their empty fancies bind,
 Which whirl about like chaff before the wind.
 Here, brave conceits in the expression fail,
 There, big the words, but with no sense at all.
 Still Stanhope's sense might Stanhope's language trust,
 Both pois'd, and always bold, and always just.
 None e'er may reach that strange felicity,
 Where thoughts are easy, words so sweet and free,
 Yet not descend one step from majesty.
 I'll add but this, lest while I think to raise
 His fame, I kindly injure him with praise:

Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,
A finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.

Make famous *Savage* * with the next advance,
Charming at every word, with every glance.
Sweet as his temper paint his heavenly face;
Draw him but like, you give your piece a grace:
(For he's Distinguish'd with a thousand rays)
Blend for him learning, wit, and piety;
Draw him — a living University.

But hold — to make him most divinely fair,
Consult himself, you'll find all beauties there.
He's not advanc'd—but Bishopricks are near.

Let pious *Hoadly* next his station find,
Grown man in body now, but more in mind;
His looks are in the Mother's beauty drest,
And Moderation has inform'd his breast †:
He preach'd — (when he did railing fools detest).
But here, John Dunton, is thy skill confin'd,
Thou canst not paint his grave polemic mind,
That task is for wise *Calamy* assign'd.

The Painter's pencil cannot make a draught
Of things unseen, nor dares he paint a thought:
'Tis neither Art nor Nature can amend him,
I should not wrong him if I should commend him;
I'll only add, that *Hoadly* 's Dignified
By wit and grace, and not one spark of pride.
Merit has made him great, and spread his fame,
He is Distinguish'd by a life that 's clean,
His answering Blackall is his only stain.

With him let *Norris* be for ever join'd,
Alike in Metaphysics and in mind:
He search'd *Malebranche* ‡, and now the Rabbi knows
The secret springs whence truth and error flows.
Directed by his leading-light, we pass
Through nature's rooms, and tread in ev'ry maze;
A throng of virtues in his soul repose,
Which single would as many Saints compose:
Or, if all Graces you would see in one,
View his *humility*, for there 't is found §.
He is Distinguish'd by his low retreat
To Bemerton, far from a Bishop's seat,
Yet Dignified, for Learning makes him great.
Then, Pulpit-fools, to *Norris* all submit;
For here, or no where, you will meet with wit:

* Minister of Blackfriars.

† He published a Sermon upon that subject.

‡ This is the Book which Mr. Norris so greatly admired.

§ Viz. a Book he published, entitled "A Practical Discourse concerning Humility."

The learned and the brave survive the tomb,
 Poets and Heroes death itself o'ercome * ;
 By what they write or act, immortal made,
 They only change their World, but are not dead ;
 Norris can never die, of life secure,
 As long as fame or aged time endure.
 A tree of life is Sacred Poetry,
 Whoe'er has leave to taste can never die :
 Many pretenders to the fruit there be,
 Who, against Nature's will, do pluck the tree ;
 They nibble, and are damn'd ; but only those
 Have life, who are by partial Nature chose.
 Norris is Nature's darling, free to taste
 Of all her store, the master of the feast :
 Not, like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
 But lord of all the spacious Paradise.
 Mysteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,
 And in his favour contradictions join'd :
 Honest, and just, yet courted by the great ;
 A Poet, yet a plentiful estate ;
 Witty, yet wise ; unenvied, and yet prais'd ;
 And shews the age can be with merit pleas'd :
 Minerva and Apollo shall submit,
 And Norris be the only God of Wit.
 Press on, bright Saint, and nobly climb the sphere,
 You yet at your meridian don't appear ;
 Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire ;
 Be high, that we may leisurely admire ;
 So that great light to which we owe the day,
 With distance qualifies th' exorbitant ray.
 The Levite's soul we best of all define,
 When from afar the lavish virtues shine.
 Let's now no more the partial Planets damn,
 That each low mortal does the Muse condemn :
 None dare, when Levites wear the name, deride ;
 We boast our laurel to the gown ally'd.
 Let future chronicles then silent lie,
 Now in her zenith Nature seems to be ;
 T' enrich our age, beggars posterity.
 Oh, may the World ne'er lose so brave a flame !
 May one succeed in Genius and in Fame ;
 May, from his urn, some Phoenix-Norris rise,
 Whom the admiring World like him may prize.
 May he in his immortal numbers sing,
 And paint the glories of our matchless Queen.
 Oh may his verse of learned Norris taste !
 And mend the coming age, as he the last.

* He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will spread his fame to the end of time.

If these fam'd Preachers have thy art refin'd,
 Dunton, draw *Moss*, that's dazzling yet behind;
 Paint sweetness in his eyes at once, and awe,
 And make his looks preach Piety and Law;
 No Pulpit-notes, or Angel, ever sung
 More harmony than dwells upon his tongue:
 Happy in preaching, dignity, and parts;
 And (which is strange) the Lawyers he converts*,
 Who, all men know, have scared, stony hearts.
 But, by his Pulpit art and eloquence,
 These stones are flesh'd †, and fools made men of sense.
 His voice sure is by nightingales advanc'd!
 He does but speak, and all men lie intranc'd.
 Being thus Distinguish'd for a man of sense,
 Though not my Lord, yet, as he serves his Prince,
 We'll call him Bishop in the future tense.

Paint *Flamstead* next in his high Greenwich seat,
 Where all the arts of his profession meet,
 To Dignify his gown, and make him great.
 This is no Pulpit fool, nor e'er will be,
 He preaches from Heaven by Astronomy.
 This reverend man, from his auspicious hill,
 Does all the secrets of the Stars reveal.
 His Astrolabes are made with so much art,
 They can the distance of the Sun impart;
 Disclose a Parallax i' th' heavenly sphere,
 And shew the place of ev'ry wand'ring Star.
 Fix'd Stars themselves think it no scorn to be
 Plac'd and directed in their way by thee;
 Thou know'st their virtue, and their situation,
 The fate of years, and every great mutation.
 With the same kindness let them look on earth,
 As when they gave thee first thy happy birth;
 The gentle Venus rose with Mercury
 (Presage of softness in thy Poesy);
 And Jove and Mars, in amicable trine,
 Do still give spirit to thy polish'd line.
 Thou may'st do what thou wilt without controul,
 Only thyself and Heaven can paint thy soul.
 Flamstead, you wisely preach — at least we see
 Celestial motions all set right by thee.
 In this Divine, great Archimedes' Sphere
 Is so reviv'd, his genius does appear!
 His text is Heaven (he does ev'n gaze by rule),
 And is too wise to act the knave or fool;
 One thus Distinguish'd has a double soul.

* He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious
 Lawyers in Gray's Inn.

† Ezekiel xi. 19.

Thus Dignify'd and thus Distinguished
 Are all those Priests that I have here display'd :
 And for such other Levites that conform
 (Though not plac'd here, as being too forlorn),
 If you 'd your lives and characters adorn,
 Neglect in Pulpit no beseeeming grace,
 Ascend with modesty the sacred place,
 And by your venerable carriage show
 That you the reverence of your Function know.
 And, if I might presume to give advice
 To such whose office 't is to make us wise,
 Let not the Pulpit Satyrs e'er infest,
 For fear damnation should attend the jest.
 Shun Rhetorick, which improvement does bereave,
 And does our mind but just diverted leave ;
 Preaching thus may indeed the World content,
 But ne'er reform'd, or made one penitent.
 'Tis Preaching—where th' alarmed Soul betakes
 Itself to a new life, old sins forsakes,
 For he no Sermon who no Convert makes.
 Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you'll touch ;
 Don't say too little, nor yet over much ;
 Ne'er cloy nor starve, the preaching art is such.
 Lash ev'ry sinner, 'till his conscience hears ;
 Words please the great ones best—the people, tears ;
 To please by turns their different palates seek ;
 Cry at *John Shower's**—and at *St. Lawrence* speak ;
 Manage your voices, tone, and latitude,
 That without pain you may be understood.
 This, shunning slowness, gallops on post-haste ;
 The other jades, in fear to march too fast.
 One I can't follow, nor for t' other stay,
 And, neither pleasing me, I go my way :
 Too fast their Sermons, or too lagging go,
 When they by heart say what by halves they know.
 Valour was never judged by a noise,
 Nor Eloquence beholden to a voice.
 In vain to kindle fires the Preacher tries,
 Which want of Zeal to his own breast denies ;
 And though he strives with warmth drawn up by art,
 Seems ice to me, and cannot warm my heart.
 To regular motions let your hands be brought,
 To shew your meaning, and express your thought ;
 You'd swear that into sinful souls our Priest
 (I need not tell you *Pomfret* is i' th' list)
 Would beat Repentance in with 's doubl'd fist.

* The Rev. John Showers was a popular and pathetic Preacher, and noted for his Funeral Sermons,

Work on, work on, good Zeal ; but still I say,
 Law forbids threshing thus o' th' Sabbath-day.
 O' th' Sabbath-day, who can that day declare ?
 For Pomfret lives as if all Sundays were.
 This Saint's whole life is but a preaching text,
 And that a pulpit where he speaketh next :
 The place may change, but 't is a pulpit still ;
 Practice does preach, or all he says is ill.
 This Preacher 's wise, ne'er was a Pulpit fool :
 He gives *, he speaks, and even thinks by rule ;
 And all his preaching is to save the soul.
 Mind that, ye Pulpiteers, and learn your art,
 For there is many an honest Christian heart
 Which may be touch'd, if Preacher does his part.

These preaching rules will make you grave and neat :
 But, that you may be fam'd and more complete,
 Mind *Talbot*, *Lucas*, and a thousand more,
 Who preach like Angels, and like them adore.
 Read *Glanvil*, *South*, *Dove*, *Culverwell*, and *Scot*,
 Whose matchless Sermons ne'er will be forgot.
 Hear learned *Sharp*, *Trelawny*, *Hall*, and *Fennet*,
Compton, *Evans*, *Fowler*, *More*, and *Kennett*,
Wake, *Hough*, *Lloyd*, *Williams*, *Hooper*, *Cumberland*,
Sprat, *Beveridge*, *Humfreys*, *Walse*, and pious *Brand*,
Puin, *Nevil*, *Murray*, *Nicolson*, and *James*,
Dell, *Moncrieffe*, *Abercromby*, *Haskard*, *Rheams*,
Harris, *Ashton*, *Ball*, and pious *Hayley*,
Gastrell, *Whincop*, *Smithyes*, *Dodwell*, *Bayly*,
Stubbs, *Willis*, *Freeman*, *Atterbury*, *Finch*,
Pead, *Burgess*, *Sawyer*, *Bisset*, *Milner*, *Winch*,
Knaggs, *Fleetwood*, *Rochford*, *Edwards*, *Manningham*,
Young, *Nichols*, *Bentley*, *Hotchkis*, *Dr. Lamb*,
Trop, *Meggot*, *Ellis*, *Costan*, pious *Fell*,
Mackensie, *Bedle*, *Wyat*, *Cole*, and *Snell*,
Bragg, *Clogher*, *Johnson*, *Francis*, *Dr. Sterne*,
Row, *Fisher*, *Jones*, *Weld*, *Bradford*, aged *Mearn*,
 With *Marsh*, *King*, *Sinclare*, *Smith*, and polish'd *Fearn*.
 To these add *Hickman*, *Mayo*, *Shute*, and *Long*,
Burhop, *Hayes*, *Drake*, *Woodward*, and *Addison*,
 Whose fame 's as universal as the Sun.

Thus has my Muse impartially describ'd
 The eminent Priests that have been Dignified,
 From the Chief Priest down to the meanest tribe.
 The names of other Levites I could give,
 Who preach on earth, but d^o in Heaven live.
 Who (like to these I have nam'd) so well are wrought,
 They scarce do err, in looks, in word, or thought.

* Mr. Pomfret is a man of a most free and noble charity.

All these are Preachers, pious, learned, mild,
Free from all tricking and affected style.
Copy from these, you ne'er can preach amiss,
Their life and doctrine are the road to bliss.

Thus moderate men, who to the Pulpit rise,
Honour the gown, and make their hearers wise ;
But fiery Levites burn their Dignities.

And 't is but just, for why should any fool
Be Dignified, or rise in Honour's school ?
Such rail, as if to war with Church and State
Were Preaching, when 't is only Billingsgate.
But those Divines that I have here describ'd
Are men of peace, and such are Dignified ;
If not on earth, yet in the See above,
Where the Archbishop is the God of Love.

Then, Pulpit-fools, repent, and learn of these,
How you should preach, and how your fortunes raise :
'Tis not by railing, but by preaching peace.
All we yet know of blessed Saints above,
Is, that they sing, and live in peace and love.
Here pious souls of all Religions came,
Their worship various, but their God the same.

Here *Doolittle* with *Comber* friendly twines,
Here *Scot* does fly to clasp the pious *Vines*.
Here *Mead* and *Patrick* in embraces meet,
And *Alsop* joins in praise with *Stillingsfleet*.
Horneck and *Annesley*, and millions more,
Alike are happy, and alike adore.

All, all is peace, all prejudice forgot ;
From several stations, at one mark they shot.
The just reach Heaven, although by different ways,
God is their Sun, and they his spreading rays.
Though at the Circle some are opposite,
They meet and centre in eternal light.
Then, Pulpit-fools, your causeless feuds remove :
Would you below be blest like them above,
Preach peace like them, and learn from them to love.
If Peace be Heaven to ev'ry Saint that dies,
No Pulpit quarrel can be counted wise *.

* See this confirmed in that "excellent Sermon" (to repeat the character given of it by the House of Commons) preached before the Queen and the two Houses of Parliament, December 31, 1706, by the Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord Bishop of Sarum, where are these words ; "Peace is a word of an agreeable sound ; it strikes, and has charms in it. God forbid that any who carry the name of a Christian, should resolve against terms of Peace ; and then," adds this truly pious and learned Prelate, "it would ill become a Minister of the Prince of Peace, to sound the trumpet of War."

There's *Lesley*, *Birch*, and *Dorrington* who scolds,
Are all three railers,—that's three Pulpit-fools*.
Sacheverell, *Bennet*, *Jane*, and staring *Hickes*,
Do act the fool in all their railing tricks;
They rail i' th' pulpit, press, and every where,
They'd rail in Heaven, were but Dissenters there:
Railing is all their zeal, their death-bed theme,
And, might they live, they'd bite the Whigs again.
Their sermons, spite, and prayers, do always mix;
Their dying words are, "Whigs are Schismaticks."

All Pulpit-fools are enemies to Love,
If e'er they think, 't is how to fend and prove.
Then, if you'd drop the fool, and wisely preach,
Practise that doctrine which you weekly teach,
And let your motives still be Love and Peace;
Sermons convert not the ideal fool,
The Parson's practice is the people's rule.
But, above all, don't sordid avarice love;
Your work is Heaven, and you must live above.
If (as in *S*——) vile avarice controuls,
Old Nick may take us, you'll not mind our souls.
His Flock think him divine—poor blinded elves!
But they must cram his cupboard and his shelves,
Or souls might starve, and kids baptize themselves.
He'd ne'er more cant, or shew the whites of eyes,
But for reward—his God is Avarice.

Then loathe his vice—and preach up Peace and Love,
You were *Distinguished* but to act the Dove.
You'll ne'er be Bishops (but for Fools decried),
If that your preaching be not *Dignified*.

* A Friend of Mr. Philip Henry's (as the learned Author of his Life tells us, p. 179) writing to him not long before he died, desired his thoughts concerning the differences among the London Dissenters. To which he returned this answer: "I can say little concerning our divisions; which, when some men's judgments and tempers are healed, will be also healed. But when will that be? They that have most holiness are most peaceable, and have most comfort." This excellent remark of the pious Henry gave rise to the line above; for, if the Ministers of the Gospel (who are called "the Ambassadors of Peace," Isaiah xxxiii. 7) who rail in the Pulpit (and thereby lose the comfort they might expect from a peaceable temper) are not Pulpit-fools, there never was, or will be, such a thing in the World.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SCOTCH COMMENCEMENT;

OR, AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT PASSED IN THE SEVERAL ASSEMBLIES AT EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND ABERDEEN, AT THE LATE PROMOTION OF MR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, MR. BENJAMIN CALAMY, AND MR. NATHANIEL OLDFIELD, TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, &c.—WITH A CHARACTER OF THE SCOTCH PROFESSORS; IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THESE SHEETS, BY THE REV. MR. M—A—, ONE OF THE NEW GRADUATES.

To Mr. JOHN DUNTON.

DEAR SIR,

You desire me to send you a Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, or an account of what passed in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, myself, and others. I have here answered your request; and, to set this Narrative in a better light, I will first give you a brief account of the original and ends of erecting of Universities; and then proceed to the Narrative of the late Commencements in the Scotch Universities.

It is a truth clearly evident to all who in a small measure have but conversed with History, or are not absolute Infidels against the fidelity and facts of former ages, that there have been few Nations so feral and savage who have not honoured Literature; and, in some way or other, have not instituted means for the propagating of Learning; which is sufficiently witnessed by the most Nations of note—for the Indians had their Brachmans and Gymnosophists; the Persians their Magufæi, or Magicians; the ancient Gauls and Britains, their Druids; the Jews their Rabbies, both Cabalists and Talmudists; and the Grecians their Masters and Philosophers: the Egyptians also had their Priests, who were men of great learning, and did but account of the Grecians, in point of knowledge, as children, as one of them

objected, "Vos Græci semper estis pueri;" and this was that great learning, which Moses being skilled in, is commended by St. Stephen, *καὶ ἐκταδεύθη Μωσῆς πάση σοφίᾳ Αἰγυπτίων*, "and Moses was instituted from a boy in all the learning of the Egyptians."

Now these had their Gymnasia, or Public Universities, wherein they instructed their youth, as Apollonius Tyaneus witnesseth of the Indians; and so St. Paul testifieth of himself, "that he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel." And doubtless, in imitation of these Eastern Nations, the Grecians erected their Schools and Academies; for Pythagoras, Democritus, Socrates, Plato, and others, having travelled into foreign parts, to participate of their knowledge, and returning home abundantly enriched therewith, did open their Schools to instruct their Countrymen, and to let them, in some measure, taste of the sweet fruit of their far-fetched and dear-bought science. Yet had they not (as far as I can gather) any public salaries; but their merit was their maintenance, and their excellency in arts, and diligent industry, the only trumpet to blow abroad their fame, and to procure them both advancement and auscultators.

I shall not need to enlarge myself to speak of their antiquity, or the commendable ends of their first erection, it being manifest that the chief ends in the institution of the public schools amongst the Heathen, were, first, to enable men for their undertaking in the Commonwealth; and secondly, to fit them for the service or worship of their Idols, and imaginary Gods; which ends, though diversified in the object, were, in all probability, the same that Christians aimed at in setting up their schools and universities; the first of which was good, politic, useful, and profitable, enabling men for all kind of undertakings, both military and civil.

Mr. Dunton, having given you a brief account of the original and ends of erecting of Universities, I shall now proceed to give you a brief narrative of the late Commencements in the Scotch Universities.

Sir, your request about the Act at the Doctor's Commencement flows from your mistake about the manner of it. There was nothing that passed which will bear a representation from the press. I went along with Mr.

Calamy into the upper-hall, or gallery, wherein the principal, Mr. Carstairs, the professors, and all the members of their Society, were present; where they invested us with proper habits; and, cushions being laid for us, the Principal prayed over us in elegant Latin, and then proceeded to the ceremony of Laureation, pronouncing the known form of words, "Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo Sexto, &c." making and declaring us Masters of Arts, and putting the *Pileus* upon our heads. Mr. Calamy was made Master of Arts along with me, in the first place, in regard that Degree was necessary as a footstool for the Doctoral, Degrees academical not being conferred *per saltum*.

Mr. Calamy was then invested with a Doctor's gown, and placed in the chair, out of which he rose, while another prayer (as I remember) was made in Latin by Principal Carstairs, who, in the next place, pronounced the common form of words, "Ego eadem potestate quâ instituta fuit hæc Alma nostra Academia à Jacobo Sexto beatæ memoriæ, te Edmundum Calamy Doctorem, &c." Putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon his head, and embracing him, the ceremony ended.

We passed under no formal examination, excepting common discourse, and the fame which had reached that length before we came there. When this ceremony was over at Edinburgh, the members of the College had prepared coaches for us to carry us down to Leith, where they treated us with a noble dinner; and, at our return, the distance being only a large mile, we gave them a treat in the City of Edinburgh, and received our diplomas.

As to Dr. Williams and Dr. Oldfield, they not being upon the spot, nothing more passed than the writing their diplomas of Doctor, and the subscription of them by the members of the society.

We travelled North to the City of St. Andrew's, and saw the place where Archbishop Sharp was murdered upon the moor, and afterwards saw his monument in one of the Churches of that City. We visited their three Colleges there, New College, St. Leonard's, and St. Salvatore's; and at the first of these we were present at the Laureation of about four Students. The members of

■ these Societies treated us with the utmost respect. We
 ■ saw the place where Wisbert was burnt; and the window
 ■ which Cardinal Beaton looked out of, as you have it in
 ■ Bp. Burnet's "History of the Reformation." I hence
 ■ travelled to the New and Old Aberdeens, and visited
 ■ both the Universities.

■ At Old Aberdeen they conferred the degree of Doctor
 ■ afresh upon Dr. *Calamy*, where Dr. *Middleton*, an Epis-
 ■ copal Divine, officiated. At Glasgow the Doctor re-
 ■ ceived a Doctor's Diploma over again; and I had my
 ■ Diploma of Master of Arts, being too young for a supe-
 ■ rior degree.

■ These Scotch Universities were worth our seeing;
 ■ but are so well known, and so fully described in that late
 ■ treatise entitled "The Present State of Scotland," it
 ■ were loss of time to say any thing further of them. But
 ■ that which redounds most to the glory of Scotland is—
 ■ first, that they can shew a catalogue of Kings for above
 ■ twenty ages, which amount to the number of one hundred
 ■ and nine, from Fergusius to Charles I. And, secondly,
 ■ that their Divines are inferior to none in Europe for
 ■ their great piety and learning; of which assertion the
 ■ Principal, Mr. *Carstairs*, and the present Professors of
 ■ Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, are shining in-
 ■ stances. The Scotch Divines, as is seen by Mr. *Hamil-*
 ■ *ton*, Mr. *Nisbet*, Mr. *Fleming*, and Mr. *Trail*, now
 ■ living in London, are Preachers, not Sermon-readers;
 ■ and for their affable carriage, great learning, and holy
 ■ lives, they have few equals. So that it is no reflection
 ■ upon those two famous nurseries of piety and learning,
 ■ Oxford and Cambridge, to say the Scotch Universities
 ■ have bred as eminent Preachers as they have done, and
 ■ such as are both a blessing and ornament to the British
 ■ Nation: and for that reason the Scotch Clergy are greatly
 ■ honoured and respected in all countries; but more espe-
 ■ cially in London.

■ Mr. Dunton, I might here inform you what great
 ■ masters the Scotch are of the Hebrew, Greek, and
 ■ Latin tongues; but I will save myself that labour, having
 ■ told you before, they are so well skilled in the learned
 ■ languages, that they can even pray in elegant Latin;
 ■ and I believe all will own, that have visited the Scotch

Universities, that their Pupils there are as soon qualified for the work of the Ministry, as they are either at Oxford or Cambridge, or at any other public or private academy; I will only except *Dr. Ker's* in Clerkenwell, who is acknowledged by all to have an art in educating young men for the Ministry beyond all other Tutors that can be named; of which *Mr. Roswell* and *Mr. Marriat* are two famous instances.

Mr. Dunton, I shall say no more concerning the piety and learning of the Scotch Professors, or of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where I took my degree of Master of Arts, save that these Scotch Professors speak of every thing without any mixture, and in its own purity; of physical matters as Physicians should speak; of policy, as Politicians; of logic, as Logicians; of metaphysics, as Divines; and so lay open the whole course of Philosophy, dispersing those shadows and chimeras which make it obscure and dark in most other Universities; and therefore I did not wonder to see Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, so much crowded with Pupils, or that New College, before mentioned, should laureat fourteen Students at one time; for certainly all that design for the great and momentous work of the Ministry ought to take the shortest and nearest way they can find to conduct them to sciences; for, if they linger or go astray never so little, they will never come to an end of this brave journey, there are so many things to be known in this world. The volume which Nature gives us to read over is so large, she hath so many secrets hidden in her breast, that we are so far from attaining to the knowledge of all things, that the greatest wits have asserted, that all that we know is nothing in comparison of the things which are unknown to us. But, if any Tutors have found out the shortest way to the Arts and Sciences, it is the Scotch Professors; for in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, young men often finish their study of Mathematics and Philosophy at fifteen or sixteen years, even before they are of age to undertake that profession whereunto they are designed for the residue of their lives; which makes them more capable and fitting for public employments than most other Students are; for all the parts of Philosophy and Mathematics are applicable to the necessity of living, and welfare of commonwealths; Logic clears and

strengthens discourse, giving a method and rule unto it; Moral Philosophy governs and mitigates our passions, makes us good Fathers of Families, and good Citizens; Physic gives us the principles, and disposeth us to be good Physicians; the Mathematics fit us for affairs belonging either to War or Peace, either in mechanic or liberal arts, which are the grounds and maintainers of societies; and these several Arts and Sciences the Students of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, run through with so much expedition and applause, that they are in some sort Masters of Arts before the *Pileus* is put upon their heads.

Thus, Mr. Dunton, I have given you a brief, but true Narrative of the Scotch Commencement, of the piety and learning of the Scotch Professors, and of what passed in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, myself, and others. But, you see, there is, as I said before, nothing in these commencements that will bear a representation from the press. The chief passages that deserve remark are these.

1. The Principal's (Mr. Carstairs) praying over us in elegant Latin, before he proceeded to the ceremony of laureation.
2. The Principals and Professors investing us with proper habits; as Mr. Calamy with a Doctor's gown, and myself and others with habits according to our several Degrees.
3. Mr. Carstairs putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon Dr. Calamy's head, and embracing him.
4. The Laureation of the fourteen Students at New College; and the several degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, that are conferred at the Scotch Commencements.

And, lastly, it is worth remark, that at Old Aberdeen they conferred the Degree of Doctor afresh upon Dr. Calamy, whilst Dr. Middleton, an Episcopal Divine, officiated.

My first remark shall be upon the Principal's (Mr. Carstairs) praying over us in elegant Latin. My remarks here shall first respect the Principal's praying before he entered on the ceremony of Laureation, and next his praying in elegant Latin. Mr. Randolph says,

He that i' th' morning does forget to pray,
Bids not himself good morrow, nor good day.

It is certain no serious Christian will enter on any affair of consequence without first praying to God, and begging his blessing upon it. Braithwait tells us that Paul the Hermit was found dead, kneeling upon his knees, holding up his hands, lifting up his eyes; so that the very dead corpse seemed yet to live, and by a kind of zealous and religious gesture to pray still unto God. In matter of spiritual life it is as necessary to pray, as in the animal to breathe. The New England Captains, on a Training-day, as soon as ever they come into the field, call all their Companies into their close order, in order to go to Prayer, and then pray themselves at the head of their Companies; and when their Exercise (or Training) is done, the Captain concludes with Prayer, as Mr. Carstairs did (as I hinted before) when the Laureation Ceremony ended. I have read that Gustavus Adolphus, the warlike King of Sweden, would before the beginning of a Battle kneel down devoutly at the head of his Army, and pray to God, the Giver of Victory, to give them success against their Enemies, which commonly was the event; and that he was as careful also to return Thanks to God for the Victory. But solemn Prayer in the Field, upon a day of Training, I never heard of but in New England; or saw, upon the mere conferring the titles of Doctor and Master of Arts, &c. but in pious Scotland. But certainly thus beginning and ending every action with Prayer is a duty incumbent on us; for, as we are created of God after his own Image, and for that intent to honour and serve him, it is but reasonable we should pray to him; but more especially morning and evening: and whenever we enter on any affair of consequence, like Mr. Carstairs, we should begin it with Prayer; for we find that Abel prayed; Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and other Patriarchs, prayed to God in all their doubtful affairs, and gave thanks for the good achieving of them. So that to enter on our new Degrees with praying to God that they might tend to his glory, is but to imitate the practice of holy men from the beginning.

And so much shall serve for the reason of Mr. Carstairs praying before he entered on the ceremony of Laureation. I shall next proceed to make some few

remarks upon his praying in elegant Latin. And here I shall first observe, it were much to be wished, for the satisfaction of men, the concord of Nations, and the communicating of thoughts, that there were but one Language in the World. Then were it easy to travel into far Countries; there would be great facility in Commerce, and the whole World would be, as it were, but one State. But, since so much happiness is not to be hoped for, we are at least bound to refine our own Language, and make it uniform throughout the whole Kingdom; which if we do, and fit it so that we may teach Sciences, and, like Mr. Carstairs, even pray in elegant Latin, the Latin Tongue will grow in as great repute as other Languages were; and Foreign Nations will come to us, as they formerly did to Greece and Egypt, to learn Sciences. But, though Mr. Carstairs prayed, and many English Divines do often preach, in elegant Latin, yet it must be owned the Latin, as well as other Languages, hath been subject to mixture and corruption, and hath not long remained in one state, as divers learned Authors have written. We may observe in it five several idioms or kinds of Language, namely, the First and Antient, the Latin, the Roman, the Mixed, and the Bastard. The Antient, which the first and primitive people of Italy used, wherein some obsolete verses were extant in Varro's time. The Latin, which the Latins used, was spoken under the reigns of the Tuscan Kings; and in that Language were written the Decemvirs Tables, the holy and sacred Laws, and the Public Edicts. The Roman, which sets down the Roman Histories and the Civil Law, began immediately after the Kings were expelled; and was refined by the Poets Plautus, Nævius, Pacuvius, Ennius, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace; amongst Orators and Historiographers, by Cato, Hortensius, Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, and Livy. The Mixed began with the increase of the Empire, and was in esteem under the Emperors, who, admitting divers Nations to the right of being Roman Citizens, and to City honours, were thereby constrained to admit also of a mixture of several barbarous words; by which means the Roman virtue began to degenerate, and, by little and little, with its Liberty lost the purity of its Language. Finally, the

Bastard and spurious Latin, which hath lasted from the dissipation of the Empire to this time, every day receding more and more from its primitive pureness, at last was divided into the Italian, Spanish, French, and several other Tongues. So that the speaking (and much more praying) in elegant Latin sufficiently proves what I said before of the Piety and Learning of the Scotch Professors; and that Mr. Carstairs does well deserve the title and honour of being their Principal.

My next remark shall be upon the Principals and Professors investing us with proper habits; as Mr. Calamy with a Doctor's Gown, and myself and others with Habits according to our several Degrees. Before Sin, Adam and Eve were clothed with Light (that was the proper habit with which they were then invested)—Oh, precious attire! The Sun will have no other mantle than his own rays, nor the Rose any other robe than her own scarlet, because Nature hath sufficiently adorned them: so Man, had he continued within the limits of original justice, would not have wished any garment but Innocence; no habits can be so proper as that; and for that reason, when Plato was going to be invested with an embroidered robe offered him by Dionysius, he refused it, saying, "That he was a Man, and therefore would not adorn himself like a Woman:" but Aristippus accepted of that robe saying, "The outward accoutrement cannot corrupt a chaste mind." And for the same reason, Dr. Calamy so far complied with the Laureation-Ceremony, as to accept of a Doctor's Gown; and myself and other Graduates with Habits according to our several Degrees. Neither can any Student be made a Graduate, either in Oxford, Glasgow, or Dublin, without being invested with such proper habits as are used by the Clergy and Students in those Universities where they take their degrees; and from this source or spring ushered in distinction of Garments, Gowns, Hoods, Tippets, Round Caps, Surplice, Mitres, Sursungles, &c.

And to the end that Prelacy and Clergy in England might be had in outward reverence and honour, and as a badge to distinguish them by, it was enjoined by Ecclesiastical Canons and Constitutions what manner of Robes all Masters and Fellows of Colleges and Halls, all Stu-

dents of both Universities, Ministers, Archdeacons, Prebendaries in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, Deans, Bachelors of Arts, Masters of Arts, Bachelors in Divinity, Doctors in Divinity, Bishops, and Archbishops, should wear.

Archbishops had their particular habits and titles, to be called Metropolitans, because their See was in the Mother City of the Province. Clement I. ordained that all Patriarchs and Archbishops should wear a Pall; which doth signify meekness and justice, wherewith they should especially be garnished. Then also the inferior Orders began to be divided, and invested with proper habits, as that the Archdeacon should be above a Deacon, and Arch-priest above a Priest, and over them the Deans; and then were ordained Canons that sing in Cathedral Churches; all which Dignitaries are invested with a distinct habit. But all their Canonical Garments have not always been esteemed proper habits; for, as I noted before, Innocency was the garment Adam wore in Paradise; and had Eve forborne the forbidden fruit, we had never heard of a Doctor's Gown, or a Cloak, or of any of those habits that either the Scotch or English Graduates are invested with when they take a Degree.

In Tertullian's time, every one that was made a Presbyter did renounce his Gown, which was the Roman vestment; and the Clergy and Laity in the end came to be both alike habited. But Dr. Fuller, in the third Book of his "Ecclesiastical History," saith, "that about the year 1202 it was ordained, that the garments of Clergymen should be of one colour:" so that that custom is of no great antiquity. But black colour hath been so revered, and accounted so peculiar to the Clergy, that in late years it caused admiration if any other colour presumed to preach; as if the Ministry of the Gospel were entailed on that colour. It is true St. Jerome, a learned man, and a Reverend Father in the Church, about the year 348, bade Nepotian, being to enter into the Clergy, to avoid black attire; and a Bishop was condemned by the Council of Gangre for introducing the fashion of sad-coloured Gowns; which that Assembly condemned, as unbeseeming the Priesthood*.

* Tertullian de Pallio, with the Notes of Salmasius.

However, if the Habits of the Clergy were only used for distinction and decency (as they are in the Scotch Universities), and not made Sacramental; *viz.* to be "an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual Grace; I do not think," says a late Author*, "any man would be frightened out of the Church by seeing a Reader in white; and the conveniency of a Gown would soon make it pass for a proper habit, and certainly carry it for a Gown against a Cloak (though we have an account of St. Paul's Cloak, but not of his Gown) if it were once declared that there is no more holiness in a Clergyman's Gown than in an Alderman's. And I do not believe St. Paul used to preach in his Cloak; for, if he did, being so constant a Preacher, he would not have left it behind him at Troas."

My third remark shall be upon Mr. Carstairs's putting the Doctor's *Pileus* upon Dr. Calamy's head, and embracing him. This friendly way of embracing even ties pious souls together by links of love, and is very antient; for it was the manner of the Hebrews to embrace Strangers at their first meeting. Jacob embraced Rachel before he made it known to her that he was her kinsman; and Laban, after he knew him to be his Sister's Son, embraced him with his arms; perhaps in the same friendly manner the Principal embraced Dr. Calamy. And the Roman custom was, to kiss their Kinsfolks and Friends; but afterwards this custom was changed to only embracing them. But, whatever might be the custom of those antient salutations, it is certain Mr. Carstairs embraced Dr. Calamy in token of that great respect he bore to his person and eminent learning. And their embracing after he had put the Doctor's *Pileus* upon his head shews that the late Union between England and Scotland has extended to the Clergy of both Nations as well as the Laity; and even melted both into one interest, and, if I may so express it, into one friendship. So that now, instead of public raillery and writing against each other, all the controversy now is, who shall embrace each other in the kindest manner, and be most obliging.

* In his Book entitled "Catholicism without Popery; or, an Essay to render the Church of England a Means and a Pattern of Union to the Christian World."

The English and Scotch Clergy have united and embraced in the late Commencement, and I hope the Union will be more lasting than that between the Presbyterians and Independents in their late Heads of Agreement: and that it may be so, let us all take Mr. Mead's advice*, to "take heed of appropriating Christ to a Party; a common evil, but a great one." It was the sin of the Church of Corinth: "Every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollo, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." Now the Apostle reproves them all; as well them that said "I am of Christ" as any of the rest. We shall never embrace with hand and affection too, if we are thus partial. If Christians would live in brotherly love, as well as shew they do so by kind embraces, they must labour to remove all the causes of division. And to do this, as Mr. Mead observes, "we must take heed of passing rigorous censures on every light occasion, and making the worst of matters." In weighing the actions of others, be sure always to cast in the allowance of human frailty; because it is that which you expect many grains of for yourself when another holds the scale. There is no embracing, or true friendship, where men are of a proud, narrow, censorious spirit; for this austerity and sourness of spirit is usually attended with a double mischief: it hinders union, or friendly embraces, where it is endeavoured, and it often breaks it where it is attained. And therefore, if we are men, let us be humane; *i. e.* imitate the pious and courteous Carstairs in his kind embraces and brotherly love. What is the meaning of Humanity, but affability, gentleness, pleasantness in our carriages one towards another? But still the consideration grows higher, as we are subjects to the same Queen; a Queen that has united England and Scotland, which all her Predecessors could never do, and who has nothing so much at heart as an Union amongst all her Subjects; but, above all, as we are Christians, and joined in such a blessed root, Jesus Christ,

* In his Sermon entitled "Two Sticks made One; or, the Excellency of Unity;" being a Sermon preached to the Presbyterian and Independent Ministers at their happy Union, and at their unanimous request made publick.

the foundation of all love and peace, and in whom we should all unite.

I have read of two Rivers in the East, Sava and Danuby, that run along in one channel threescore miles together, without any noise or bubbling, and yet they both keep themselves distinct all along. Why should we not think it possible for us to go along close together in love, and to embrace as Friends, though in some indifferent things our judgments and practices be apparently different one from another? Mr. Carstairs and Dr. Calamy very kindly embrace, though, as it is said, their judgments differ in some things; and I heartily wish the Orthodox Clergy of all persuasions would imitate their example, and shew to the World, by their embracing of one another, "that variety of opinions, and unity of those that hold them, may stand together." I would enlarge upon this healing subject, as Mr. Carstairs's embrace is honour enough to deserve a larger remark; but I shall meet it again in my remark upon Dr. Middleton's (an Episcopal Divine) officiating at Dr. Calamy's taking his Degree at Aberdeen; and therefore, that I may not be tedious, I will now pass on to

My fourth Remark upon the Laureation of the fourteen Students at New College, and the several Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, that are conferred at the Scotch Commencements.

In these Scotch Commencements, as well as in those in England, divers Degrees and Titles are conferred. At New College we were present, as I hinted before, at the Laureation of about fourteen Students. Here, as well as at Edinburgh, &c. Degrees are conferred according to their standing in the University: Bachelor of Arts in such a time, Master of Arts in such a time, Doctor in such a time, &c. Doctor is he that has taken the highest degree in Divinity, Physick, Civil Law, or Musick, and is a title that was in the Apostles' days; for St. Luke tells us that Christ was found in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the Doctors*. And Gamaliel is called a Doctor of Law†. So that "Doctor" is not only a title of dignity, but of great antiquity. It is true, Zuinglius on

* Luke xi. 46.

† Acts v. 4.

Matt. xxiii. said, "that the titles of Masters and Doctors are not of God." And Mr. Wilson, in his "Christian Dictionary," saith, "ambitious seeking after Titles ought to be eschewed." And John Wicliff, condemned at Constance, who suffered as a Martyr for his testimony against the apostatized Roman Church, his testimony was, "that Graduations and Doctorships in Universities and Colleges then in use conduced nothing to the Church of Christ." But the mistakes and errors of hot men ought to be no rule for us to walk by, where we have Scripture precedents and the Word of God to direct our practice.

When University Students have got a Degree in the Arts, then they have a gown and a cap for the sign of it: and the first Degree is Bachelor of Arts, in Latin *Baccalaureus*; which implies as much as Laurel-berries; which puts me in mind of those Romans who accounted Apollo their God of Wisdom; and they dedicated the Laurel-tree to him, and such as were judged deserving, they became *Laureati*; that is, were crowned with, or did wear garlands of laurel in token of honour and glory. And this title, this gown and cap, are as signs and liveries of that whereof they by their natural education are made Masters; and such in Scotland as are attained to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Divinity, are called *Laureati*, Laureat, from the Laurel-tree.

My last remark shall be upon Dr. Middleton's (an Episcopal Divine) officiating whilst Dr. Calamy has afresh the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him at Aberdeen.

That great respect was paid in Scotland to Dr. Calamy's person and eminent learning, that he is afresh made Doctor of Divinity at Aberdeen, Dr. Middleton (an Episcopal Divine) officiating at the ceremony; and it is hoped this pious and learned Doctor, by his conversing with such Dissenting Ministers as were then present, did not find them (to use an expression of Dean *Young's*, which I shall further quote in the conclusion of these remarks) such "supercilious, untractable, and selfish men, as Sacheverell does represent them; for by that mutual respect that passed upon this occasion between Dr. Middleton and Dr. Calamy, it is evident (as Mr. Rogers

observes *) "This falling out by the way among good people proceeds from want of frequent conversation and acquaintance with one another: they whet their spirits with abundance of useless and dry disputes; and when they come affably and civilly to talk together, they find they are all of one mind." Strangeness, and distance, and reservedness, and shyness, perpetuate many times the quarrels and contentions which an hour or two's familiar discourse would remove; for it is worth remarking, good Dr. Middleton (though an Episcopal Divine) does here in person officiate at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist. Would Dr. *Hickes*, or Mr. *B——net* (who call the Dissenters Schismatics) have been thus generous and condescending? I would not judge uncharitably, but I fear not. Or, if they would, I am apt to think they would begin to entertain a better and more favourable opinion of the Dissenters than they had before. And indeed (as Dean Young observes, as you will hear anon) "We ought to converse with one another as friends, and remember that the way to agreement of all parties is not to bring men to be of one opinion, but to be of one mind;" which we may be, though of different opinions, "not by thinking the same things, but by thinking well one of another; endeavouring to preserve charity, as carefully as to preserve truth†. I do not see any reason (says Mr. Rogers) why a Conformist should shun our society, or we theirs; nor why we should be strange to one another, because we have not the very same sentiments in things that are not essential to Religion. And when we mutually become such good Christians, as to converse with one another, it is my advice (says Mr. Rogers) that we avoid all needless disputations: carnal zeal may put us on disputing, but true zeal will put us upon prayer. For my part (says Mr. Rogers) I had rather be a quiet Ploughman than a fiery Philosopher." Disputes occasion abundance of ferment in the minds of those who would otherwise be very quiet people. Such as love disputes generally

* In his Book intituled, "Fall not out by the Way."

† Bishop Patrick's second Part of a Sermon before the then Prince of Orange, p. 39.

sting one another with many base and mean reflections, and which taste more of Billingsgate than of Jerusalem. "I thank God," continues the same Author, "I have a peculiar antipathy in my temper to all hot and fiery proceedings, and had rather preach one Sermon of Unity among Brethren, than write a thousand Folios of Controversy." And I am apt to think, were all our Conforming Brethren as truly kind and charitable as Dr. Middleton has shewn himself to be, by officiating at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, all names of distinction would soon cease, and all Orthodox Protestants of all persuasions would all love and unite as Brethren. And sure I am, we have all reason to be thankful that our age is pretty well delivered from a doating admiration of the old Schoolmen, that spun Divinity into cobwebs, and made depths and mysteries where they found none. However, this is certain, "Could we," as Dean Young observes, "but once descend from our high pretences of Religion to the humility that only makes men religious; could we but once prefer Christianity itself before the several factions that bear its name, our differences would sink of themselves; and it would appear to us, that there is more Religion in not contending, than there is in the matters we contend about."

Thus far Dr. *Young*, Dean of Exeter, who, it is evident by these words, would have been as willing to converse with different parties as Mr. Rogers, and perhaps as ready to officiate at the Laureation of Dr. Calamy, as Dr. Middleton. But, lest some prejudiced men of the Church of England should think I have stretched Dr. Young's charity to the Dissenters farther than it did extend, I shall here give it in his own words:

"And you our Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate (for I am willing to cast away a few words in the air, though there be none here concerned to regard them), I say you our Brethren, the Pastors of those that separate! what shall we do to conciliate or oblige you? Would you have us come off from the Establishment to meet you? but that is not in our power. Do you think that Establishment so extremely blameable? But why will you always be Judges where you are Parties? We desire not to be so. Let all former ages, and all the wise

men of the indifferent world at this day, be Judges be-
twixt us. In the mean time, why do you not vouchsafe
us your correspondence? why do you not seek the
fruits of Peace in the methods of Peace? Come and see
whether we are those supercilious, those untractable,
those selfish men. See whether you should not be wel-
come to our Friendships, if they were thought worthy.
See whether you should not be welcome to our Fortunes,
if they were thought needful. Cannot the consolation
of Christ, and the comfort of Love, and the fellowship
of the Spirit, and bowels and mercies, avail any thing
to cement us? Must our own particularities continue to
divide us, though the things of Christ conjure us to
unite?"

Mr. Dunton, if any thing extraordinary had passed at
these Commencements, more than the Narrative and
Remarks I have here sent you, it might have given life
to a Pamphlet; but as the case stands, this brief Narra-
tive must satisfy your curiosity, and that of your Friends.

I shall only add, my health would not suffer me to
preach last Lord's-day; and I think I shall not stay long
in the World. I have studied more than my constitu-
tion will bear, and am now to receive my *quietus*.

I am, dear Sir, in great haste, and out of health,

Your truly affectionate Friend,

M. A.

Thus, Reader, I have given thee "A Narrative of
the Scotch Commencement," &c. as it was sent to me
by the Reverend Mr. M—— A——, one of the new
Graduates, without the addition or alteration of one
word, save the account of the original and ends of erect-
ing Universities, and the five Remarks, &c. which are
all mine (though, for the better understanding the
Scotch Narrative, they are inserted as if they had been
part of it); and therefore, if there is any mistake in the
Remarks, my Reverend Friend is not accountable for
them; for, by living as far as Edinburgh, he has never
yet seen them either in print or writing, but they are
such Remarks as I thought proper upon the promotion
of Dissenting Ministers to the Doctoral Dignity; and
though my Reverend Friend modestly tells me there was
nothing happened at this Commencement that will bear
a representation from the press; yet, Reader, upon

viewing his Narrative, I suppose you will be of another opinion. However, I was willing to think that this Narrative of the Scotch Commencement (as it is every word of it true, being sent to me by a Reverend person, and one of the new Graduates) would be very acceptable to some persons in London, who have heard much of the Dissenting Doctors, but have yet had no particular account of what passed at their Commencement; which is here briefly and truly related.

But, perhaps, this Prose Narrative will be a little too grave for some Readers; and therefore (as it was matter of public joy, to see Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Calamy*, and Mr. *Oldfield*, advanced to the Doctoral Dignity) I will grow a little more cheerful, by presenting the Reader with a Congratulatory Poem.

THE DISSENTING DOCTORS:

A POEM ON THE LATE PROMOTION OF MR. DANIEL WILLIAMS, MR. EDMUND CALAMY, MR. JOSHUA OLDFIELD, TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY;

[From the Second Edition, 1710, completing "the Character of the Dissenting Clergy."]

To the DISSENTING CLERGY; but more especially to those who lately took, or accepted, the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in the Scotch Universities; in which is proved this paradox, "That Protestant Churchmen, and such as dissent from it, are Members of the same Church."

REVEREND SIRS,

SOME Authors, I suppose, would expect the thanks and respect of the Dissenting Clergy, after attempting their praise; but that is an honour I as little expect as deserve. Those Dissenting Ministers I have charac-

terized may with more reason find fault with me than those I have omitted (though all my omissions are rather owing to forgetfulness than design) ; for it is much better not to be drawn at all than to be drawn by halves ; which all those Ministers are (but more especially you who lately took, or accepted, the Degree of Doctor in the Scotch Universities) whose characters are attempted in the following Poem, which was formerly inserted in my satire, intituled "The Pulpit-fool *:" but here so greatly enlarged, as to complete (so far as I could do it upon my own knowledge) the character of the Dissenting Clergy.

You all know the business of a Poet is to please ; and though the Dissenting Doctors (for you are all so, or merit that title, as is proved in the following Poem) neither desired or expected a panegyrick from me (your own eminent piety and learning being sufficiently known to all that either know your persons, or read your works ; especially those published by Dr. Williams, Dr. Calamy, Dr. Oldfield, Mr. Shower, Mr. Watts, and the immortal Stennet) ; yet I hope it will be some apology for my writing the following Poem, that I keep as near to truth in my several Characters as ever Poetry did ; and that most of the characters of the Dissenting Clergy are my own observations digested into a few hasty rhymes, which had been more polished, had not my two Printers (Mr. Tookey and Mr. Darrack) wanted Copy much faster than I could provide it. However, Gentlemen, if neither my Prose "Narrative of the Scotch Commencement,"—I call it mine, as I made such large additions to the Letter Mr. A—— sent me on that subject—or this Poem, I call "The Dissenting Doctors," do not gratify the curious, yet I hope it will anger no man ; for, as I said before, the business of a Poet is to please ; and sure I am he is very unhappy who gives offence where he designs nothing but respect ; and for that reason I have not attempted the Character of six Ministers in this Poem with whom I am not personally acquainted. The whole body of the Dissenting Clergy of England would be a boundless subject. "Painters

* Sold by John Morphew, near Stationers-hall.

(as one observes) own they find it a harder matter to give a true and lively air and posture to a Picture, to place the legs, and duly proportion all the parts, than to draw the face, and take the likeness." But this picture of the Dissenting Doctors was only intended for an half-length; and that too is only a rough draught, and in miniature. However, Gentlemen, though the following Poem may want an excuse with the High-flyers, and such as tack all Religion to their own party, I will not despair of a pardon from the Dissenting Clergy (to whom it is here dedicated); for if I have failed in describing your eminent piety and learning (of which I was an eye and ear witness for thirty years) I have at the same time given you an opportunity of shewing your goodness and forgiving temper, which (if I am not mistaken) is the most difficult point in Christianity, either to understand or practise.

I dedicate this Poem to the Dissenting Clergy, as I have often desired a fit opportunity to testify, both to yourselves and the world, how much I honour your transcendant piety and learning; and to pay my grateful acknowledgements for the many undeserved favours I received from you, during the life of my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley, of whom Mr. De Foe gives this deserved character *.

"He had no priestcraft in him, nor no pride."

And certainly, as Mr. De Foe observes, "it is very beautiful, to see a man that is a Minister be also a Gentleman; for good manners are the most consistent with Christianity of any thing in the World; but vanity and self-esteem on one hand, and covetousness and self-seeking on the other, are things so frequent among our Teachers (Churchmen as well as Dissenters), that there never was more need for us to hear the Word of God without respect of persons." And for that reason I can gladly hear a pious Orthodox Preacher of any persuasion. But, Gentlemen, I hope you will think it no reflection upon the Dissenting Clergy, if I surprize you so far as to say, I resolve to live and die in the Communion of the Church

* In his Elegy that he calls "The Character of Dr. Annesley."

of England, as believing that kneeling at the Holy Sacrament is the most becoming posture for all such as would humbly and devoutly commemorate the Death of the Blessed Jesus. Our great Redeemer himself kneeled down, and prayed, Luke xxii. 41. And that, for certain, is the best pattern we can follow. If our blessed Lord so humbled himself, the greatest man must not think much to come down so low.

"Kneeling ne'er spoil'd Silk Stocking." HERBERT.

If it hurt the Finery, it will make him the better Christian. Kneeling is a fit posture for all acts of devotion. The Eucharist is the highest act of worship; or rather it contains in it many other acts, Prayer, Praise, Thanksgiving, and Adoration; "and why should we not, then," says Mr. Wesley *, "in the celebration thereof, fall down, and kneel before the Lord, our Maker?" The main reason why some well-meaning persons might at first scruple kneeling at the Sacrament seems to have been the fear, lest this should tend to the adoration of the elements, or of any fancied corporal presence of Christ's Body and Blood in them: but this (as Mr. Wesley observes) "is entirely precluded by our Church, who must be allowed to know best the meaning of her own injunctions and practice." And, in order to prevent any misinterpretation of this innocent and decent ceremony, she has expressly declared †, "that thereby no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine, which is bodily received, or unto any Corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood." And the famous Mr. Baxter tells us, "that for kneeling, he never heard any thing to prove it unlawful ‡; for, 1." says Mr. Baxter, "there is no Word of God for or against any gesture. And, 2. the nature of the Ordinance is mixed; and if it be lawful to take a Pardon from a King upon our Knees, I know not what can make it unlawful to take a sealed Pardon from Christ, by his Ambassador, in the same

* In his Book entitled "The Worthy Communicant," p. 88.

† Rubrick after Communion-service.

‡ Baxter's Christian Directory, Part II. p. 3.

manner." And therefore (as I said before) I take Kneeling at the Holy Sacrament to be the most becoming posture for all such as would humbly and devoutly commemorate the Death of the Blessed Jesus. But, though these are my reasons for kneeling at the Holy Sacrament, and being (what the High-flyers abhor) a Moderate Churchman, yet I would not censure any serious Christian that is of a contrary opinion; for, as Mr. Rogers well observes *, "The way to agreement of all parties is, not to bring men to be of one opinion, but to be of one mind; which we may be, though of different opinions; not by thinking the same things, but by thinking well one of another, endeavouring to preserve Charity, as carefully as to preserve Truth." And this was ever my belief and practice, and of my Reverend Father† before me; whose Charity was so extensive to all parties, that he had generally a Dissenting Minister‡ preaching in his own house §, at the same time he was reading of Prayers, and preaching in Aston Church; and would bind me Apprentice to no other but an eminent Dissenter ||, as Mr. Sands can testify, if he be yet living. So that you see, Gentlemen, Dunton's Creed (or my reasons for being a Moderate Churchman) has both Scripture, Reason, and my Reverend Father's example for its recommendation; and for that reason I assure myself, that no Dissenting Clergyman will have the worser opinion of me for speaking my thoughts of the Church of England in this Dedication. Or, at least, that they may not, I shall here prove this healing Paradox¶, that Protestant Churchmen, and such as dissent from it, are Members of the same Church.

* In his Book entitled "Fall not out by the Way; or a Persuasion to a Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists and Nonconformists."

† Mr. John Dunton, Rector of Aston Clinton, in Bucks.

‡ The truly pious and learned Mr. John Marriat, whose Son (Mr. Obadiah Marriat) was Minister at Chiswick and Croydon for many years; and his Grandson (Mr. Zephaniah Marriat) a Minister in London.

§ The Parsonage-house of Aston Clinton.

|| Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside.

¶ As I lately did against the Tacking Clergy, in my Satire entitled "The Pulpit-Fool."

I know, Gentlemen, some of the High-flyers of all parties will argue, from my Satire entitled "The Pulpit Fool," that the Author has no Religion at all; or at least (as he now publishes a Poem he calls "The Dissenting Doctors") but a trimming one. To this I answer, I am, or would be, a True (not High or Low) Churchman; and, therefore, let the High-flyers call me Trimmer, Fanatick, or what they please; for it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant world will allow me that excellent character. My right to the Covenant of Grace, and my Eternal Interest, have no dependance upon ill-nature and envy. However, that the serious Reader may be no longer confounded with the distinction of High and Low Church, but be, what he ought, a True Churchman, I shall here give the character of a True Churchman, that the world may the better judge to whom this excellent name belongs, and who they are that unjustly usurp it.

A True Churchman (whether of the Clergy or Laity) is one who lives in communion with the Church of England; that is, who communicates in Religious Offices, in the Prayers and Sacraments of the Church. Some think it title enough to the name of Churchman, that they communicate with no Dissenters; as if to dissent from all Religion were the character of a True Churchman. Certainly, a man of any Religion is nearer the Church of England than he that hath none; for they agree in worshipping God, though they differ in the Modes of Worship. And there is too great a party of these Churchmen who seldom see the inside of a Church, and as seldom shew any signs of devotion when they are there. God deliver us from such Churchmen, and the Church from the scandal of such pretenders! This, in short, is the character of a True Churchman; wherein I have not lived answerably to it (for I must cry with the Publican, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!") I heartily ask pardon from God, and forgiveness (where it is necessary) from Men. Then, should any call me Fanatick, Trimmer (that is, in the sense of the High-flyers, a person of no Religion), yet I shall ever declare myself a True Churchman; that is, in three words, a Protestant Christian, a Son of the Church of England as now esta-

blished by Law: and (as Eternity depends upon it) I think no man can blame me for choosing what I count the best way to Heaven. Not that I think the Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, who come nearest the Church of England of any that dissent from it, of a different Religion from mine; and shall be ever ready, as opportunity offers, to hear and encourage, as my estate shall enable me, a serious Preacher, or poor Christian, of any of those persuasions; for we all hold one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism, &c.; and it betrays great ignorance, as well as uncharitableness, to call myself of another Religion from those three I have named, when we all agree in the fundamental points of the Christian faith.

Reverend Gentlemen, I shall give no farther account of the Author of this Poem, or my reason for calling it "The Dissenting Doctors;" but only to acquaint you I have performed the whole without partiality either to persons or parties; and I am thus impartial to all parties, as believing, what I am now going to prove, that all denominations of Protestants, holding the fundamental articles of the Christian Faith, are of the same Church. I own it is a great paradox to call Churchmen and such as dissent from it Members of the same Church: but it is clear they are so; for it is not, to use Bishop Hall's expression, "a title, or a retinue, or a ceremony, a garment, or a colour, or an organ-pipe, that can make us a different Church."

"I affirm," says the ingenious Povey, "that every person that subscribes his name to an Orthodox Confession, and orders his conversation suitably thereunto, is no Schismatick, notwithstanding that he disagrees from the Church of England as by Law established, by refusing to pay obedience to her forms and ceremonies. I am sorry that any who profess themselves genuine Sons of that Community should so far expose themselves to the scorn of all quick-sighted men, as to affirm that any make Schism in our Church, but such as live unanswerable to the purity of her Doctrine." So that it is clear, Mr. Povey, a professed Son of the Church, &c. thinks all True Churchmen and Orthodox Dissenters, for so he calls the Independents and Presbyterians, &c. to be of the same Church. I have ever lived, and hope I shall

die in the same opinion ; for, as this Gentleman further observes, "Whoever will be saved, must have a true lively faith, and an universal charity, a temper even and firm, a peaceable mind, and a pure soul." It was this Christian moderation to such as dissent from the Church, that made Bishop Burnet say, "I own I began the world on a principle of moderation, which I have carried down through my whole life, and in which I hope I shall continue to my life's end."

Then let Pulpit-fools, and they are no better that rail against their own Church, for such I have proved the Dissenters are, fling as much dirt as they please, to gratify their passion and ill-nature ; I will, for my own share, truly love and respect every honest Dissenter, that fears God, and honours the Queen ; that is, to keep to my paradox, I will love and respect him as a True and Orthodox Churchman. This made King William declare with his last breath, "that he died a Christian of a comprehensive charity." It is no small satisfaction to me, to find all wise and learned Clergymen thus moderate ; and more especially those described in the following Poem. This charitable and peaceable temper is most acceptable to God, and all those that are in love with true Religion ; and not a bare opinion and empty name only of I know not what party, sect, or opinion.

It is sad to behold how far the differences of the times have prevailed with even the better sort of men, as well Churchmen as Dissenters ; how much they have blinded the eyes, and embittered the hearts, of those that call God Father, and so should each other Brother ; it is strange that when Christianity obligeth its professors "to bear with one another, to speak no evil, to think no evil, to forgive injuries, yea, to requite and overcome them with good ;" that they should practise the contrary to these precepts, and yet not perceive it, although they have them often in their mouths : the one side believes the other hath too little charity to be religious, the other thinks they as much want zeal ; and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus censuring each other. What strange ideas of one another do the passions and interests of men create ! But, these distempers excepted, which their affections make undiscernible,

and many times adopt them into Religion; in all things else, the Clergy on both sides approve themselves eminent patterns of wisdom and piety; and it is not easy to say, as you see by my Poem entitled "Dignified and Distinguished," as well as by that I entitle "The Dissenting Doctors," which deserve most commendation.

For my own part, I so adhere to neither, as to swallow down the errors of the one as far as I can discern them, or to reject things laudable in the other; neither would I have objects that are comely in themselves appear deformed to me, through the fault only of a distempered organ, or medium. I know the God of wisdom and of peace can make a sweet harmony out of these discordant sounds, and I humbly pray him to do it. In the meantime, I cannot away with a monopoly of God's free grace, and dare not conclude he favours not a person whom he hath not privileged with the understanding of some points, which it may be I count of greater concernment than they are. I cannot think it a piece of Religion to anathematize from Christ such as will not subscribe to every one of my Articles; but am conscious to so many errors, speculative and practical, in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have trespassed so far on your patience, as to inform you why I resolve to live and die a True (that is, Moderate) Churchman; and I expect abundance of enemies for being thus tender-hearted; for I know my notions of moderation will displease the furious bigots of all parties. "It is true," as Dr. Fuller observes, "once in an age the moderate man is in fashion; each extreme courts him, to make them friends." But it is the fate of the moderate man (like him that dines in the middle of a long table, and cannot reach the principal dish either at the upper or lower end) to rise often with a hungry belly; and therefore it will be no surprize to me, if I find the reward so commonly bestowed on such as write *Irenicums*, for adjusting and compounding litigious matters; *i. e.* to be pinched on both sides. The *Antesignani* that lead contending parties, though all to pieces in every thing else, yet can meet and hold together, like Sampson's Foxes, to carry firebrands, and set the fields all in a flame. I know what the moderate man

uses to be taken for, among such furious drivers : but I must beg their pardon if I cannot take them for any of the best judges. I had much rather be determined by that most reverend and renowned Primate, whose great soul much disdained the mean service of our squibbing *Boutefeus*, that fill the Church with endless noise, and heat, and pother, about the Mint, Anise, and Cummin ; but was for having all such bones buried before his own ; and I cannot forbear to quote a golden paragraph, worthy of such an excellent Author, in his preface to a collection of Bishop Wilkins's Sermons. Vindicating the most deserved fame of that Right Reverend Prelate, he says, "I purposely mention his moderation, and likewise adventure to commend him for it ; notwithstanding that this virtue, so much esteemed and magnified by wise men in all ages, has of late been declaimed against with so much zeal and fierceness, and yet with that good grace and confidence, as if it were not only no virtue, but even the sum and abridgment of all vices. I say, notwithstanding this, I am still of the old opinion, that moderation is a virtue, and one of the peculiar ornaments and advantages of the excellent constitution of our Church, and must at last be the temper of her Members, especially the Clergy, if ever we seriously intend the firm establishment of this Church, and do not industriously design, by cherishing heats and divisions among ourselves, to let in Popery at those breaches."

Gentlemen, I break not in upon any thing that is established, nor confront whatever for decency and order is appointed ; being well satisfied that I can be a Member of the Church of England, and yet the Lord's free-man ; yea, whenever I look towards Rome, to use the words of an eminent Conformist, "I cannot but bless his name, that by the grace of God I am where, and what I am." But I cannot think they are true to their Lord, nor just to their Church, nor yet kind to their brethren, who would have men under their girdle, where the Lord and the Church both have left them at liberty. But, could I speak like an Angel for moderation, and in "Defence of the Conforming Nonconformists *" from men of narrow

* The name of a Book printed for Mr. Robinson.

souls and stingy principles, that are under the power of false notions, and bound up in superstitious fetters, I expect hideous outcries of loose doctrine, and a door opened to all wickedness, by defending such moderate principles. I hear and smile when I know some of the great libertines in practice; to be the most nice and straight-laced men for certain modes and opinions. They can make bold to take all loose liberties in their conversation and manners; and go so far, this way, that they must be men of large consciences indeed, and have as little of God's holy fear, that dare venture to follow them; and yet at the same time, and in the midst of all their rants and excesses, who more hasty to find great fault with much better than themselves? and make heavy complaints and tragical exclamations of the insufferable boldness and laxity of all that are not such high observers of times and places, words and forms, gestures and customs, as themselves, nor jog along just in their very mode; as if every one had lost his way, and none could possibly be saved that did not exactly like them? Whereas, God help them that do! for how much worse and sadder would it be with the world than it is, if we had no better patterns, in the lives of the Moderate Conformists and Dissenting Clergy, than is to be found amongst the High-flyers, when dignified with a gown and cassock?

And this, Gentlemen, in reality, is my reason for being thus charitable to all parties; and as some of all parties have gone astray, of which the Episcopal *O*——, the Independent *L*——, the Presbyterian *B*——, and the Anabaptist *C*——, are four late instances, so the sad thoughts of such scandalous falls should raise the value of such men, who, like the Dissenting Doctors characterized in this Poem, keep themselves unspotted from the like errors. I say it again, from the like errors; for, as high flights as Poetry does allow of, I profess I do not know one Dissenting Minister in the following Poem whose pious and generous soul has any thing in it that is little, or mean, save *Jeffery Stevens*; and I am apt to think, when I have convinced him of his mistake, in his self-justification, he will repair the damage I complain of with all the honour and justice imaginable. But for you, his Reverend Brethren, to do you justice, any thing that

is selfish and narrow "is really below you, as Gentlemen, as well as Christians." Or, if any one of the Dissenting Clergy excel the rest, it is Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Pomfret*, Mr. *Reynolds*, and Mr. *Stennet* — the first, for his universal learning, and excellent Comment on the Old Testament; the second, for his ready and noble charity; the third, for his great humility and sweetness of temper; and the last, for his eminent wit and piety; for which graces I judge no man will think himself reflected on, if I say Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Pomfret*, Mr. *Reynolds*, and Mr. *Stennet*, have no equal. But, in Learning, Clergymen's excellences differ as their genius leads. Some are great Linguists, some fine Preachers, and some nice Disputants; and therefore, as far as it lay in my power, I have let no Dissenting Minister want his due character in the following Poem; which though it no way deserve your patronage, it will serve to convince the world, and I hope yourselves, how much I am,

Reverend Gentlemen,
Your most obliged, and very humble Servant,
JOHN DUNTON.

THE DISSENTING DOCTORS.

" As joyful Nature, who till then lay mute,
Did the first Sun's exalted beams salute;
So Britain, rescued from the sullen cloud
That seem'd her new-created face to shroud,
Beholds, at once transported and amaz'd,
To proper spheres her brightest Planets rais'd;" }
For *Williams*, *Calamy*, *Oldfield*, now are Doctors made.
Other Dissenters will be Doctors too,
If they'll but stay — true merit need not woo.
Merit may wait some years before 't is heard,
But first or last true Merit is preferr'd.
Thus Priests whose actions are to Heaven allied,
Like Providence, by time are justified.
Uniting Muse, then tune thy loving strings, }
To sing the honour that true Learning brings;
Scotland unites in Doctors as it does in Kings.

Dissenting Doctors— now must be thy theme,
 Who preach in Town, commence in Aberdeen,
 (For all unite who truly love the Queen).
 Doctors!— 't is even so, for news is spread
 That *Williams, Calamy, Oldfield*, are preferr'd.
 They first deserv'd (for honour springs from grace),
 And now D. D. does flourish out their praise :
 Or 't will do so when they do print again,
 As D. D. gilds their works, and sense does guide their pen.

Doctor 's a word, that 's understood by few ;
 Desk-Readers, Surgeons, and 'Poticaries too
 Are oft call'd Doctors by the vulgar crew :
 But these as far from Doctors are as sense,
 For Doctor is a name of excellence :

'Tis he that takes " the very high'st degree
 In Physic, Law, or sound Divinity,
 That is the Doctor— and 't is only he."

So that Dissenter, when a Doctor made,
 Can soar no higher in the Preaching trade ;
 Archbishops and Bishops must first be Doctors made.
 'Tis thus in the Dissenting Hierarchy
 Doctors are made by sense and piety ;
 And it rejoices honest men in black
 (Churchmen and Whigs, and all but such as tack)
 To see such good examples plac'd so high ;
 Saints honour titles by their piety.

Since, then, Dissenting Doctor is my theme,
 I 'll shew who has, and who deserves that name,
 That so no Parson that dissents may slip,
 Or lose his character of Doctorship.
 Then, Dunton, rhyming Dunton, act thy part,
 Let now the *Noncons* have their due desert ;
 They preach with zeal, and merit all thy art.
 The *Cons* have had their due, and now 't is fit,
 (If not a schism) to do Dissenters right.

'Tis true the Jacks— such as *Sacheverel*,
 Do preach, " To be a Whig is to rebel :"
 They know 't is false ; but yet these Popish tools
 Will preach, ah swear, that Whigs are canting fools,
 All mere Tub-preachers, leaders of misrule ;
 But, Dunton, do them justice in this place,
 Give every Whig the features in his face ;
 Each has his charms, and all some certain grace.

The first Dissenter then I 'll here display
 Is *Daniel*, Doctor *Williams* I should say.
 Muse, crown his brow, but make his laurel wreath
 As mild and sweet as morning roses breathe ;

He clemency to courage reconciles,
 And in his face delighted Nature smiles *.
 For Presbyterian Bishop he may pass
 (Being Head, or Chief, of the Dissenting race),
 And, Bishop-like, he keeps a fine calash †.
 But Whig and Tory too deserve reproaches,
 For both grow lazy, when they ride in coaches ;
 Yet Dr. Williams an exception is.
 So that a Doctorship is justly worn
 By such a Priest ; 't is but a just return,
 Adorning him who Meetings does adorn.
 A Poet's genius should be all on fire ;
 What extacies should his rais'd soul inspire,
 When crowds at sight of him can rapture feel !
 See how they press, to load his chariot-wheel !
 His soul and all his Sermons are inspir'd,
 And Doctor Williams is by all admir'd.
 To fetter'd numbers how shall be confin'd
 The compass of his comprehensive mind ?
 Sense, reason, music, in his language throng,
 The Graces sit assembled on his tongue :
 'T would beggar thought and language both, to raise
 The full-proportion'd tribute of his praise.
 His Sermons every sort of hearers warm,
 Philosophers instruct, and Women charm.
 In prayer no man can weep as he can do ;
 He gives the law in conversation too.
 He seems by Nature made for ev'ry thing ;
 But to be pious is his chief design.
 This humble Doctor can his temper bind,
 Gives men his passions, makes them of his mind,
 And their opinion change, as he inclin'd.
 Good preaching he hath to perfection brought,
 And men to live are by his virtues taught.
 Thus famous *Bates* did mend the English tongue,
 And now they live the language which he sung,
 They both alike Eternity do give,
 For still in Williams Dr. Bates does live.
 His Gospel Truth shews piety and wit ;
 Like Dr. Bates, he 's ever in the right :
 So chaste his flesh, so spiritual his mind,
 'Tis hard to say which is the most refin'd.
 To sum up all the Doctor's piety,
 When Dr. Williams on the Bench you see,
 Without a trope, say " There sits Equity !

* I have ever thought there is an unusual sweetness that reigns in the countenance of this great and good man, Dr. Williams.

† By Calash here I only mean Dr. Williams's Travelling Coach.

But ! but ! (for where 's the man without a *but* ?)
 There is one *Stevens* that has bruise'd my foot ;
 I mean, has squeeze'd me with that cruelty
 To make me sell five hundred pound for three.
 Sure *Jeffery* 's Heaven lies somewhere under ground,
 He grip'd my all for one poor hundred pound *.

How black and cruel is a Usurer's heart,
 For *Stevens*, ashame'd to act the dunning part,
 Made snotty red-nose cats-foot to his art.

* My meaning is, that a less mortgage than my whole estate, which consisted in near 200 acres in houses, land, and woods, would not satisfy *Jeffery Stevens* for one hundred pounds; for the payment whereof (and one hundred pounds more, which had continued on bond till now, had not *Stevens*, by demanding a mortgage on my whole estate, prevented it) I was forced to sell several acres of wood for 300*l.* &c.; which, could I have helped it, I would not have sold for 500*l.* It is true, my estate was jointured, and he forbore the interest for five years; which is all that pleads in his favour, but that was no excuse for his demanding an unreasonable mortgage; for my bare woods, distinct from my estate, were sold for three hundred pounds, three times more than I owed *Stevens*, and would have gone for 500*l.* had they been sold to their worth. I must do *Stevens* that justice to say, that, upon my complaining that six *per cent.* was extortion, considering he had land security, he made restitution of five pounds under the notion of a gift, as being, on the account of his coat, ashamed to be thought an usurer; but it is not that five pounds shall excuse his merciless treatment at first, for, as it is in the Poem "He griped my all for one poor hundred pound;" so much as those two orphans hinted in these words, "Let orphans sink, he'll save none but himself," were both excluded out of the mortgage; for his words were these, "I will have the whole estate made over by a mortgage for the hundred pounds, and will agree to no other terms; but I will promise (which his banker made good by a defeasance, for neither bond nor mortgage were made in his own name) "that the estate shall not be released till the orphans are both paid." This, Reader, being the true state of the case, as I am able to prove, by several letters that were sent to me, both by him and his banker, I appeal to every man [that would have a conscience void of offence, &c.] if in honour and justice he is not obliged to make good the great loss I sustained by the forced sale of my woods; for, though I owed him an hundred pounds, yet a merciless man may screw up justice to the pitch of an injury, which was the case here; for, had he given me longer time, I could have paid him, and every body else, all I owed, to a farthing, without selling my woods; but old Red-nose, his haughty banker, treating me in a sordid manner, I chose rather to sell my woods for two hundred pounds less than their real worth, than to be any longer beholden to him: but, as I am now out of his merciless hands, I shall no longer conceal my resentments; but here tell *Jeffery Stevens*, that, though it is true he does not owe me a farthing by the Law of the land, yet, as his forcing me to sell my woods has defaced and damaged my whole estate, I do arraign him in the Court of Conscience for satisfaction.

But, now he 's paid, this Reverend man shall see
 (Though I have sold five hundred pound for three) }
 My injur'd Muse can preach as well as he. }
 Good Dr. Williams knows this man, I hear ; }
 Then pray, good Doctor, whisper in his ear ; }
 A word from you would make the Miser leer.
 Tell him that Dunton, scrupulous Dunton, saith
 (And will assert it with his dying breath),
 That Justice he screw'd up to an injury * }
 Will be a stain to him, a loss to me, }
 'Till Jeffery does repair the cruelty. }
 Your servant, Doctor, pray excuse the news,
 That I do Jeffery Stevens still accuse.
 You are so good, you 'd pardon cruelty ;
 But I am pinch'd, and can't forbear to cry.
 But how does Dr. Williams wrongs controul ?
 How still contention, and how tune the soul ?
 Where men to heats, and strifes, and feuds, do run,
 Where you but speak you make all voices one.
 Then would you condescend but to resent,
 E'en Stevens, cruel Stevens, would relent ; }
 Reproof from you would make the rocks repent. }
 To move you to 't (I think 't is understood),
 They best believe that do the greatest good ;
 For whatsoever Jeffery Stevens thought,
 This was the doctrine that our Saviour taught.
 If Stevens, to excuse his avarice,
 Cries " I am mad, to try his patience thus,
 He owes me nothing, and will nought refund ;
 He 's strictly just, and never yet was dunn'd."
 He would not say so were the Hogs † his own ;
 But men excuse what they 're asham'd to own.

* No honest Dissenter, except blinded by interest or prejudice, will deny but a man may screw up justice to the pitch of an injury ; which was my case, as that mortgage I gave Jeffery Stevens made me sell a most noble and flourishing wood for about half the value ; or, if any man be so weak as to think that justice cannot be screwed up to the pitch of an injury, to set him right in this nice point let him consult Mr. Mead's Sermon preached to the United Ministers ; where, in p. 29, he will find these words : " Those *AngiCodinoi*, that examine all things by the rigid rule of extreme right, are neither just nor wise. They are not just to the rule, which requires moderation, and bearing and forbearing, where the case needs it. Nor are they wise for themselves ; for such, Solomon says, trouble their own flesh, Prov. xi. 17."

† Plowden, an eminent Lawyer in Queen Elizabeth's time, being asked by a neighbour of his, what remedy there was in law against his neighbour, for some hogs that had trespassed in his ground, answered, " He might have very good remedy." But the other replying that they were his own hogs ; " Nay, then, neighbour," quoth he, " the case is

'Tis true he treats me like a pious wight,
Gives smiles for blows, and pardons all my spite.
But I would ask him, were I now to die,
Who on that Preacher's doctrine can rely,
When all his actions give his words the lie ?

Then pray, good Doctor, preach to Jeffery Stiven,
He 'll mind your words, he knows you preach from Heaven.
A word from you would pierce him to the soul ;
But let your subject be, " The Golden Rule."
(The Golden Rule would so reform the man,
As to repair the damage I sustain.)

Dunton and Stivens then conclude the breach,
When Dr. Williams does to Stivens preach.

Then, Dr. Williams, take this man in hand,
And by your Sermon melt a harden'd man ;
For, till you preach, his justice I arraign.

But, lest you should mistake this Jeffery
(For some say this, and some say that is he),
As for his name, if you would know his rank,
You must ask *Lawrence*, and the Royal Bank.
That 's mark enough, I shall no other name,
Save this, he ever lives in Smoothing Lane.

But, if you meet, he scarce will do me right,
For you 'd be noble, he would sink me quite :
However, to your judgment 'tis referr'd,
To your research all secrets lie unbarr'd,
And nothing to your wisdom is too hard.

And as his guard is policy and sense,
If you move Jeffery to disgorge the pence,
By this a double Doctor you commence.

The next Dissenting Doctor I shall name
Is *Calamy*, a man of spreading fame.

He did as Doctors should, took his Degree
In person, not by gift or courtesy ;
He is by merit Dr. *Calamy*.

He went and stood the test of his advance,
He is no Doctor made by wealth or chance.

Carstairs * himself did place learn'd *Calamy*
I' th' Gown and Chair of Doctoral dignity,
He is no Doctor in effigie.

altered." And I do assert (and I would say the same with my last breath) that I do not think there is one Dissenter in London, that now vindicates Jeffery Stivens, but, had they suffered the same damage as I have done by the mortgage I gave to him, they would with Plowden so alter the case as to think this public resentment as just and reasonable as I do. However, as the private Letters I sent to Jeffery Stivens made no impression at all upon him, he may see by this public Satire my damage is so great that I resolve to have satisfaction one way or other.

* The Principal of Edinburgh University.

Doctor, with fear my Muse approaches you,
 Wit's ablest judge, and best example too.
 Then, oh ! would strength with my desires comply,
 My song a Dithyrambic pitch should fly,
 Pursuing your just praises to the skies ;
 But they tower swift, and I want wings to rise.
 Yes, fam'd Carstairs, the man you did embrace
 Is a tried Doctor, and deserves your praise.
 No wonder, then, he 's double Doctor seen,
 First in your arms, and then at Aberdeen :
 For unto whom should Scotland titles spare
 But Calamy (a first-rate Pulpiteer),
 Sprung from a Clergy Race of old renown ;
 He centres all their glory in his own.
 On him with measure unconfin'd did fall
 That pious spirit which inspir'd them all ;
 Edmund and Ben were still a second Paul.
 But double fame should this new Graduate clad,
 Others were Doctors, he Double Doctor made.
 Kind Scotland, to thy learned Sons and thee
 For ever sacred let his titles be ;
 He 's Doctor, double Doctor Calamy *.

If Dr. Calamy to the Painter sate,
 He 'd make— but time denies to tell you what ;
 Sum all the virtues up, and he is that !
 Nay, should the Painter all his colours store,
 He could not praise till he deserv'd no more.
 Stars in their rising very little shew,
 And send forth trembling flames ; but, Calamy, thou
 At first appearance dost to all display
 A shining, bright, and unobscured day,
 Such as shall fear no cloud, no night ; nor shall
 Thy setting ever be Heliacal ;
 But grow up to a sun, that you may take
 A shining laurel for your Zodiack ;
 That all the Levites which henceforth arise
 May only be thy foils, or parelies.
 Thy foils ! but, Doctor, there 's no need of that,
 You do so far transcend the common rate ;
 I heard you preach— but fear you 'd make an end,
 Lessen'd the pleasure that your words did lend :
 And as you preach you write, both so divine,
 Such native sweetness flows in ev'ry line,
 The Reader cannot choose but swear 't is thine.

* Alluding to Mr. A——'s letter (one of the new Graduates) who informs us, that at Aberdeen Dr. Calamy had afresh the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him.

You are a Doctor dignified by sense,
 But twice a Doctor for your excellence.
 Who reads your Moderate Nonconformity,
 Or *Hoadly's* tender, and yet sharp reply,
 Will find the contest; all the jangle lies,
 Which of you two are moderately wise *,
 And who are not, are Pulpit-Fools, or Spies.
 For Moderation all good men are bent;
 Such men are wise, and love through all dissent,
 Ev'n *Hoadly* owns, that Bigots must repent †.
 Then, Reverend Sir, your Non-Conformities
 (Being moderate), will prove you truly wise.
 Thus ev'ry line which you to *Hoadly* sent
 Builds for yourself a lasting monument.
 Brave sense this privilege hath, though all be dumb,
 That is the Author's epitaph and tomb.
 But I employ, so rising is your name,
 My pen in vain, to overtake your fame.
 Let *Hoadly* praise you, for I do aspire
 Enough to worth, whilst I your worth admire.
 Your fame so spreads, and does so brightly soar,
 Had Scotland known what jewels 't was you wore,
 You had been Doctor twenty years before.

Next, cou'd my Muse but sit on soaring wing,
 The pious Dr. *Oldfield's* fame I'd sing;
 He teaches reason ‡ and improves the pence,
 And is a man of universal sense.
 It was from thence that his diploma came,
 For Joshua Oldfield has a Doctor's name:
 It was a present; but, had they conferr'd
 A Bishoprick, 't was what this man deserv'd.
 Then, Muse, fly high, or you can never reach
 A fame extended to so high a stretch.
 On Oldfield what could Scotland e'er confer
 Beyond his learning, or his rhyming sphere?
 For he's a Poet, Saint, and Reasoner:
 He's like the Sun, the higher he ascends,
 He further warms, and more his beams extends;
 His life and preaching are so much admir'd,
 You'll see why Dr. Oldfield was preferr'd.
 Like Williams, unto injur'd right his ear
 Is ever open, and his heart sincere;
 His thoughts are new, and all his notions clear.

* I mean, so wise as to prefer moderation, and a due temper, to all noise and bigotry.

† See his Sermon upon Moderation.

‡ He published "An Essay towards the Improvement of Reason, in the Pursuit of Learning and Conduct of Life, by Joshua Oldfield."

Mirth never made him say a thing unfit;
 Virtue his will, and prudence rules his wit.
 If any were displeas'd to see him great,
 For Doctor sounds like one that lives in state,
 They sold their eyes and ears, to keep their hate.
 Let them but see, and hate him if they cou'd;
 Let them but hear what all the world allow'd:
 For his whole soul but seems a model, fram'd
 By those rare arts in which his skill is fam'd.
 Unto Dissenters he does add new fame,
 For he's a Doctor both in sense and name.
 What though he was not plac'd in Doctor's chair
 (For Calamy was all the Doctors there),
 Yet Dr. Oldfield well may be content,
 For he's diploma'd by the joint consent,
 Which makes a Doctor by a compliment;
 But such as does a finish'd Doctor make,
 And such as Scotchmen give for Union sake,
 With them, great Soul, thou shalt immortal live,
 And in thy reasoning numbers * Fate survive.
 Thy reason, wit, and doctoral title, still
 Shall prove such bays as time can never kill.
 Far as our conquering British Lion roars,
 Far as the Poles, or the remotest shores,
 Where'er is known or heard the English name,
 The distant World shall hear of Oldfield's fame.
 Thou only shalt with Nature's self expire,
 And all the World, in the supreme fire;
 When Horace and famed Virgil die; when all
 That's great or noble shall together fall,
 'Tis then is Doctor Oldfield's Funeral!

Another Graduate that did now commence
 Was Master *Dixon*—Doctor too in sense.
 His Scotch Diploma does not reach his parts,
 For he's but yet a Master in the Arts;
 But, if true worth can give that high Degree,
 He'll soon write D. D. in Divinity.
 I cannot shew the vast advances his youth
 Has made in learning, eloquence, and truth!
 How none to pleasure e'er was less a slave,
 More thoroughly pious, nor more early brave.
 A second *Charnock* for true eloquence,
 A second *Howe* for metaphysic sense;
 A second *Atsop* for polemic skill;
 A second *Bates* for learning, wit, and stile.
 He seems to rival all these men of parts,
 And, though no Doctor, Master is of Arts.

* Alluding to his Poem at the end of his "Essay on Reason."

He ev'ry science (and so early) gain'd,
 As Heav'n inspir'd, not industry obtain'd.
 Vast Ocean, that from ev'ry channel draws,
 From Scripture, schools, divine and human laws !
 A comprehensive man, unskill'd in nought,
 With all the arts of learn'd assemblies fraught.
 Ready his wit, his language free and pure ;
 His judgment quick and sudden, yet mature ;
 His soul so learn'd, and yet so far from proud ;
 So soft, so easy, affable, and good ;
 His motions all so winningly do tend,
 That ev'ry word he speaks he gains a friend :
 He 's Master now, and Doctor in the end.
 Yet no peculiar preference express'd,
 Not kind to one, to disoblige the rest ;
 Of which fam'd *Audland* is a noble test.
 And, Master Dixon, now I am so near
 As Cumberland, I 'll just salute your ear
 With joy, great joy ; and may it ever be
 First of your Wife, and then of your Degree.
 Was ever Pair so fortunately bless'd ?
 Was ever shady groves so well possess'd ?
 Of Saints, a Pair without example seen ;
 The happiest, loving'st shepherds of the green.
 He, the great swain, unmatch'd in virtue, love,
 Learning, and all things else that Scholars move :
 Great in himself, but greater in the pride
 He takes in his all-shining, lovely Bride.
 She is (and tell 't to ev'ry Wife you find)
 The truest, fairest, best of woman-kind :
 Unequal'd in her learning, wisdom, love,
 In goodness nearest to the Saints above ;
 She 's mistress of such sense and piety,
 'Tis Doctor to marry such a Wife as she.
 A Shepherdess so exquisitely fair ;
 So wise, so good, in ev'ry thing so rare,
 That all perfections seem to centre there.
 So kind she is, so just, so fit to sway,
 She knows both how to govern and obey ;
 For, as he Master is of ev'ry Art,
 So she is Mistress, and does rule his heart,
 And both a sort of Doctor by desert.
 It never was, but if it e'er should be
 That Women preach by leave of a Degree,
 Then Madam Dixon will be Doctor-She.
 Howe'er, her Husband is so past compare,
 Master of Arts, and ev'ry thing that 's rare,
 That his next step is to the Doctor's Chair.

The Fourteen Graduates that shall next be seen
 Are those who took Degrees at Aberdeen.
 I can't say all these Youths were Doctors made,
 But all a Cambridge Doctor's learning had :
 For Scotchmen are so early ripe in sense,
 At twenty years they Doctors might commence.
 They shame the tedious discipline of Schools,
 The loit'ring art of Pædagogick rules :
 For these Fourteen were all so early read,
 They 're almost Doctors in the infant bed.
 Thus, fated to high feats, Amphitryon's son,
 As soon as born a wond'rous conquest won :
 The warlike babe did two fierce dragons tame,
 Too small an hansel for his mighty fame.
 Go on, young Graduates, to the World be kind,
 And with the early products of your mind
 Enrich and entertain us, at one time
 Expressing native wit without a crime.
 Nor doat on fame, 't is seldom justly given,
 And is too small a prize for souls of Heaven.
 Look up, a due reward will come from thence
 For him who decks his wit with innocence :
 You 're Fourteen Doctors, if you keep from stains.
 All rhymes are proved co-equal with the stars,
 The birds first taught them to the wond'ring spheres.
 This the first Poem, man at last was taught,
 He adds a soul, and dresses it in thought.
 From thence 't was handed down by rolling years,
 The alloy of grief, and enemy to cares.
 Homer, the antient'st, freshest laurel wore,
 The first refiner of the noble ore :
 Thence many Bards commenc'd, and had their reign,
 From Latin Virgil to our English Ben :
 But, when great Cowley did the age allure,
 We fear'd a Zenith, and the Muse mature ;
 But, Fourteen Dons, 't is you 're born t' improve
 The pitch of Learning, and th'extent of Love.
 To you the husband will his altars rear,
 Thank you in incense for his pious fair,
 And make you half his adoration share.
 Methinks I see the stubborn Celia glow,
 And blush, and wonder what you mean to do ;
 Doctors in youth do conquer where they go.
 She fears your tongue, yet still hears on and sighs ;
 She starts, and feels a coming passion rise,
 And sparkles happy omens from her eyes.
 If forward twenty such a ripeness show,
 What wonders will a well-knit thirty do ?

Such was lov'd Cowley's voice, so young his pen,
 When the fleet youth assur'd a second Ben :
 Such thoughts did Ovid's angry stars defeat,
 Soft'ning the malice of the cold retreat :
 Such was your force, so orderly it broke,
 When you commend, or drooping Country spoke.
 Pale was her cheek, and doubtful was her look,
 When War's rough arms the nodding Island shook *.
 Now the full streams of joy around her flow,
 As English Doctors do unite with you.
 'Tis now her wither'd branches sprout again,
 Pleas'd to behold the learned Calamy's train,
 To come for titles that their merit claim.
 You guard your Country, they her glory raise ;
 They bring you Learning, you adorn with bays ;
 And as afresh you gave learn'd Ben † Degrees,
 May you be Fourteen Doctors made in peace.

}

Thus far of Doctors by Commencement made,
 Or else transmitted by the Scotchmen's aid ‡ :
 But there 're Dissenting Doctors yet to name,
 Who are not Doctors by Diploma fame,
 But yet are Doctors in the future tense,
 And now are so in name, in wit, and sense.
 These Will-be-Doctors I shall here describe ;
 For I 'll miss none of the Dissenting Tribe,
 Whose grace and learning best their title show,
 They 're Doctors made, or else they will be so.

Here, Painter ! set fam'd *Grosvenor* § to the light,
 You 'll draw him first, or must have lost your sight.
 No Doctor yet was ever more divine,
 And if he's not a Doctor 'tis but time :
 But stay, 't is Grosvenor ! and it were a crime
 For you to paint a subject so sublime ;
 Since nothing but his own celestial lays
 Are fit the author of such worth to praise.
 Ah, Doctors ! were you all in Grosvenor's case,
 Adorn'd with every virtue, every grace ;
 Your lights would shine, and all your Pulpits blaze.

* Alluding to the Pretender's design of invading Scotland.

† Alluding again to that expression in Mr. A——'s Letter, wherein he says, " At Aberdeen Dr. Calamy," who I here call learned Ben for the verse sake, " had afresh conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity."

‡ Alluding to that expression in Mr. A——'s Letter ; viz. " As to Dr. Williams and Dr. Oldfield ; they not being upon the spot, nothing more passed than the writing their Diplomas of Doctor, and the subscription of them by the Members of the Society."

§ Dr. Benjamin Grosvenor, Minister of Crosby-square.

He thinks, looks, speaks, and does all things beside,
As far from ostentation as from pride.

He 's a first-rate in the Dissenting Tribe ;

A Doctor, too, if we may judge by sense,

For never did a better man *commence*.

What Age can equal, what Historian find,

Such eloquence with so much goodness join'd ?

What shall I say ? nor this nor that is best,

But all is better than can be express'd ;

And all perfection is so given to all

His parts, that none is best, but each is all ;

He must be Doctor that 's angelical.

Grosvenor, no Painter can thy worth display ;

He draws—and then some unexpected ray

Keeps up his wonder, till his sight decay.

Charnock and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,

In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live.

But since I on my lyre can touch no string,

Equal to those great merits I would sing,

Hopeless to give such mighty charms their due,

I 'll leave the World to brighter thoughts of you ;

I 'll only add, that Doctorship 's your right ;

And when it is, may you *commence* in sight,

For Dr. Grosvenor is the World's delight.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpits nurs'd,

And ask his pardon that he was not first.

Here shew your kindness to the rhyming tribe ;

If you 'd but paint as well as he 'd describe,

All Pulpit Fools would either mend or hide.

Give him that look which Poets ought to have,

Give him that modest look which Nature gave.

But *Stennet*'s worth no Limner need proclaim,

His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his fame,

And shew his right unto a Doctor's name.

Stennet, the Patron, and the rule of Wit,

The Pulpit's honour, and the Saints' delight ;

The Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense ;

The Poet's theme, reward, and great defence.

His verse, though numerous, flows in easy strains,

Lofty as hills, yet humble as the plains ;

Each thought so strong, so finish'd every line,

All o'er we see so rich a genius shine,

Oh, more than man ! we cry, oh, workmanship divine !

If such bright beams his morning's dawn display,

What flame and light will paint the rising day !

As smooth and musical his numbers move,

As are the restless Spheres which roll above.

He still improves, and always feasts our thought,

But, lo ! the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,

While Angels crowd, and listen to his song ;
 But not one Angel-Critick in the throng
 That dares correct a thought, they are so fine,
 So nobly dress'd, so neat, and so divine,
 'Tis *Doctor*, were it only for his Hymns *.
 When Stennet rhymes, the very Angels sing,
 Each airy transport flowing from his string ;
 With joy they hear, and on their stretching wing,
 Proud of the rapt'rous load, and warbling o'er
 The sacred song, to antient glories soar ;
 Whilst others twine fresh garlands for his brows,
 And hover o'er their care in shining rows ;
 When Angels shouted from their crystal shore,
 And sung the wonders of Creating Power,
 Scarce sweeter did they sing, or more sublimely soar.
 Courtly his style, as Waller's clear and neat,
 Not Cowley's sense more beautiful or great ;
 No Doctor yet was ever more complete.
 When he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,
 And labour in th' extremes of sympathy.
 Our Royal Will he rais'd above his hearse,
 Immortal made in his immortal Verse †.
 What praises, Stennet, to thy skill are due,
 Who hast to glorious William been so true !
 No Doctor mourn'd him half so much as you.
 By thee he moves our hearts, by thee he reigns,
 New honour 's done to his immortal pains ;
 You mourn, as well as preach, in deathless strains.
 Preacher and Poet ! 'tis excess of soul,
 Scarce known in England, or in Dryden's Roll.
 Thus you a Catalogue of Doctors show,
 Th' Æneas, Maro, and Mæcenas too ;
 You scorn the pitch which we so high esteem,
 And not one virtue, but a system seem.
 In all thy Poems we with wonder find
 Great Beaumont's genius with sweet Herbert's join'd ;
 Sweetness, combin'd with Majesty, prepares
 To wing Devotion with inspiring airs.
 I might add more to words that are so true ;
 This tribute from each British Muse is due,
 Our whole Poetic Tribe 's oblig'd to you.
 Long may the laurels on your temples spread,
 Nor wither till eternal Crowns succeed ;
 May you a glorious Doctor be indeed.

* His "Sacramental Hymns" exceed all upon that subject.

† He wrote a most ingenious Elegy upon the Death of K. William.

The youthful *Rosewell* next does come to sight ;
 But here the Painter is disparag'd quite,
 For great Apelles scarce could do him right ;
 Yet mix thy colours, and attempt to paint
 (Though that be all) this famous Preaching Saint.
 In fields of Science he the conquest won,
 When yet his age had scarce the bloom begun ;
 His Thirteenth Year gave wonder and surprize,
 At Twenty he was most divinely wise,
 And now breathes nought but heavenly extasies.
 Had he conform'd, as some Dissenters do,
 He had been Doctor, Dean, and Bishop too.
 So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,
 For fear to wrong him with a name too low ;
 Angel i' th' Pulpit, and a flowing spring,
 He talks from Heaven, his mind is every thing.
 His Wit so flows, that when he thinks to take
 His Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes.
 The reading *Dons* can scarce be said to preach
 (If Reading's Preaching, every Fool may teach) ;
 But *Rosewell* shuts his book, can't use a Note,
 What 's wrought i' th' heart flows from the Preacher's throat.
 Some tuneful Being does his breath inspire
 With thoughts as noble as celestial fire ;
 When he exhorted unto Self-denial *,
 Our flesh was scarce corrected in the trial ;
 He prov'd our tears so much our joy and treasure,
 That now our penance is our greatest pleasure.
 He painted Death to th' life, has eyes to see
 How Spirits act, and what they do and be ;
 If there 's a will-be Doctor, this is he.
 When he of late describ'd the Great Assize
 (*Where Pulpit-fools are damn'd for telling lies),
 He did so well the Judgment-seat display,
 That, had he seen that great and flaming Day,
 He could not add to what he then did say.
 He talk'd of Heaven in such a glorious strain,
 As if he had died awhile to live again,
 And now appears to tell what he had seen.
 The pains of Hell he did so well explore,
 You 'd almost think you heard the Damned roar ;
 Who heard these Sermons sure will sin no more † !

* He preached a most excellent Sermon upon "Self-denial," at Mr. Shower's Meeting-house in the Old Jewry.

† He lately preached upon the "Four last Things;" but it is only his awakening (I might add matchless) Sermons upon "Hell" that are here meant.

He speaks just what he please, but mind it still,
 He proves as fast as he does speak his will.
 Big with important sense, his every line
 Speaks him a *Manton*, or an old Divine.
 In short (and with those words I take my leave)
 His Evening Lectures* and his pious breath
 Perfumes the air, and makes a Heaven on Earth.
 I'll add but this (for 't is my very soul),
 He's Sermon-wise, and hates a Pulpit-fool.
 Then, Scotland, if you'd have a man of worth
 To add new honour to the Doctor's scarf,
 Send for young Rosewell when you next commence,
 For there—'t is there—you'll find a Man of Sense!
 Painter, to Jewin-street you now shall steer,
 Here Angels, if on Earth, would come to hear;
 Where *Franks* does preach, nothing is wish'd but Ear.
 In form an Angel, and a Saint in mind;
 No Pulpit-fool, for he is so refin'd,
 He ha' n't one spot in body or in mind.
 Blend for him all the beauties e'er you knew,
 For, *Franks*, all handsome faces meet in you,
 And so do all Dissenting Doctors too.
Franks looks so fresh, so shines with every grace,
 The genuine form excels the painted face;
 What wond'rous Artist e'er could draw so well
 As charming Nature, where she strives t' excel?
 Heaven's work before the Painter's we must rank,
 Since it design'd its master-piece in *Frank*.
 God, whose resemblance in each face we view,
 Has his own Image † drawn for public view,
 And, *Franks*, we do almost adore 't in you.
 Too great his worth, too vast to be defin'd,
 He is a Doctor that is so refin'd,
 His body's but the picture of his mind.
 Thus, Painter, if you wish to draw his face
 (To make it like, and not the Saint disgrace),
 It must be serious, handsome, chaste, and young,
 One who charms with, and yet without a tongue.
 But hold—to draw him learn'd, and truly fair,
 Consult his Soul—you'll find all Doctor there:
 Or rather gaze upon that matchless Saint,
 Whose worth you can't, and therefore do not paint;
 I mean, draw by his pious Brother *Cullum*;
 For, if Grace makes a Doctor, he is one.
 These both assist in the same work and station,
 And so united, make a Constellation.

* In the Old Jewry.

† Genesis i. 24.

They harmonize, are free and unconstrain'd ;
 Two Brothers sweetly walking hand in hand ;
 They 're so entirely twisted, that alone
 Not one is view'd—they 're both together one,
 As twinkling Spangles that together lie,
 Join forces and make up one Galaxy ;
 As various Gums dissolving in one fire
 Together in one fragrant flame expire.
 Preach then, united Souls, and preach till Death ;
 Preach for the same—united is your breath :
 Levites thus join'd do wear the Doctor's wreath.
 But hold ! these Doctors (men of sense I mean)
 Though as *two Sticks* they join'd in *Shower's Beam* *,
 They but unite, and then divide again.
 For, though learn'd Cullum is too grave to move
 (Dissenting Doctors do not money love),
 Yet Franks, I judge, has got some richer seat,
 For he has made a long (though fair) retreat ;
 For Angels' visits are but short and sweet !
 The next Dissenter that does preach in Town,
 Who has no Titles got, nor Doctor's Gown
 (But merits more than any Doctor can),
 Is pious, learned, rhyming, modest *Watts* :
 " He that did tune his harp by Chloris' notes ;
 " Nay, was all ear, when on the banks of Thames.
 " He listen'd to her sweet harmonious strains ;
 " Listen'd !—and well he might ; for when she sings,
 " His zeal did rise on her seraphic wings †."
 No wonder then his Muse so well indites,
 That all his Lyrics ‡ have such noble flights ;
 For whosoe'er does hear that Angel sing,
 Is straight a Doctor, Wit, and every thing.
 At least a Rhyming Doctor we will call
 The famous Watts, he 's so poetical.
 Then, Dr. Watts, which way shall I extol
 Thy Lyric Verse, it is so pious all § ?

* They both preached, one in the Forenoon, and the other in the Afternoon, in that which was formerly Mr. Shower's Meeting-house.

† Reader, consult Mr. Watts's Poem to Mrs. Singer, on the sight of some of her Divine Poems never printed, pp. 58, 59, for your better understanding these five lines marked thus " ".

‡ Alluding to Mr. Watts's "*Horæ Lyricæ* : Poems chiefly of the Lyric Kind. In three Books : 1. Sacred to Devotion and Piety. 2. To Virtue, Honour, and Friendship. 3. To the Memory of the Dead."

§ Alluding to those words in his Preface to his Lyric Poems : " Thus almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried ' Re-

Not Sleep beneath the shade in flowery fields
 To th' weary Traveller more pleasure yields ;
 Nor, to assuage his thirst, the living Spring
 In heat of Summer more delight does bring,
 Than unto me thy well-tun'd Numbers do,
 In which thou dost both please and profit too.
 Born in a clime where storms and tempests grow,
 Far from the place where Helicon does flow,
 The Muses travel'd far to bless thy sight,
 And taught thee how to think, and how to write :
 'Tis Doctor Watts, or farewell Rhyming quite !
 Thou dost not write like those who brand the times,
 And themselves most, with sharp satiric Rhymes ;
 Nor does thy Muse with filthy Verses tear
 The modest Virgin's chaste and tender ear.
 Free from their faults, whate'er thy Muse indites,
 Not Ovid nor Tibullus softer writes :
 The choice of tuneful words t' express our thought,
 By thy example we have first been taught.
 Our English Virgil *, and our Pindar too,
 In this, 't is said, some negligence did shew,
 But you are Doctor to the chiming Crew †.
 To thee alone we are beholden more
 Than all the Poets of the Times before.
 Thy Muse, inspir'd with a more pious rage,
 Did first refine the Genius of our Age.
 In thee a clear and female softness shin'd,
 With masculine vigour, force and judgment join'd.
 Hail, wondrous Bard ! whose Heaven-born Genius first
 My infant Muse and blooming Fancy nurs'd ;
 With thy sweet Lyric strains I first began,
 Then fed on nobler Panegyric strain.
 Numbers seraphic ! and at every view,
 My Soul extended, and much larger grew
 (Such Wit would make a Layman Doctor too !)
 Where'er I read, new raptures seize my mind,
 Methought I heard a rhyming Seraphim ;
 E'en Philomela does not sweeter sing.

formation,' while the Stage and licentious Poems have waged open war with the pious design of Church and State."

* Cowley.

† Alluding to those Reflections on prophane Rhymes to be found in the Preface to his Lyric Poems ; viz. "It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined World, that Poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to Vice and Prophaneness ; that an Art inspired from Heaven should have so far lost the memory of its Birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of Hell."

Long did the untun'd World in ignorance stray,
 Producing nothing that was great and gay,
 Till taught by thee the true Poetic way.
 Rough were the tracks before, dull and obscure,
 Nor pleasure nor instruction could procure.
 Their thoughtless labour could no passion move ;
 Sure in that age the Poets knew not Love !
 At least Divine, such as those Doctors teach,
 Who like John Watts can rhyme as well as preach.
 I'll say but this—if Merit may decide,
 Or make a Doctor, Watts is dignified !
 For where 's the Man can match such wit and sense :
 'Tis Doctor Watta (at least) i' th' future tense !

The next Dissenting Preacher that I'll name
 Is one that is a universal Man
 In Learning, and a Doctor too in fame.
 Whose face must here be taken ? Good Sir, hark !
 Can any Guide compare with Watts but *Clark* ?
 Clark, who like Watts has action without blame,
 Clark, who, like him, is every good man's theme ;
 Clark, who deserves a double Doctor's name.
 Clark, by all ears admir'd, for whom all pray,
 And if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day *.
 Clark, who the Pulpit-fools do dread and shun,
 Because his fame is bright, and theirs is gone ;
 Clark, who so many pious charms commands,
 As won't disgrace the piece where *Palmer* stands,
 For there be Doctors with but half his brains.

Painter, to make thy lasting fame renown'd,
 Let all be with the matchless *Palmer* crown'd ;
 Sum all in him that's good, and learn'd, and great,
 Place him in Learning's, and in Bates's seat ;
 For they that hear him, hear the most complete.
 He shines in wit, and yet is so sedate,
 That none can equal, best but imitate ;
 He is a Doctor purely for his wit.
 His thoughts are fine, and deep, and all agree,
 That praises here a kinder libel be.
 Sam *Palmer* is on purpose made by Fate,
 That Priests might have a Guide to imitate.
 In *Palmer* see, in *Palmer* all admire,
 What Nature, Books, and Honour can inspire.
 Were *Wesley* but impartial, he would own
 His learned Answer lash'd him to the bone.

* This character was written upon the melancholy news that Mr. Clark was dying ; but he recovered again, to the great joy of his hearers, and all good men whatsoever.

A better Vindication * none could write,
 Nor any Satire shew us half that wit :
 Strict sense appears in the most careless line ;
 And in the most exact, the Graces shine.
 ('Tis Dr. Palmer's, and it must be fine !)
 Here Marvel's fancy easily is wrought,
 And Owen's learned turn improv'd by thought.
 Bates' pen, How's depth, with Alsop's wit is join'd,
 And still each Author's Genius is refin'd.
 Then, if my Muse to her wish'd height would climb,
 She must this World, and Pulpit-fools decline ;
 And still with Palmer ev'ry thought refine.
 But he (pity Dissenters be n't awake)
 Preaches for little more than preaching's sake.
 Palmer—('t is strange such worth 's not understood)
 Takes pleasure still, like Heaven, in doing good.
 Here, Palmer, I should dwell upon thy praise,
 Admire thy preaching, and delight to gaze
 Upon thy face—could but my labouring eyes
 Preserve their strength, and visive faculties ;
 But all is summ'd in—Palmer's truly wise.
 He was so even in Dissenters' clutch ;
 Could the ungrateful Whigs have seen as much,
 He 'd been Arch-doctor of Dissenting Church.
 But he *conforms* (I speak it to his praise),
 For now his Learning spreads the brighter rays :
 He honours his Gown, and now is so complete,
 He need not ask a Dean's or Prebend's seat,
 He merits Lawn, and ev'ry thing that 's great.
 Stop, Muse !—for others do attract the sight,
 (All will-be Doctors most divinely bright)
 But I've not time to do all Doctors right :
 Besides, two thousand that remain in fame,
 Deserve a Cowley to embalm their name ;
 But, lest the Tacking-fools, who still are blind
 To men of sense, should swear there's none behind,
 I shall a dozen other Doctors name,
 Whose praise has almost crack'd the trump of Fame.
 The first o' th' Reverend dozen I shall paint,
 Is *Shower*—an humble man, and preaching Saint.
 When first the great and joyful news was spread,
 That three Dissenting Preachers were preferr'd
 To Doctorships—"Sure Shower must be one !"
 Said all the town that knew the famous John !

* I allude here to Mr. Palmer's " Vindication of the learning, loyalty, morals, and most Christian behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England, in Answer to Mr. Wesley's Defence of his Letter concerning the Dissenters' Education in their private Academies."

Howe'er, 't is greater thus to merit fame,
Than to put on the Gown, and Doctor's name.

Shower—thy name and nature both agree,
For both (yes, both) refreshing Showers be.
You 're Chrysostom let down from beams on high,
You preach like him, charm with his orat'ry :
So moving are your Sermons, that 't is clear
You 've brought the rhetorick of the Angels here ;
So pious in your life, meek in your place,
We think you brought up in the Schools of Grace :
Which makes a Doctor in Divinity ;
For without Grace what signifies Degree ?
'Twas never known at once that Nature meant
To mould a Subject and an Accident.
Thy name and nature do so well agree,
Thy name another nature seems to be,
And, as we hear, we make it out in thee ;
The letters to the humour's so well set,
They shew the brightest in the Alphabet.
Names may be chang'd, and many often do,
But to change thine's to change your nature too ;
Thy name and nature constitute a bliss,
'Tis Heaven alone such Doctors makes as this :
Thy title by no mortal man was given,
But in a New-year's-gift * was sent from Heaven.
Your Pulpit's fragrant, for you preach in flowers,
And when the hearer's truly blest, it—*Showers*.
Showers indeed ! for both thy tongue and pen
Has often made our graces spring again.
Thou art restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,
Return'd almost from the eternal gate.
'Twas nois'd this day † there died the fruitful Shower :
Our tears did weep thy loss, as past all cure ;
But yet the King of Death could not sustain
Our grief, and sent the Fates their threads again.
Thou know'st what tears thy false death caus'd for thee ;
Enjoy thyself in thy posterity,
Live as thine own survivor, hug thy joy ;
A life return'd will never lose a day.
He 's 'bove learn'd titles that has Shower's deserts,
The Doctor lies in piety and parts !
The Comment Preacher—next my Muse essays,
But 't is in vain, for Time alone can raise
A Poem fit to sing great *Henry's* praise.

* His excellent Treatise intitled " Serious Reflections on Time and Eternity," is here meant.

† This line owes its rise to a report that was spread in London that Mr. Shower was dead ; as indeed he was very near it, his life being despaired of at that time by his very Physicians.

Yet this I'll say (for Broad-oak knows 't is true)
 Hyperboles in others are his due :
 He is a Doctor, or he will be so.
 Should Angels come from Heaven ('t is my sense)
 They 'd not be heard with greater reverence ;
 All Pulpits own, his learned pieces raise
 A work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise.
 His Comments are so full, and yet so trim,
 We praise all virtues in admiring him :
 He's more than Doctor that is so divine.

Lesley is learned, wise, and temperate,
 In him the Graces have a noble seat :
 For he is built, like some imperial room,
 For these to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
 Where all heroic, pious thoughts do meet ;
 Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
 As other souls, to his, live in a lane.
 To find a Whig in ev'ry grace excel,
 Is rare—but *Lesley* is that miracle.
 He is indeed that good Samaritan,
 That cloaths the poor, and heals the wounded man ;
 His preaching and his alms do both agree,
 He don't, like *Stivens*, preach up charity,
 And give as if he wanted your supply.
 He is—but he that would this Saint commend
 Shall find nothing so hard as how to end.

I' th' first Edition of this Character
 Thus far I went, but I must now retire ;
 For *Lesley* is no Doctor, nor will be,
 He loves a Mistress more than a Degree.
 For in all Churches will a Judas creep,
 It is their trouble, and was my mistake,
 When I prais'd *Lesley* for honest *Tutchin's* * sake.

Mauduit 's a polish'd Levite, and his name
 Becomes the wonder and discourse of Fame ;
 Each verdant laurel, ev'ry myrtle bough,
 Are stript for wreaths t' adorn and load his brow.
 He is a Scholar of such pious sense,
 He's surely Doctor when they next commence.
 But shall I praise him ? When all men agree
 (Except such Pulpit-fools that will not see),
 Who tells his worth, seems to write Poetry.

Makes Nature maps ? since, learned *Freke*, in thee
 She draws a living University ;
 (*Freke* is all Doctors in epitome !)

* It was the extraordinary kindness and compassion *Lesley* shewed to Mr. *Tutchin* in his greatest distress, that made me praise him so much in the first edition of this Poem.

Or strives she, in so small a Pulpit-piece,
 To sum the liberal Arts and Sciences?
 Nature in Freke does to the world declare,
 No bulky kite can with the lark compare;
 For Freke, though small, is great in what is rare.
 Nature here shews how little matter can
 So truly big, as Freke, a form contain.
 His age is blabb'd abroad by silver hairs,
 Fame ranks him with the gravest Pulpiteers,
 But all his limbs still cry out want of years.
 Here's a vast mind, though in a little cage,
 A will-be Doctor, that does much presage,
 For Freke's great virtues double twice his age.
 So great a soul as his does fret and fume
 At th' narrow world, meerly for want of room;
 Conjunction strange! for therein Freke is grown
 A little mole-hill, and the Alps in one.
 In the same action we may truly call
 Nature both thrift, and a great prodigal.

Walker, I judge, is made of earth refin'd,
 At his blest birth the gentle Planets shin'd;
 Praise him who list, he still shall be his debtor,
 For Art ne'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
 A better!—equals he has, that shine and speak,
 In *Andrews*, *Taylor*, and the learned *Freke*,
Evans, *Wright*, *Hughes*, *Shute*, *Billingsley*, and *Leak*,
 Who now are Doctors for their wit and sense,
 And will be Doctors in the future tense.

With these Dissenting Doctors I might place
 The pious *Stretton*, *Lukin*, *Mr. Chace*,
Bayley, *Damer*, *Sprint*, *Hamilton*, and *Wise*,
Bragg, *Hannot*, *Gilping*, *Chandler*, humble *Price*,
Flemming, *Nisbet*, *Bellamy*, and *Powel*,
Gidly, *Blackmore*, *Doolittle*, and *Howel*,
Hubbald, *Bowden*, *Stort*, *Barret*, learned *Boyse*,
Weeks, *Burgess*, *Gilson*, *Benson*, *Mr. Royce*,
Bush, *Reynolds*, *Wilson*, *Gordon*, *Whitaker*,
Gough, *Thompson*, *Mather*, *Wilkinson*, and *Burr*,
Willard, *Hussey*, *Noble*, *Seaton*, *Gledhil*,
Ridgley, *Audland*, *Carstairs*, and pious *Hill*,
Dike, *Catcot*, *Moody*, *Marriot*, *Rogers*, *Grew*,
Wells, *Sheppard*, *Barnard*, *Weaver*, *Mr. Drew*,
Guise, *Douglass*, *Barton*, *Cunningham*, and *Hearle*,
Cotton, *Pope*, *Mayo*, *Anderton*, and *Searle*;
 To these add *Baldwin*, *Petto*, *Hughs*, and *Tongue*,
Trail, *Allen*, *Waters*, *Gouge*, and *Robinson*,
 Who all are Doctors, or they will be soon.
 What though great *Williams*, *Oldfield*, *Calamy*,
 Are first advanc'd to Doctoral Degree?

They have it but in name before the rest,
 For those I nam'd can stand a Doctor's Test,
 And will in time receive their just advance;
 For, though not Doctors, they have Doctors' Brains.

If Charity does make a Doctor too,
Pomfret was Doctor forty years ago.
 I did before describe his charity*,
 Where I distinguish'd men of dignity.
 I'll add but this, his love is general;
 He is not kind to this and that, but all
 His light directs—unto no partial end,
 Like *Annesley*† he's a universal Friend;
 "Mighty in works of sacred Charity‡,
 Which none knows better how to guide than he;
 For thus he gives, that, had he mines in store,
 He'd ne'er be rich, while any man was poor;
 A heart so great, that, if he had a purse,
 He would supply the poor o' th' Universe."

He is a second Doctor *Annesley*
 For Grace and universal Charity,
 ("Tis Doctor to resemble such as he.)
 But for the Tacking Parson, fly the knave,
 "For such as these are all the Devil's slave,
 And ev'ry grace but Charity they have."
 This makes them rail, and such a shameful evil,
 That good men think a railing Saint the Devil.
 But, if you would a real Doctor be,
 Without a ramble for a Scotch Degree,
 Keep *Pomfret*, or fam'd *Annesley* in your eye,
 And then you'll Doctors live, and Doctors die.
 Nay, if in Glory there be difference,
 You will e'en there some new Degrees commence.

Stop here—though others may attract the sight,
 My Muse now flags, she has too great a weight,
 Who dares attempt to do so many right?
 Ah! could I but complete so fine a piece,
 As to paint each Dissenting Doctor's phiz,
 I then would boast—nay, challenge Rome and Greece.

* In my Project intituled "Dignified and Distinguish'd," p. 664.

† Dr. Samuel Annesley.

‡ This was the character that Mr. De Foe gives in his Poem which he calls "The Character of Dr. Annesley, by way of Elegy."

EXTRACTS FROM

"MORDECAI'S MEMORIAL;

OR, THERE 'S NOTHING FOR HIM;"

BEING A SATIRE UPON SOMEBODY, BUT IN NAME NOBODY: OR, IN PLAINER ENGLISH, A JUST AND GENEROUS REPRESENTATION OF UNREWARDED SERVICES, BY WHICH THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION HAS BEEN SAVED OUT OF DANGER. WRITTEN BY AN UNKNOWN AND DISINTERESTED CLERGYMAN*; AND MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, GUARDIAN OF THESE REALMS.

London: Printed for S. Popping, 1716. 52 pp. 8vo.

In the Dedication to the Prince of Wales, he says,

"The errand is, to acquaint your Royal Highness that Mr. John Dunton is the man, after all his service, hazards, and success, and after large assurances were made him, in case the Protestant Succession should obtain; he has been two years neglected, and after to struggle with an incumbrance of near a thousand pounds debt upon his estate, and exposed to confinement in a prison. The difficulties into which his zeal and loyalty have thrown him are so pressing, that he must die a martyr in the cause of the Country and the Royal Family, if nothing be done for him. Mr. Dunton has done more to open the eyes of the stupid and deluded Jacobites during the late Ministry (by daring to publish those early discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's treason, which he entitles "Neck or Nothing,") than all the subjects of Great Britain besides.

"Shall the Jacobites (or High Churchmen) be so very generous to all those infamous tools that promote the Pretender's interest, that Dr. Sacheverell shall have 3000 guineas at one present to encourage his Pulpit Rebellion,

* Evidently by John Dunton himself. EDIT.

for calling Royal William, of glorious memory, 'a great Usurper;' King George's just title to the British Crown 'a damned legacy;' his best Friends, the Dissenters and Low Churchmen, 'a parcel of false Brethren,' and drinking the Pretender's health on his bare knees.

"That Dr. Swift shall have 1000*l.* a year for writing 'The Examiner,' and asserting the Church is in danger, as a mere bite to poison the Nation, and bring in the Pretender, &c.

"And shall not poor *Mordecai* be nobly rewarded, when his desires are so just and reasonable, they rising no higher than to be out of debt, and, by 1000*l.* and a handsome pension, to be put in a future capacity to serve King George and his native Country?"——

In the Memorial itself, he says,

"Mr. Dunton was born a Gentleman, bred a scholar, and is heir to a good estate; was ever distinguished 'for his sincere loyalty to King George, generous carriage to men in distress, and strict justice to all the world *.' And I must further do him that honour to say, he was always constant to his Whiggish principles, unchangeable in his fidelity where trusted, and has the most courage, mercury, and diligence in his natural temper, of any virtuosi I ever knew—witness his 'Athenian Oracle,' 'Idea of a New Life,' 'Weekly Pacquet,' and 300 books he wrote besides; and if he lives but to his 60th year, I believe he will treble their number—so that Mr. Dunton is author of more Books than any one man in the age we live in, and (except Tostatus) has no equal in former ages as to the number of books he has printed. Yet, for all these excellent qualities, he never was so proud or vain as to put in for the character of an extraordinary wise man. No—I know no phoenix in this age, except it be the immortal *Walpole*.

"Was not Dr. *Fleetwood* made Bishop of Ely for his distinguished loyalty to King George, and writing that truly-protestant and celebrated preface which a Jacobite Parliament burned by the common hangman?

"Was not Dr. *Hoadly* made Bishop of Bangor for fairly proving the piety, justice, and necessity of Revolu-

* Flying Post.

tion principles, against the Hereditary whims of the Bishop of *Chester*?

"Was not Mr. *Steele* raised to the honour of Knighthood, made a Commissioner to the forfeited estates, settled in 3000*l.* a year, and is still expecting greater preferment, for only *Tattling* (ingeniously) twice a week against the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery?

"Was not Mr. *H—ck* (as wretchedly as his morals have been out of order) most deservedly fed with a place of 500*l.* a year, for curing the distempers of the body politic with a German Doctor?

"Was not that first-rate Poet Mr. *Oldmixon*, by having a friend at Court, (for kissing goes by favour,) lately advanced to a considerable post for the great service he has done by his loyal rhymes?

"And was not the ingenious Mr. *Samuel Buckley* raised from nothing to something by his early zeal for the Hanover Succession? for his *SUN* first set in a Bookseller's shop, but dawned again in the Printer's Art, where it shined, loyally, several years, in a *DAILY COURANT*, till bare printing 'Baron Bothmer's Memorial' raised it at length to its meridian glory in a *London Gazette*, where it dazzles indeed! and revives and cheers all that behold it; for Mr. Buckley is now, by the rays of his great loyalty, wit, and virtue, most deservedly made a Justice of Peace, and will keep his coach in a few years, as a just reward for his *DAILY* labours to serve the publick; so that the Royal gratitude has been so general, as well as noble, that all the Authors of note that are yet unrewarded are only,

"The Rev. Mr. *William Bisset*, Author of that 'Modern Fanatic' which proves Dr. Sacheverell a scurvy Jacobite tool; for writing whereof he has been assaulted, and goes still in fear of his life, from the Sacheverellite or High-Church Mobbers.

"Mr. *William Clark*, a Dissenting Minister, living in Shadwell; whose proposal to raise and head a company of soldiers at his own charge, to suppress the Pretender's Rebellion; discovery of a Jacobite-plot in Southwark to defeat the Protestant Succession, which Mr. Dunton published at the hazard of his life, and for which Mr. Clark was actually shot at by three men; and two Sermons

entitled "The Rebel's Doom," and "Undoubted Heir, and he must reign," which he fairly proves to be King George; most justly recommend him to the generous bounty and protection of the present Government.

"Mr. *Joseph Harrington*, now Pastor to a large Congregation in Coventry; whose great courage and loyalty to the House of Hanover, in dispersing Mr. Dunton's early discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's treason, called "Neck or Nothing," at a time when there were six warrants to seize the Author, and the Traitors in power were resolved to ruin all that promoted Dunton's impeachment, sufficiently prove that both himself and that loyal Heroine Mrs. *S. Boulter* deserve a Royal reward.

"The first, as Mr. Harrington is a second *Rothwell**, I mean that pious, bold, and loyal Divine, to whom the Nation is in some sort obliged for those early discoveries called "Neck or Nothing," for this generous Samaritan giving Mr. Dunton a visit, where Summer Friends seldom come, I mean in the Fleet prison, he presented me with Mr. Walpole's celebrated tract, "A Short History of the Parliament," which Mordecai read with that vast satisfaction, that the same night he resolved to attempt the writing a Supplement to it, and entitle it "Neck or Nothing;" and the following day (as if Mr. Harrington had been privy to all the discoveries) comes a packet of Jacobite secrets from a person of honour, well known to Bishop Burnet and Marquis of Wharton, that furnished Dunton for that day's enterprize; so that all that abhor the treason and villainy of the late Ministry must acknowledge the Nation is much indebted to Mr. Harrington for his great courage and loyalty in contributing so seasonably to its discovery.

"In the second place, all the friends to the Protestant Succession would be very ungrateful to Mrs. Boulter, if they did not think she deserved a very distinguishing mark of his Majesty's favour; for this courageous and chaste Virgin, preferring a good conscience, and serving the House of Hanover, to that tempting present that Boling-

* He was called *Bold Rothwell* (as Mr. Clark tells us in the History of his Life) for his great courage in daring to speak to the Devil, when he went to pray with a person possessed,

broke offered, to debauch both her body and mind, sold many thousands of 'Neck or Nothing' in her own shop, and (by her Whig Friends) in all parts of the British Dominions, when all other Booksellers were afraid.

"Mr. *George Ridpath*, the ingenious and loyal Author of the *Flying Post*, who was unjustly tried in the late Reign for his great zeal and courage in defending his Majesty's just title to the British Crown; and still weekly drudges, with such great success and applause, to expose the High-Church Enemies to King George, that Dr. Swift (a professed Jacobite) tells the world "that he is celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer, as one of the best pens of England;" and yet this accomplished Writer is unrewarded, &c. &c.

"I would next attempt to give a character of that truly honest and ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *Charles Gildon*, who suffered much in the late Reign, for that great and eminent service he did for the House of Hanover by his loyal writings, but more especially for his excellent remarks upon the Princess Sophia's Letter to Queen Anne. Neither would I omit giving a large character of Mr. *John Toland*, the learned and polite Author of that seasonable and famous tract, "The Art of Restoring," who has suffered more by the persecuting tongue of Irish *Higgins*, and other Jacobite tools, than any man in the kingdom; but that I cannot think two Whig Authors, of their shining and distinguished merits, and that are personally known to Baron de Bothmer, and other generous Patriots, are still put to their shifts, for want of a considerable Place or Pension, they having both of them so greatly deserved a Royal reward; for Mr. Gildon had his loyal services approved by the Princess Sophia, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Secretary Stanhope; and Mr. Toland's early and great love to the House of Hanover carried him over to that Court, made him explain their MEDALS, and write a glorious character of every branch of that Royal Family.

"I know but two Authors more of distinguished merit and sense, that are still unrewarded; and that is Mr. *Stephen Whatley*, and poor *Mordecai*. The first is distinguished by many excellent qualities; he is master of his passions, master of style, and master of the French

tongue, and was ever true to King George's interest in the worst of times; so that we may properly call Whatley a second Ridpath, for sense, courage, and honesty; for when Ridpath was forced to fly to Holland, Ridpath so ingeniously lived in Whatley, that the Flying Post was still thought to be written by that State-martyr. We will next view him in a Mug-house; he deserves the honour of being called the Arch-Muggite of Great Britain; for it is chiefly owing to his invincible courage, that the two Mug-houses in St. Jones's* and Cheapside have subdued all their enemies, and do daily increase and flourish. Mr. Whatley is never President but the Jacobites preach and tremble, and dare not look so bold a man in the face. His quick and wise repartees, and great presence of mind, confound his Jacobite enemies; and he fills the chair with such loyal huzzas, as give joy and transports to every Whig that hears the sound."

Then follows a long and fulsome account of his own fancied claims and merits, of which the Reader may judge by the Tract which follows next in order.

AN APPEAL

TO HIS MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS PROMISE† OF NEVER FORGETTING THOSE THAT HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN HIS SERVICE;

OR, THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN DUNTON, GENT. TO HIS LAWFUL AND EVER-GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN KING GEORGE; THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE LEFT TO STARVE IN A JAIL, AFTER HIS EARLY, BOLD, AND SUCCESSFUL VENTURING HIS LIFE AND FORTUNE IN DETECTING HIS MAJESTY'S ENEMIES, WHEN PLOTTING IN THE ROYAL PALACE, AND OTHER

* Sic. EDIT.

† His Majesty's first Speech from the Throne; "I will never forget the obligations I have to those that have distinguished themselves by their zeal and firmness to the Protestant Succession, against all the open and secret practices that have been used to defeat it."

PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND TO RESTORE THE PRETENDER. THE WHOLE PETITION HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ. FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, AND TO THE OTHER WORTHY PATRIOTS NOW IN THE MINISTRY; IN HOPES THEY WILL GIVE IT SUCH A RECOMMENDATION TO HIS MAJESTY AS THEY KNOW IN HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE IS DUE TO IT.

4to. No Date.*

To the King's most Excellent Majesty;
The humble Petition of John Dunton, *Gent.*

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner, very early in the Queen's Reign, when Oxford and Bolingbroke were at the head of the Ministry, did publish a Pamphlet, called "Neck or Nothing;" (or, a Supplement to Mr. *Walpole's* celebrated Tract, called, "The Short History of the Parliament,") discovering the measures then taking (in the Royal Palace, and other parts of Great Britain and Ireland) to blind the People, bring in the Pretender, and injure your Sacred Majesty's Family's right to your Throne (which he prays God you may long enjoy); which bold discoveries no man durst publish at that time but himself (so great a risk did he run of his life and fortune in their publication), as is proved by a Reverend Clergyman, in his Narrative, entitled, "*Mordecai's Memorial*; or, there is nothing done for him†;" wherein he proves your Petitioner a parallel instance to the Persian *Mordecai* for his distinguished (though, as yet, unrewarded) services, in detecting the *Jacobites'* Plots against your Majesty's Royal Person and Family:

That your Petitioner had, upon the publication of these discoveries (entitled "Neck or Nothing"), several Officers, with Warrants from the State, in pursuit of him; with severe threats of his life, and large rewards for taking him: by Providence he escaped their fury, but

* Published in 1723. EDIT.

† See p. 730.

with great fatigue and expence, and to the impoverishing your Petitioner; till God Almighty sent your Majesty for a general deliverance, in which your Petitioner had the most distinguished share, the Pretender having sworn (as the Jacobites report) "that John Dunton is the first man he will hang at Tyburn, if ever he ascends the British Throne, for his having writ Forty Books to prove him a Popish Impostor, and all his Adherents either Fools, Knaves, or Madmen." But your Petitioner most humbly assures your Majesty, that the threats of this would-be King (or little Popish Work of Darkness) have so little frightened him from his sincere and steady loyalty to his lawful Sovereign, that he resolves to reprint (in a few days) "The Golden Age revived; or, a Vision of the Future Happiness of Great Britain, under the glorious Reign of King George, and his Illustrious House, to the World's End;" of which the late Order of both Houses of Parliament for burning the Pretender's Declaration by the hands of the common Hangman is a good and joyful omen:

That your Petitioner, living in daily fear of a prison by reason of the great sums of money which he freely spent out of his own pocket in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, applied himself to his two good friends, the late Marquis of Wharton and the Bishop of Salisbury, who faithfully promised to lay your Petitioner's wants and services before your Majesty, which *two thousand pounds* would relieve (a small sum, if compared with his early, bold, and expensive hazards to serve the Public); but they, to his great sorrow, dying, left him destitute ever since, but of the hope of relief from your Sacred Majesty, and your condescending goodness in distinguishing him by your Royal Present of a *Gold Medal*, which your Petitioner received by means of that truly generous and illustrious Patriot the Count de Bothmer, and will keep it till death, were he to die with hunger.

That the expectation of some reward (according to your Majesty's Royal promise from the Throne, which was "never to forget those that have distinguished themselves in your service") has gained your Petitioner credit for subsistence for these several years, which is now withdrawn, and a *jail* threatened: and that your Petitioner

was formerly called the *Patriot* of Great Britain, for venturing his *all* to save it from the Usurpation and Tyranny of a Popish Pretender (as was well known to the immortal *Stanhope* *, who, like a true and generous Patriot, gave your Petitioner a noble present of guineas, in acknowledgment of his public services); and for that reason it was generally thought he would have been the first man rewarded at your Majesty's happy Accession to the British Throne; but all the reward your Petitioner has yet had (save that glorious one of having done his duty to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family in the worst of times) is the utter ruin of himself for saving his Country from it, if your Royal Bounty does not prevent it; and yet your Petitioner has not once started from his constant and affectionate loyalty to his lawful Sovereign King George, ever since he drew his pen in your Majesty's service (whatever some Proteus Loyalists have done, when they have been no longer honoured or loaded with Royal Bounty), which has occasioned some of your Majesty's best Friends to persuade him to write a *Paradox*, and entitle it "The Honour of deserving a Knight-hood exceeds the Title;" for though your Petitioner was born a Gentleman (being the eldest Son of a Reverend Divine of the Church of England) and bred a Scholar, and heir to a good estate (a great part of which your Petitioner has spent in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, both in the late and present Reign); yet he most solemnly declares to your Majesty, that he had much rather starve in the glorious cause of King George and his Illustrious House, than to be advanced to the greatest honours and riches by a Popish Pretender; and for that reason, your Petitioner ever thought it his *duty*, both as a Liveryman of the City of London and a Freeholder of the County of Bucks, to stick at no charges in choosing such Members of Parliament that were for securing to Great Britain King William's glorious Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover; nor shall either rewards or punishments, the frowns or flatteries of any creature, hinder him from faithfully dis-

* The Right Honourable James Earl Stanhope is the true and generous Patriot here meant.

charging the duty he owes his God, his King, and Country, to the utmost of his power ; for, as your Petitioner would not for a thousand worlds wrong any man by a false accusation, if he knows it to be so ; so neither will he, for fear or favour, conceal any villainy that comes well attested to his knowledge. This ever was, and ever shall be, his principle and practice ; by this he will stand or fall, live or die. That man, he thinks, ill understands his duty to God, his Prince, and Country, that will be bullied out of the performing it by any man on earth. This, your Petitioner hopes, will never be attempted towards him ; but, if it should, it will be in vain, for he would willingly lose, for the service of your Majesty, as much as others get by pretending to serve you.

All which fully proves to your Majesty that your Petitioner is sure to die a Martyr in the cause of his Country and of the Royal Family (or, in plainer English, must starve out his remaining days in a prison), except enabled by a Royal Reward to pay those *debts* that he has contracted in serving the Publick ; and therefore, as your Petitioner has the honour to be one of those loyal Clergymen's Sons, to whom your Majesty has promised " that they shall always have your protection and encouragement ;" he humbly hopes he shall not be suffered to starve in a jail for debts contracted in the service of his King and Country ; it being now a *National complaint* that his distinguished services to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family have gone nine years unrewarded, as will be declared in several Addresses to your Majesty from some of the chief Corporations of Great Britain and Ireland ; by the whole Athenian Society, of which your Petitioner has the honour to be a member ; and in a very particular manner from his brethren the Sons of the Clergy, if this present Petition does not meet with good success, as is both desired and expected by all your Majesty's true Friends. For it is generally thought your Petitioner's early venture of his life and fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies had not gone thus long unrewarded, had it not been either *concealed* or *misrepresented* to your Majesty by those South Sea (or pretended) *Whigs* that are lately dead, or displaced ; for those real *Whigs* that are now in the *Ministry*, were ever men

of a truly generous and faithful character; but pretended Whigs have robbed a whole Kingdom of its riches and credit; and, like the knavish contrivers of the fraudulent Hamburgh Lottery, would reward merit in none but their own creatures, or such as had money enough to purchase their favour. And these, your Petitioner's enemies, the Jacobites and pretended Whigs, will have him pass for a MADMAN; the first, to stifle the early and bold discovery your Petitioner made of their treason against your Majesty; and the last, to excuse their scandalous avarice and ingratitude, in not rewarding the many desperate and chargeable hazards that he ran at his own expense, to secure to them their Religion, lives, and estates. But your Petitioner is so far from being MAD, or in the least CRAZED in his Intellectuals, he is ready to stand the test before the whole College of Physicians upon that undeserved slander; for even the Reverend and learned Dr. Jonathan Swift, though a great Jacobite, and as such your Petitioner's avowed Enemy, yet does him the honour to clear him of all MADNESS, in his irony called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," by calling his "Neck or Nothing" "a cutting satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke;" and to affirm "it galled them more than 'The Crisis,' written by Sir Richard Steel, or any other *pamphlet* had done, during their whole Ministry." It would therefore be doing justice to your Petitioner's own reputation, and to those of his fellow subjects, who are merely robbed of their own estates, to set these South Sea or pretended Whigs (the only Enemies your Petitioner had at Court) in a true light, in a satire, intituled, "Neck or Nothing on both Sides; or, the National Complaint, that John Dunton, that ventured his *all* in the service of his King and Country, has gone Nine Years unrewarded; and that those State Pickpockets, the late Directors of the South Sea Company, their Aiders, Screeners, and Abettors, are not yet hanged."

This satire, if your Majesty's two Principal Secretaries of State, the Right Hon. the Lord Townshend and the Lord Carteret, will give leave for its publication, shall set the impudent and matchless knavery of the South Sea, or pretended, Whigs (but more especially of that

proud Son of a Judas, that was not only accused of robbing a whole Kingdom, but also of basely concealing and misrepresenting your Petitioner's PUBLIC SERVICES), in such a true light as will make their memory stink to the world's end; and in the mean time, that your Petitioner might not quite sink under that load of *debts* which he has contracted in the glorious cause of Religion and liberty, by still having his loyal and national services either concealed or misrepresented to his gracious Sovereign, he has taken effectual care to have this his humble Petition presented to your Majesty's own hand; to the Right Hon. Robert Walpole, Esq. first Lord of the Treasury, and to the other worthy Patriots now in the Ministry; in hopes they will give it such a recommendation to your Majesty, as they know in honour and conscience is due to it. But, whether they do or not, a Minister of State's not performing his duty to those that have distinguished themselves in the service of their Country, can no way blacken your Majesty's spotless character; for it is universally acknowledged, if our gracious Sovereign excels in one virtue more than another, it is in that of nobly *rewarding* such as deserve it; of which the present Lord Chancellor, Earl Cadogan, Lord Townshend, Lord Carteret, and the Right Hon. Mr. Walpole, &c. are so many illustrious instances, which *your Petitioner does not speak with an eye to his own advancement*; for he can with truth affirm, when he first ventured his life and fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, he had no other reward in view but barely doing his duty to his King and Country. And, to speaking truth, of all the ways of which your Petitioner is capable of relief, a ROYAL BOUNTY to pay his debts, and a *Pension for Life*, would make himself most easy, in regard his frequent attendance upon an ill state of health unfits him to execute an office; and this way of being delivered from *debt* (by the blessing of God upon his loyal and studious endeavours) would make your Petitioner farther serviceable to his native Country, both in detecting the Enemies to your Majesty's Government, and promoting of VIRTUE and LEARNING; and that,

First, By re-printing at least one thousand of those vendible copies which your Petitioner purchased from

Authors of distinguished piety, learning, and ingenuity, whilst he traded in the Stationers' Company; of which the "*French Book of Martyrs*," published in English with Queen Mary's Royal Privilege; "*Bishop Barlow's Genuine Remains*, in one hundred theological, philosophical, and historical essays;" "*The Works of the Right Hon. Lord Delamere*;" and "*The Casuistical Morning Exercises*," published by the famous Dr. Samuel Annesley, your Petitioner's ever-honoured Father-in-law, are four of the said copies; which, with nine hundred and ninety-six valuable copies more (to which your Petitioner has a just TITLE, and are now so scarce as not to be bought in London), had been long since re-printed, had not the money your Petitioner spent in your Majesty's service prevented it.

Secondly, By your Petitioner attempting to reform the debauched lives, corrupt principles, and ill-manners, of all your Majesty's Subjects, from the wanton Duke to the knavish Beggar, by discovering to them (from his own experience) the vanity, errors, and inconstancy, &c. of this present world, and reality of the next. And therefore, that this religious Project might awaken the conscience of the most hardened sinners, it is intituled, "Upon this Moment depends Eternity; or Mr. John Dunton's serious Thoughts upon the present and future State, in a fit of Sickness that was judged mortal; being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying, composed of the Author's own Experience in Religion, Politicks, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty-third Year; and submitted to the impartial censure of the Right Reverend Father in God William Lord Bishop of Ely."

Thirdly, By publishing "*Intellectual Sport; or a Packet for the Virtuosi of Great Britain*;" which your Petitioner has now ready for the press, and intends to intitle it, "*The Athenian Library; or a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty; containing two thousand distinct Treatises in Prose and Verse, upon subjects never handled before.*" The whole written by the Author of "*Neck or Nothing*," (a Member of the Athenian Society) and revised, corrected, and approved by the Gentlemen concerned with him in writing "*The Athenian Oracle*," (a Work answering all nice and curi-

ous Questions, concealing the Querists), of which your Petitioner had the HONOUR of being the first Projector, and Author.

And, *lastly*, By your Petitioner completing, in a *Second Edition*, what he calls "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London; written by himself in solitude; with an Idea of a New Life, wherein is shown how he would think, speak, and act, might he live over his Days again; intermixed with the new Discoveries that the Author has made in his Travels abroad, and in his private Conversation at home; together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons (both male and female) of distinguished Piety, Learning, and Ingenuity (all of your Petitioner's Kindred and intimate Friends); and the whole Life and Errors digested in Seven Stages, with their respective Ideas. To which is prefixed, a Letter, written by a Reverend Divine of the Church of England, recommending this *Idea of a New Life* to the frequent perusal of Young Persons of both Sexes, but more especially to his own Children."

That your Petitioner has presumed to inform your Majesty of his great zeal, expence, and industry, in promoting of Virtue and Learning (as well as of his distinguished loyalty to your Majesty's Illustrious House in the worst of times) in hopes that you will be graciously pleased to give him your Royal Pardon for this *bold* (but necessary) *discovery* of his loyal and typographical services. But, as it was wholly owing to the *Muses*, that Cardinal Du Bois had the first access to the Monarch of France, and obtained the honour of a celebrated admission into the French Academy; so your Petitioner does not in the least doubt but the Virtuosi of Great Britain (*i. e.* such Members of the Athenian Society that have distinguished themselves by their steady loyalty to your Majesty, and great zeal in promoting of Virtue and Learning) will be as nobly rewarded with marks of Royal favour, as the Virtuosi of France have been by the French King. Neither had your Petitioner been now out of a prison, had he not assured his Creditors of the great hopes he had of the good success of this present application to your Majesty's most gracious promise, of

never forgetting those that have distinguished themselves in your service.

May your Majesty long live, the blessing of your People, and support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them now in the utmost danger by the cursed conspiracy of the High-Church Party to restore a Popish Pretender. May your Majesty be the glorious instrument of Providence to extricate them out of it. And to this end, may God bless your Majesty with a wise Council, a faithful Ministry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, and united People!

Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly lays himself at your sacred Majesty's feet, begging your generous pardon for this long and tedious Address (*as it is in some sense his "Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison; or last Shift for Life,"*) and imploring your tender goodness and compassion on his miseries, wants, and services, in such manner as your Majesty in your great wisdom, shall think fit.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

[This Appeal is followed, in the same Pamphlet, by "Some Impartial Remarks upon Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty; written by that Reverend Clergyman that published the Narrative, intitled 'Mordecai's Memorial; or there's nothing done for him;' and proving, it is now a National complaint, that the Author of 'Neck or Nothing' has gone Nine Years unrewarded for his distinguished services to his King and Country."]

Then is given a List of Mr. John Dunton's

FORTY POLITICAL TRACTS,

Proving King George our Rightful and ever glorious Sovereign, and the Pretender a Popish Impostor: being Forty Books mentioned in [page 737. of] the Petition to his Majesty, and were most of them published when Oxford and Bolingbroke were two reigning Favourites; and the rest since his Majesty's happy Accession to the British Throne.

1. Neck or Nothing; in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford. Being a Supplement to [Mr. Walpole's] Short

History of the Parliament; also, The New Scheme (mentioned in the aforesaid History) which the English and Scotch Jacobites have concerted for bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery. With the true Character of the late Ministry. The 10th edition.

2. Queen Robin; or the Second Part of Neck or Nothing, detecting the secret Reign of the four last Years of Queen Anne; in a familiar Dialogue between Mr. Trueman (*alias* John Dunton) and his Friend, meeting accidentally at the proclaiming King George. The whole Discoveries humbly inscribed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and contains the true History of the White Staff; in answer to that false one lately published by the Earl of Oxford. The third edition.

3. The shortest Way with the King; or, Plain English spoken to his Majesty. Being the Third Part of Neck or Nothing. Containing the Secret History of King George's Reign, from the Death of the late Queen to the Report made in the House of Commons by the Committee of Secrecy. Introduced with the Secret Reign of the Monarchs of Great Britain for the last Sixty Years.

4. The Impeachment, or Great Britain's Charge against the late Ministry, in Sixty Articles.

5. Whig Loyalty; or, an humble Address to her Majesty, by Mr. John Dunton, Author of the Court Spy; in which he offers to appear and prove all his discoveries (in his Letter intitled "Neck or Nothing"), and several others of great moment to the Queen and Kingdom, if her Majesty will be pleased to grant her Protection to himself and Witnesses. The third edition.

6. The Golden Age, exemplified in the glorious Reign of his present Majesty King George and his numerous Issue; or, a Vision of the future Happiness of Great Britain, under truly Protestant Kings and Queens, to the world's end. Humbly inscribed to his Majesty.

7. The Medal; or, a loyal Essay upon King George's Picture, as it was presented to Mr. John Dunton by his Majesty's order. To which is added a Picture of the Golden Age (drawn from a general Union amongst Protestants) with this title, "Dunton's Shortest Way with the Dissenters:" also a Discovery of the Principles and Practices of the Dissenting Ministers, written by the in-

genious Mr. Alsop, and printed from his original Copy, which on account of its rarity was purchased by the Author of this "Medal," at a great expense. Third edition.

8. Dunton's Ghost; or, a Speech to the most remarkable Persons in Church and State; but more especially to the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford (late) Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. In Two Parts. By the Author of "Neck or Nothing," whilst he was numbered amongst the Dead.

9. The Hereditary Bastard; or, the Royal Intrigue of the Warming Pan, fully detected; in a Sermon upon Zech. ix. 6: "And a Bastard shall dwell in Ashdod."

10. Ox—[ford] and Bull—[ingbroke]; or, a Funeral Sermon for the two Beasts that are to be slaughtered upon Tower-hill this Session of Parliament, upon these words, "But these as natural brute Beasts must be taken and destroyed," 2 Pet. ii. 12.

11. King Abigail; or, the Secret History of the She-Favourite, detected and applied, in a Sermon upon these words, "And women rule over them." Isa. iii. 12.

12. Bungey; or, the False Brother [Dr. Sacheverell] proved his own Executioner. In a Sermon upon these words, "And went and hanged himself." Matth. xxvii. 5. In which the secret Vices, lewd Principles, and supposed shameful Death of that Tool Dr. Sacheverell (*alias* Bungey) is set in a new light; and the black Charge exhibited against him offered to be attested in any Court of Justice, or even in St. Andrew's Pulpit, whenever the Doctor will appoint the time. 1715.

13. *Frank Scamony* *; or, the Restoring Clergy detected in their Names, Haunts, Plots, Heresies, and lewd Conversation; in a Sermon upon these words, "Her Priests have violated my Law, and I am profaned among them." Ezck. xxii. 16. Occasioned by a certain Bishop's swearing, "We'll have the Pretender, by G—d."

14. Seeing's Believing; or, King George proved a Usurper, and his whole Reign one continued Act of Cruelty and Oppression, and other notorious Failings. Written by a Subject to the lawful King. The whole Essay being a Satirical Irony, to prove King George

* This scandal was levelled at Bp. Atterbury. EDIT.

the most rightful and glorious Prince that ever sat upon the British Throne.

15. The High Church Gudgeons; or, a Day's Ramble to catch the foolish Jacks with their own 'Treason: being a Key to that loyal Irony, intituled, "Seeing's Believing," &c.; for writing whereof, Mr. Dunton was three times carried before a Magistrate the same day, and as often acquitted, for a loyal Subject and honest man.

16. The Devil's Martyrs; or, Plain Dealing. In answer to the Jacobite Speeches of those two perjured Rebels, William Paul, a Clergyman, and John Hall, a Justice of Peace; fairly proving, no British Subject can be a true Son of the Church of England that dies asserting that the Pretender has any right to his Majesty's Crown.

17. Royal Gratitude; or, King George's Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have distinguished themselves in his Service critically considered. In a Letter to Robert Walpole, Esq. occasioned by a general Report that Mr. John Dunton (Author of "Neck or Nothing") will speedily be rewarded with a considerable Place or Pension.

18. King George for ever! or, Dunton's Speech to the Protestant Associations of Great Britain, but more especially to those of the Tower Hamlets.

19. The Manifesto of King John the Second (*alias* Mr. John Dunton) declaring he has fairer Pretensions to be sole Monarch of these Kingdoms than that Popish Impostor that styles himself James the Third.

20. The Ideal Kingdom; or, a Description of what Court John the Second resolves to keep, and in what manner he intends to reign, in case (after the death of King George, and the several Branches of his Illustrious House) he should defeat his Popish Rival for the British Crown, and be chose sole Monarch of Great Britain.

21. The Mob War; or, a Detection of the present State of the British Nation. But more especially with respect to that WOULD-BE KING, or little Popish Work of Darkness, that threatens us with a speedy Invasion. In Sixteen Letters*, containing such Discoveries in

* The Title expresses Sixteen Letters, as above. But the copy of this Pamphlet in the British Museum contains only Eight Letters, which Dunton calls the *First Part* of the Mob War. He reserved the

Church and State as were never published before. Dedicated to that truly noble and illustrious Patriot Holles, Duke of Newcastle.

Eight remaining Letters to furnish out the *Second Part*. Whether the *Second Part* was ever published, I cannot learn. The Contents are,

1. The Would-be King; or, a Letter to the Tyler's Son (commonly called the Pretender,) proving the impossibility for this sham Prince to dethrone King George our rightful Sovereign.

2. The New Race of Monsters; or, a Letter to those Passive-obedience Rioters and Frenchified Englishmen, that persuade the Pretender to the Rebellion, under a false Cry of the Church's being in danger under his Majesty's Administration.

3. The Jacobite's Association; or, a Discovery of that general Massacre of English Protestants with which the Pretender intends to begin his bloody Reign.

4. The Janus Priest; or, a Letter to Mr. Lesley, Chaplain to the Pretender, upon his Report of the Pretender being turned Protestant.

5. The Blenheim Hero; or, a Letter to the ever-glorious Marlborough, upon his constant and glorious Success in the Day of Battle.

6. Death or Victory; or, a Letter to the new-raised Regiments of Horse and Foot, that resolve to fix the Crown on King George's Head, though it were through a Sea of Blood.

7. Now who's the Republican? or, a Letter to those Dissenting Ministers and their People, who have voluntarily offered their Lives and Fortunes in defence of his Majesty's just Title to the British Throne.

8. Reformation at Sea; or, a Letter to the King, detecting many Secrets relating to the Royal Navy.

The subjects of the Eight Letters which were to form the *Second Part* of Dunton's *Mob-war*, were:

9. The Highland Rebel; or, a Letter to the Earl of Mar, upon his tempting several English Soldiers to betray Edinburgh Castle into the hands of the Rebels.

10. The Growth of Popery, detected in the Life and Character of Sir Wm. Wyndham, bart. with some Account of those treasonable Papers which were seized at his Escape from the King's Messenger.

11. The Pretender's last Declaration answered; or, a glorious Vision of the Unanimity, Justice, and Loyalty, of the present Parliament to the Hanover Succession.

12. The Queen-killers; or, the Secret Steps that were taken by Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Lady Masham, to break Her Majesty's heart, cheat the Nation, and restore the Pretender.

13. Fair Warning to England; or, a Letter to my dear Countrymen and Fellow-subjects, proving they can expect nothing but Popery and Slavery, should the Pretender usurp his Majesty's Throne.

14. God save the King; or, a Panegyrick upon the Royal Orange, as it is to King William (of ever-glorious memory) we owe the invaluable blessing of the Hanover Succession.

15. George the Second; or, the Royal and most illustrious Character of the true Prince of Wales, George Augustus.

16. The Queen by Merit; or, the great Blessing of having many Protestant Heirs and several heroic Virtues to adorn the British Crown.

Some of the last Eight Letters Dunton published afterwards as separate Tracts; which makes it the more probable that he never printed the *Second Part* of his "*Mob-war*." EDIT.

22. *King William's Legacy*; an heroic Poem. In Two Parts; containing, 1. The Celestial Coronation; or, the joyful Acclamations of the Blessed in Heaven on the same Day on which our glorious George was crowned Monarch of Great Britain. 2. No Pretender; or, the General Thanksgiving on Earth. Being a Comment in Prose and Verse, upon all the Rejoicing Sermons that were preached June the 7th, upon the total Defeat of the English and Scotch Jacobites.

23. *Burnet and Wharton*; or, the Two immortal Patriots. An heroic Poem. Inscribed to all true Lovers of their King and Country, but more especially those that had the honour to be personally known either to the late Bishop of Salisbury or the Marquis of Wharton.

24. *The Pulpit Lunatics*; or, a Mad Answer to a Mad Report, made by a Committee of Mad Priests, against Benjamin, Lord Bishop of Bangor, and most humbly inscribed to that truly pious and learned Prelate.

25. *The Bull-baiting*; or, *Sacheverell dressed up in Fireworks*; lately brought over from the Bear-garden in Southwark, and exposed for the Diversion of the Citizens of London, at Sixpence apiece. Being Remarks on a scandalous Sermon bellowed out at St. Paul's on the Fifth of November, 1709, before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by Dr. Sacheverell.

26. *The Conventicle*; or, a Narrative of the Dissenters' New Plot against the present Constitution in Church and State, with the Names of the Plotters, and their Places of Meeting. The whole written by way of Irony; occasioned by the High Church Party's passing the Bill to prevent (what they call) the Growth of Schism. Proving the Protestant Dissenters and Low Churchmen his Majesty's most loyal Subjects and best Friends!

27. *The Hanover Spy*; or, *Secret History of St. James's*, from the Reign of Queen Robin down to the late Misunderstanding in the Royal Palace.

28. *Dunton's Recantation*; or, his Reasons for deserting his Whiggish Principles, and turning Jacobite; being a loyal Irony, or Bite for the Jacobites.

29. *The Passive Rebels*; or, a Satire upon the High Church Impudence of wearing Oaken Boughs on the Restoration Day, Rue and Thyme on the Thanksgiving Day, and White Roses on the Pretender's Birth-day.

30. *The Pulpit Trumpeter ; or, the Substance of all the Treasonable Sermons that have been preached at Whitechapel by that Nonjuring Rebel Dr. Walton ; attested by two of his constant Hearers.*

31. *The High-Church Martyrology ; or, the true Character of all that have died by the ignominious Death of the Halter, for rebelling against their lawful Sovereign King George.*

32. *The Pulpit Bite ; or, a Satire on the Hereditary or High Church Fools, however dignified or distinguished, that would restore a Popish Pretender under a false Pretence that the Church is in danger under his present Majesty.*

33. *The Pretender ; or Sham King ; a Tragi-comedy. As it was acted upon the Theatre of Great Britain during the late cursed Rebellion.*

34. *God save the King ; or, a Speech to our rightful and ever-glorious Sovereign upon his first landing at Greenwich ; giving him a hearty Welcome to his new Dominions.*

35. *The Protestant Nosegay ; or, a Panegyrick upon the Royal Orange, and upon all things dignified with an Orange Colour, as it is to King William we owe the invaluable Blessing of a Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover.*

36. *George the Second ; or, the true Prince of Wales ; an heroic Poem. Dedicated to that truly loyal and thoughtful Patriot, who was the first Proposer of that blessed Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover.*

37. *The Queen by Merit ; a Paradox fully proved in the Illustrious Character of the Princess of Wales.*

38. *The Royal Pair ; or, a Panegyrick upon Conjugal Love. Inscribed to that matchless Instance of it, the Prince and Princess of Wales.*

39. *The Unborn Princes ; an heroic Poem. Inscribed to the Issue of the illustrious House of Hanover not yet in being ; but is more particularly addressed to Prince Frederick George, and the Two young Princesses, more lately arrived at the Port of Life.*

40. *All's at Stake ; or, the only Way to retrieve the lost Glory, Honour, Piety, Morals, and Unanimity of Great Britain, is by the Choice of a good Parliament.*

EXTRACTS FROM "DUNTON'S CREED,"

or, "*Religio Bibliopolæ.*" (See p. xxv.)

"The Author of this Treatise not having leisure to finish this Piece as he intended, being called aside upon unavoidable reasons; we have been compelled to supply that defect by another Hand, yet with all the care possibly to reach the air and style of the Author, which is of that neatness and facility as must needs recommend it, were there nothing else considerable, to the taste of such an Age as this: the method being obvious and easy, the notions bold and intelligible, and the whole throughout acted with such a spirit of life and vigour, as certainly can never fail of acceptance with the truly learned and ingenious. Under such prejudices do we labour, and our conceptions of things are for the most part so irregular and monstrous, that but to attempt our delivery, and set us free from the slavish power of custom and education, wherewith we are so miserably involved, merits no small commendation, though the success be unanswerable to the undertaking; but to clear our dim sight, to take the film from our eyes, and place us in the open sun-shine of reason, and true judgment; to acquaint us with the prerogative of our own understandings, and the due liberty and freedom of using them, is an achievement that exacts the highest applause and gratitude from the better and nobler part of mankind. Hereby we are enabled to make a true estimate of things, to divest them from all those foreign and specious accoutrements, with which error and mistake have cloathed them. We shall then see things in their own native and naked forms, and be able to reduce them to their true and intrinsic worth and value.

"Though trades, as well as Nations, have scandals fastened upon them in the lump, yet there are some in all professions to whom the abusive character is not due. Booksellers in the gross are taken for no better than a pack of Knaves and Atheists; though, thanks to our few kindred among the Stars, it is only by prejudiced men: yet among them there is a retail of men who are no strangers to Religion and Honesty. I, that am one of that calling, am bold to challenge the title of a Christian, neither am I ashamed to expose my morals.

“ I have no reason to tax my education, or blame those who had the care of my juvenile years. My Tutors were learned and orthodox, and made it their business to form my mind, and square my soul by the best precepts and purest examples. Yet, when I arrived at years of maturer judgment, I found occasion to prune myself, and lop off many excrescences; to wipe out the early impressions of my infant years, and unlearn the notions I sucked in with my Mother’s milk. Though there were no Legends in the nursery, nor Heresies in the schools where I was brought up; yet my blooming fancy was fertile in *Errors*, and sprouted forth in many luxuriant thoughts. It was the task of my riper judgment to correct these, and reduce myself to the standard of Reason and Faith. Having, therefore, got the weather-gauge of youthful mistakes, by diligent scrutinies, and proper remarks; having put in the balance and weighed my native Religion with all others that are extant; I now make that the object of my choice, which, before, was only the effect of prepossession; and as I was listed a soldier of Christ in my baptism, so now I declare myself a volunteer in his service; what was then done without my knowledge, I now ratify by my free consent. And I resolve not to change my banner as long as I live. ”

“ I pretend not, by the title of this small Treatise, to any extraordinary scheme or new draught of Religion for men of my own profession; much less would I be thought slyly to suggest any neglect or deficiency of theirs in the practice of the old. I am very well assured, that ‘Religio Bibliopolæ’ seems a direct tautology; but surely it can be no offence to say, that I could wish we were all more in earnest for Heaven, and that we had all the wisdom and virtue that ever appeared in the guise of true reason in the world, summed up and amassed in a Christian Bookseller; especially in a daily sincere contempt of this World. No eager pursuit, or restless intemperate desire of wealth or honour, must be harboured by us, who are to fix our whole hopes on another Country; and we should confess ourselves Strangers and Pilgrims on this Earth, by the precepts and examples of all the Holy Prophets and Apostles throughout the whole Book of God. To set any extraordinary value on the world, is to unravel the peculiar principle of Christianity, and run retrograde to the steps of the Holy Jesus.”

*** Among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library (Miscell. N^o. 71 and 72) are two curious Volumes of Dunton's Epistolary Correspondence on various subjects, both of a private nature and on matters of business. An abstract * of their contents is here presented to the Reader, as it may serve to illustrate and authenticate many particulars in the Author's Narrative of his own Life.

[MS. RAWL. in BIBL. BODL. *Miscell.* N^o. 71.]

1. Several Letters on Ireland, giving a Description of various Parts of that Kingdom.

Letter 1. begins—"Since Nature, not without a long nine months' cookery, has fitted us to enter into the world, and the care of our parents or friends is generally employed for qualifying us to make some figure therein; I think them unworthy both, who, having made any considerable observations upon its stage, basely confine them within their own breasts, without affording their fellows the benefits or diversions which they may receive thereby. If, then, any thing in my Ramble be worth their notice, it is from you they must receive it, as a debt wholly due to you, both by my promise and inclination; and if the following account have any thing useful or agreeable to you, I am sure the rest of the world which sees it will not be disgusted at it, especially if they be blest with the same apprehensions that you are. To begin then. Having first furnished my pockets with necessary cash, which you know will make the mare go, if the spurs be not blunt, nor the switch broken; I got upon the outside of an easy pad-nag; for you may observe, that, since the Trojan wooden horse, none have been heard to travel in the inside of their palfrey, and, following my nose, which pointed Westward, the first place I arrived at was Chapel Izod, a country-house within two little miles of Dublin, seated upon the banks of the Liffey, and by the wall of the Deer-Park, whereto the Governors of this Kingdom commonly retire from the fatigues of their

* For which the Editor desires to express his obligations to the Rev. Philip Bliss, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, the very accurate Editor and Improver of "Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses."

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Court. There is little remarkable here, more than the situation, which, lying between two heights upon a pleasant smooth river, makes it agreeable enough in the summer. At that time the Lady Marchioness of Winchester was lying in child-bed here of the young Lord Nassau Pawlet."

2. "A Summer's Ramble (through Ten Kingdoms) occasionally writ by John Dunton in his Travels; and sent to his Friends in England. Wherein he relates the History of his Sea-voyages, his conversation on the Roads, at the Inns, and Towns he staid at, with particular Characters of Men and Women, and almost every thing he saw or conversed with: more especially in Holland, America, Dublin, &c. where 500 Persons may find their Pictures, that little expect it. The whole writ in a different method from other Travellers, and discovers the mistakes of some late Writers. Illustrated with Copper-plates representing the most pleasant Passages in the whole Adventure."—This "Ramble," so frequently referred to in Dunton's "Conversation in Ireland," was prepared for the press; but has never yet been printed.

The following Letters are in the same MS Volume.

Letter 1. To his Wife, dated from West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, October 25, 1685.

Letter 2. To my only Brother Mr. Lake Dunton, lately returned from Surat in the East Indies, dated from Boston in New England, Feb. 17, 1685-6.

Letter 3. To Mr. George Larkin, Printer, at the Two Swans without Bishopsgate, London, dated Boston, March 25, 1686.

Letter 4. To Mr. John Woolhurst, at his house in Clare-market, London:

"My dear Cousin,—Not only your relation to me, as the Son of my Father's own Sister, but much more our being contemporary in years, and companions to each other in our juvenile sports and recreations, has made," &c. &c.

Letter 5. To his ever-honoured Father, the Reverend Dr. Samuel Annesley, in London.

Letter 6. To my dearest Wife.

Letter 7. To my beloved Sister, Mrs. Sarah [Dunton.]
[Some other name erased, and *Dunton* written by Dr.
Rawlinson.]

Letter 8. To Mr. Rich. Wilkins, Boston, New England.

[MS. RAWL. in BIBL. BODL. No. 72.]

1. Letter to Mr. Sheafe the Stationer, on the Seizure
of his "Life and Errors," dated December 24, 1704.

2 & 3. Letters from Sappho to Dunton.

4. Letter to Mrs. Hester Wainhouse, at the Hog in
Armour in Lambert-street, Goodman's Fields; with the
Answer in Short-hand.

5. Letter subscribed Ariadne, directed to "Mr.
Leander, to be left at John Dunton's, at the Raven."

6 & 7. Letters signed Orinda; the latter addressed
"Dear Papa."

8. Assignment from a Lady to "Mr. Leander," pro-
mising to meet him at St. Lawrence's Church, at Dr.
Hickman's Lecture.

9, 10, & 11. Letters on Love Affairs. Philaret, Igno-
tus, Leander, &c.

12. Retirement from the World not necessary for the
practice of Virtue. [Not in Dunton's hand, anonymous.]

13—17. More Love Letters, from and to Dunton.

18. Note offering a Translation of "Instructions to
Ladies for their Conduct in the World" from the French.

19. Letter of William Dockwra, of the Penny-post, to
Dunton, on his Case, and requesting assistance in alter-
ing and correcting his Statement, dated Sept. 16, 1701.

20. Letter from Daniel Williams to Dunton, refusing
to lend him Money.

21—29. Love Letters, with Answers in Short Hand.

30. Letter from D. B. to Robert Mawson, at the Bible
and Star in Irland-yard, &c. dated Sept. 5, 1715, N. S.

31. Letter to Dunton from his Sister Elizabeth Guyse.

32. "Sabine's Thoughts on several Divine Subjects."

33. Letter from George Larkin, dated London, April
15, 1703, to Dunton (though the direction is torn off).

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34. Letter from Thomas Dixon to Dunton, dated Whitehaven, October 22, 1705, proposing the publication of Letters between Sir —— and a Nonjuring Clergyman, on several licentious subjects.

35. Letter from William Richardson to Mrs. Norraway (sent by Dunton to be printed).

36. Letter from George Ridpath to Dunton, dated September 22, [16]97.

37. Letter from some Female, directed for Mr. Wilkins, to be left at the Post-house in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dated August 12, 1699. She laments the indisposition of his health, and offers to send "Mr. Larkin" to nurse him. With "Philaret's Answer," in short-hand.

38. Letter to John Dunton, from Sarah Dunton, complaining of ill-treatment, neglect, &c. (See p. *xix*.) This and No. 37 in the same hand.

39. Letter, signed "Anonyma," to Leander, in which she declares to have discovered John Dunton, "the famous paltry Bookseller, in a mask, and in the habit of a spark and a lover." A good letter. Dunton's Answer in Short-hand.

40. Another Letter, from the same to the same, on the same subject; with Answer in Short-hand.

41—46. Letters signed *Swancastle*, to his Grace John Duke of Frome.

(Probably written for the *Post-Boy Robbed*.)

[I think this name, with others, chosen by Dunton to correspond with Larkin and his Brother, in order to avoid detection, probably at a time when he was concealed from his Creditors. This opinion is strengthened particularly by Letter 43, where Dunton's own case is evidently related:—"May it please your Grace,—I wrote to you last Saturday, &c.—I need not tell you of Philaret's letters to Valeria and her Mother, nor Valeria's last answers to those letters, for those I hope you have received, which I hope will satisfy you that Valeria's love to Philaret is more than what you and I believed some time ago; at least it appears more to me; and since I have perceived such a disposition in good earnest in Valeria, it is my opinion (with submission to your Grace's better judgment) that it is the interest of Phi-

laret to cohabit with her, because such a cohabitation is the most likely way to confirm her love, and in time (as bad as her Mother is) to engage her's also."—Now this is Dunton himself, who was then in great distress, parted from his Wife, and who was advised to live with her once more. This letter is dated Aug. 22, 1700.

Letter 44 is from his Brother, or Brother-in-law; and in the conclusion, he says,

"I did not read *my Lord's* Letter," &c. Now here "*my Lord's*" is evidently an insertion in the place of "*Mr. Larkin's,*" which name is erased, but still visible on a near examination. And it is directed

"These for Mr. John Johnson," &c. the Writer having commenced writing *Dunton*, but recollecting himself, altered it to *Johnson*.

47. On Cock-fighting. A letter by Dunton.

48. Letter from Ste. Humble [to Dunton], recommending him to be reconciled to his Wife, whose Mother was dying. Dated March 31, 1706. (See p. xx.)

49. Letter signed "Orinda," addressed to Dear Papa on the back.

[Articles of Agreement between Daniel De Foe and John Dunton, for writing a weekly Paper to be intituled *The Hanover Spy*, dated October 28, 1717. (The rough draught.)

50. Letter (Anonymous) giving an opinion of one of Dunton's Books, and of the disagreement between himself and his Wife.

51—53. Letters signed Almira, desiring the commencement of a correspondence on Platonic Love, &c.

54. Letter on Mr. Norris's Epistles.

55—64. Love Letters.

65. Articles of Agreement between Sam. Wesley, clerk, Richard Sault, gent. and John Dunton, for the writing the Athenian Gazette, or Mercury, dated April 10, 1691. Original, executed by the three persons.

66. A Letter of advice to Dunton, probably from Dr. Woodward. (See p. xxii.)

67. Agreement between Andrew Bell and John Dunton for Copy of the "Athenian Oracle," dated November, 1702. (See p. 195.)

68. A Letter from Sir Peter Pett. (See p. xvii.)

69. To Mr. Dunton, to be left with Mr. Larkin at the Black Bull in Sherborne Lane, near Stocks Market.

SIR,

Kath. Hall, Dec. 20.

When I first read your obliging Letter, I immediately resolved to gratify your request, and to send you a few verses on your new performance : but as for the answer which you speak of, I confess I was not aware that you had desired any such thing ; till, being alarmed by your second Letter, I took an occasion to review the former of them ; wherein I do find, after long inquiry, in an absconding corner of it, that there really was such a kind of insinuation ; though, if it had not been for this accident, I had certainly concluded myself guiltless, and could never have believed that such a thunderbolt of a letter as your second was forging against me. After all, I am heartily sorry for this oversight, and I ask your pardon for it ; for I am wont, if you remember, to be more sharp-sighted ; for which reason I confess it might well astonish you. As for Mr. Dandy and my character, what he tells me of that business is this, that you have been pleased, in a certain Journal, to introduce my name, which he has endeavoured, he says, to strike out again ; but is withal persuaded that the thing was designed for my good ; I do not fear that my character will suffer in your hands, for I have too great a confidence in your friendship to entertain such a thought ; but I say that, as the case stands at present, and considering me, forsooth, in my public capacity, such a thing as that is will create a foolish unnecessary disturbance, and make a vain-glorious figure in the eyes of my Benefactors : so that if you please, it would do well if it were wiped out again. Though I would not have you think that I am so rag-mannered as not to return you my thanks for your beneficence ; but you might spare your incense for better services, and not lavish it away upon such dull unmeritorious wretches as I am. As to the poetical promise I have made you, I must humbly offer it to your consideration, that I have not written above seven or eight lines in that way since I left London ; so that if I happen to drop in the performance, and fall flat upon my eyes in the middle of a stanza, you must excuse me.

Secondly, Term-time being just over, I shall set about your business out of hand; and in six days time you may expect your trifle. In the mean time I am sorry to see you drop so many jealousies of my friendship in your letters; for my part, I am passionately desirous of your correspondence, and have a great inclination to continue, or (as you would call it) to revive our old Platonism. But I think we must get your blood scarified from the saline particles, and put you upon a moderate use of Venus: for all jealousy proceeds from the habit of a man's body. But I perceive I have not room to make a leg at parting; and therefore, Sir, I am

Your old friend and servant, R. KEY.

I have not time to review this letter, and therefore you must endeavour to make it out with your own invention. My kind service to Mr. Larkin, and Mrs. —, Mr. Kenswell, and Mr. Eels, with his Lady, &c.

70. Letter to Dr. Fowler of Cripplegate, from Anthony Horneck, promising Dunton the refusal of his Sermons to print.

71. Dr. Annesley's Answer to Dr. Fowler on the foregoing Letter. Dated January 5, 1684-5.

72. To Mr. John Dunton, to be left with Mr. Kenswell, Shoemaker in Little East-Cheap, London.

DEAR MR. DUNTON,

April 10.

I am even heartily glad matters are brought to an accommodation betwixt us; though I was often ready to conclude you and your peevish piece of Flesh would be as easily reunited; but I see the bonds of friendship are more sacred and inviolable than those of marriage. My Friend has told me the whole process since I left Chester, and I must needs applaud the whole conduct, and embrace your generous proposal with freedom and satisfaction. I have been out of joint, and without ballast ever since I left Mr. Dunton, and my comfort at present is a reflection on the old proverb, that a bone once dislocated, if restored and adjusted, is more strong for the future than before. I hope you will receive a penitent Prodigal, when I tell you, that I frequently anticipate the ravishment I shall have in your charming converse, when the kindness of the Stars shall make us neighbours. In the mean time I shall strive to bear up under the un-

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comfortable distance, for which disadvantage the frequency of your Letters can only atone. Your candour commands my respect and gratitude, and your worth and learning my reverence and wonder, and both together inflame the reckoning so prodigiously, so that I am afraid I shall be insolvent. However, I had the boldness to press for another favour, that you would keep Mr. Dandy ignorant of our reunion, for I design to live in London unknown to him. I am as drowzy as a dormouse, and as dull as if I had never had a line from you; and therefore you will excuse this hasty address, for it is already turned of twelve: however you may expect I shall dream of you to-night, and take me at present for your affectionate son and servant, R. KEY.

I expect a letter next post.

73. Letter from R. Gwyn, Feb. 10, 1715, relative to Dunton's presenting his Book to the King.

74. Letter to Dunton from Dr. Bullivant, dated Northampton, (in America,) Feb 18, 1710-11. (See p. 100.)

75. Letter from Lord Warrington. (See p. xv.)

76. Letter from Dunton to his Wife.

77. Letter from Dunton to Mr. Highland, the person with whom Mrs. Dunton lodged.

78. Letter from J. Spademan to Dunton, dated Rotterdam, October 8, 1695.

79. Letter from J. Ellesby, on Dunton's printing some work of his; [probably "The Directory for Tender Consciences."]

80. Letter from Rev. W. Turner to Dunton, on the former's "Book of Religions," dated November 14, 1697.

81. Letter from Sappho to John Dunton.

82. Dunton's Letter of Petition to Lord [Quære, if not Lord Sunderland?] praying for his Majesty's Bounty, and setting forth his Losses in the Service of his Country *. Dated, June 9, 1718.

* The Earl's answer to this Letter was, "Tell Dunton he is an impudent Fellow, and has abused the greatest men in the Nation."

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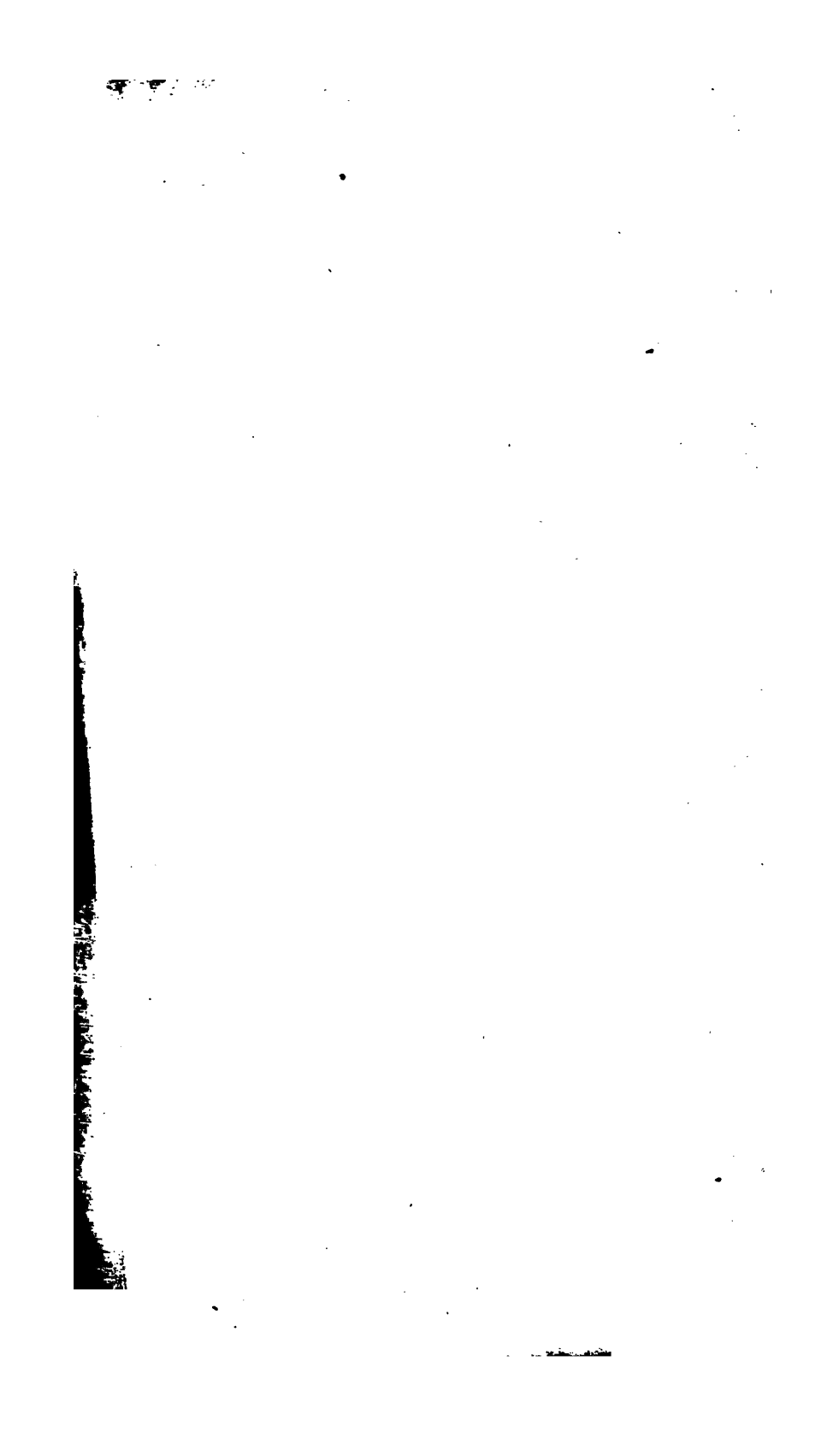
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